

PHOTOPLAY

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APR



KATHARINE
HEPBURN

"I Had To Leave John Gilbert" —Virginia Bruce



PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE



LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences



Only you and the Apes catch cold!

THE ape can catch your cold and you can catch his. While other animals have what appear to be colds, they are in no way related to that compound of misery, discomfort, and danger we humans call a cold.

Driven by human suffering and economic loss due to workers' absence (\$450,000,000 in U. S. alone), able research men have sought the cause of this puzzling universal malady.

Out of countless experiments on willing man and resistant ape has come what science believes to be the answer:

It is a virus—invisible and so fine that it readily passes through delicate filters which easily retain ordinary bacteria, including the microscopically visible germs associated with colds. This virus and the secondary cold bacteria invade the body principally through the nose and throat. There they lodge, waiting till body resistance is low to strike.

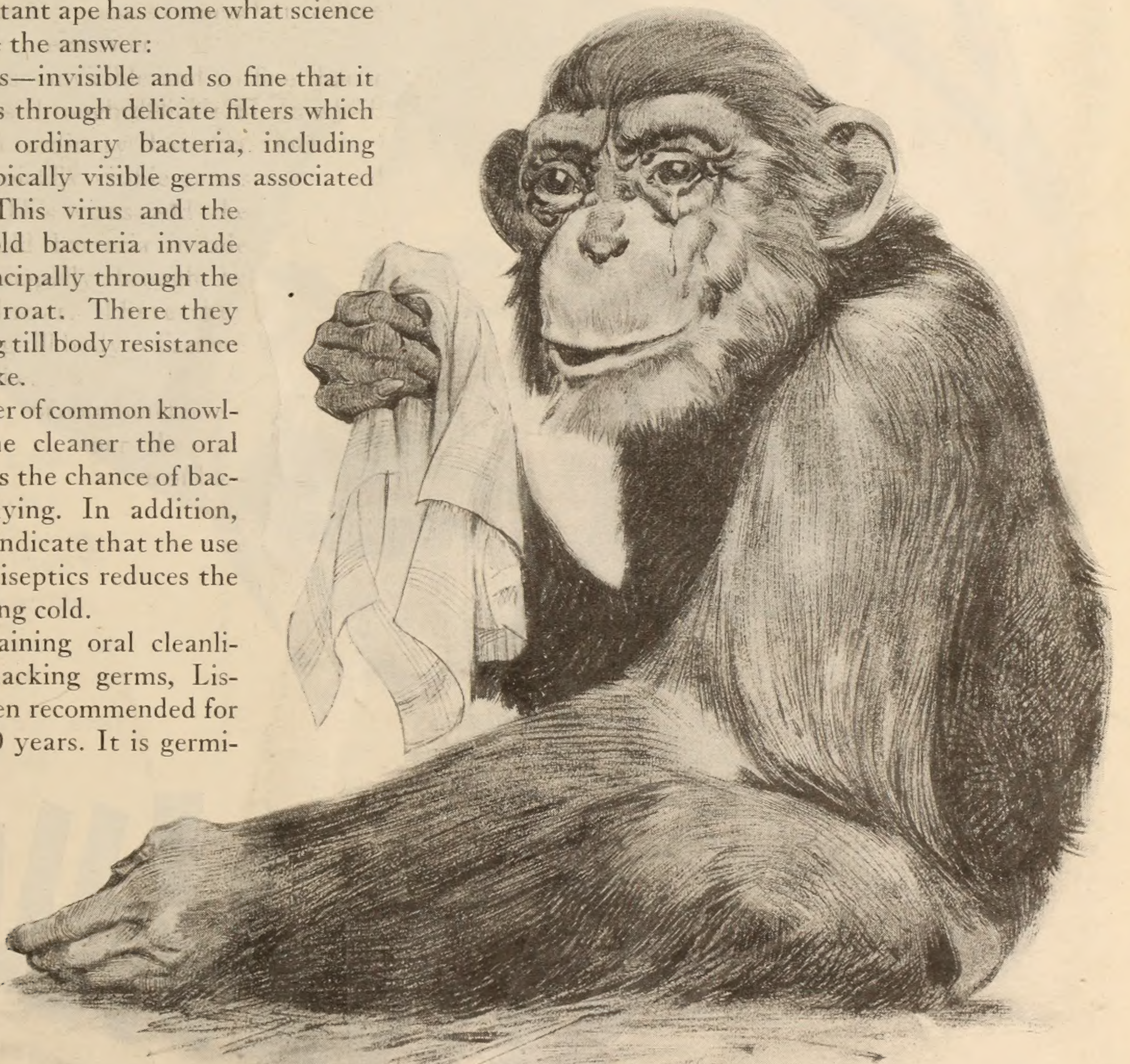
It is a matter of common knowledge that the cleaner the oral cavity the less the chance of bacteria multiplying. In addition, certain tests indicate that the use of mouth antiseptics reduces the risk of catching cold.

For maintaining oral cleanliness and attacking germs, Listerine has been recommended for more than 50 years. It is germi-

cidal, non-poisonous, safe in action, pleasant to taste, and therefore ideal for home use.

Why not give yourself and your family the benefit of its freshening, cleansing, germ-killing action? Gargle every morning and every night.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Drawn from life by Dan Smith

the safe antiseptic LISTERINE with the pleasant taste

Wallace BEERY



The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure...in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others
in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!
Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 5

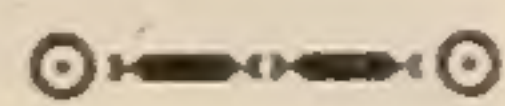
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

April, 1934



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Katharine Hepburn—Painted by Earl Christy

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (Dec.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (Dec.)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (Dec.)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as Alice. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (Dec.)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**—M-G-M.—A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (Oct.)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admirer G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (Dec.)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (Nov.)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (Jan.)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (Oct.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (Nov.)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (Nov.)

BLIND ADVENTURE—RKO-Radio.—Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (Oct.)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (Dec.)

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram.—Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (Dec.)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (Nov.)

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (Nov.)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (Dec.)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (Jan.)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (Jan.)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal advisor. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (Jan.)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the Lebanon family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (Jan.)

Cast your
Vote
for the best
picture released
during 1933.
You'll find a ballot
on page 82
this issue of
PHOTOPLAY

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (Jan.)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **BOWERY, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as Chuck Connors and George Raft as Steve Brodie battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (Nov.)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (Dec.)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"



"WONDER BAR"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

KAY FRANCIS

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

AL JOLSON

HUGH HERBERT

HAL LEROY

RICARDO CORTEZ

DOLORES DEL RIO

FIFI D'ORSAY

**LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!**

A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Coast, the Riviera, as if they were in the habit of week-ending at these glamorous places.

Talkies are broadening the outlook of our people, giving them a finesse and polish.

EDW. J. LUBA, Pittsburgh, Penna.

PAGING W. C. FIELDS!

The movies are a tonic for me—and W. C. Fields certainly puts a kick in that tonic. He's "different" with a unique personality.

It can't be just his so-funny and pleasant-to-look-at face. Nor the cigar. It's altogether a certain hard-to-define something that makes me enjoy his comedy.

Please page Mr. Fields and hand him this orchid!

BERTHA M. HUSTON, Napoleon, Ohio

IT IS HEPBURN

Kirtley Baskette's article "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" was fine, but how can there be a doubt in the mind of anyone that Garbo's reign of Cinemaland is over?

So meteoric has been the ascent of Katharine Hepburn, that her rise can be paralleled to that of some of the greatest monarchs in history.

Hepburn is no longer "standing at the portals," as Mr. Baskette says. Rather, she has entered and is in complete command of the fortress.

MRS. F. RAPHAEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

NO, IT'S GARBO

There *ought* to be a doubt in the mind of Katharine Hepburn as to her acting ability.

How the author of "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY can make the statement that Hepburn is the greatest actress ever to come to Hollywood, is beyond me.

Greta Garbo is far and away more fascinating, and who says she can't act?

ESTELLE BERG, Rochester, N. Y.

THAT IS, SO FAR

Granted, Katharine Hepburn is a Hollywood success. But the idea of Kirtley Baskette saying, in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, that her acting ability is greater than Garbo's.

I do wholeheartedly agree with the author of "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" however, in that no one can see her latest picture, "Queen Christina," without feeling Garbo's hypnotic power.

Let's not challenge the crown of so glorious a creature.

BILLIE SANDERS, Philadelphia, Penna.

ABOUT OUR "ANGEL"

Far be it from me, with the whole world Mae West-conscious, to disparage this lady's ability. I think she's clever and a great show-woman, but after seeing "I'm No Angel" I wonder if she's not giving it to us in pretty large doses?

BETTY HALL, Apple Creek, Ohio
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



Why, Mister Fields, what can you be up to out there on the beach with all those pretty girls? Guess you've won them over with your clowning, same as you have a host of girls in your movie audience

THE \$25 LETTER

Recently my father visited me for a few days. He was born in England seventy-seven years ago, and is the "youngest" man I know. He has taken everything in his stride—from covered wagons to airplanes, but until his recent visit in my home he had never seen nor heard a motion picture.

Imagine, if you can, what it would be like to step into a theater for the first time in one's life—to experience the thrill not only of one's first talking picture, but one's first *motion* picture. He said over and over again, "It's wonderful—wonderful!"

In this modern age we are so sophisticated, and so busy appearing bored, that it is refreshing to see someone thoroughly enjoy and appreciate both the artistry and the scientific accomplishment back of the things the rest of us take for granted.

MARTHA STANDING, New Orleans, La.

THE \$10 LETTER

I suffered through the agonies of the first talkie, and then—slowly, surely—saw, heard and felt it develop from a tottering infant to a splendid specimen of full-grown perfection. I have been appreciative, tolerant, proud, often critical of this miracle, yet defending it from the criticism of others.

There has been no picture, however incompetent the actors, however poor the direction,

no matter how dull the story, in which I have not found something redeemable.

RUTH S. COHEN, San Francisco, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

I have talked with rustics who never stirred from the backwoods and yet they called a marquis a markee; they spoke of lower Manhattan, the loop in Chicago, the Barbary

THE battle is on! So far the crown belongs to Garbo. But, wait, they're coming up for round two. Stand by for further developments in this exciting screen encounter.

New votes keep coming, and in this department next month you will see a photo of the happy pair that has been adjudged, by PHOTOPLAY readers over a period of months, "Hollywood's Ideal Couple."

The ultra sophistication of Paramount's "Design for Living" is causing a great stir among movie-goers. They're either one hundred per cent for it, or quite, quite in opposition.

An order, producers, to cast John and Lionel Barrymore as *Sherlock Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. A happy thought, eh what?



The
YEAR'S GREATEST
PICTURE IS ON
THE WAY! . . .

His heart bled for the shattered romance of his lovely daughter. To rebuild it he matched his wits against the brains and power of Europe, and pulled down from heaven the star of Napoleon's destiny... This is Arliss at his greatest.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

P R E S E N T S

GEORGE ARLISS

IN A DARRYL F. ZANUCK PRODUCTION

The HOUSE of ROTHSCHILD

WITH

LORETTA BORIS ROBERT
YOUNG · KARLOFF · YOUNG

AND A SUPERLATIVE CAST OF MORE
THAN 100 FEATURED PLAYERS

A
20th
CENTURY
PICTURE
•
Released
thru
UNITED
ARTISTS



Readers' Applause of Films



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

OUR DANCING STAR

We appreciate the dancing genius and acting ability of Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio," and realize just what the talkies do for us in the way of bringing such artists to the screen. Here is a bouquet for that grand picture and all its principals. We think Hollywood has done right by Fred Astaire. D. STEFFEN and E. SHUTTE, Glendale, Calif.

GIVE US MUSTACHE TWIRLERS!

What the screen wants today, and wants badly, are more of those good old-fashioned scowlers and mustache twisters. The fellows who laughed cruelly as they turned poor widows into the street.

Why, compared with that old crew of home-wreckers, the modern villains are just softies! MRS. F. J. DRISCOLL, Detroit, Mich.

UNSEEN PERFORMERS

My hat is off to the people who do the talking, singing, and provide the musical score for cartoons. They give every pig and cat a personality, and though they never appear on the screen, are real stars in their line.

LEW MORRISON, Seattle, Wash.

With the beautiful Dolores Del Rio our dancing star, Fred Astaire, goes into one of the sensational South American numbers from the picture "Flying Down to Rio." Astaire's splendid work has prompted readers to send in votes of approval by the score. Certainly ought to encourage a fellow

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Why does everyone give all the praise to the movie stars themselves—I think the public owes homage to all producers.

They have turned the talents and accomplishments of the stars into pictures of perfection. No self-instructed stars could make a success of pictures. It takes a producer to inspire courage, training and give them their "great chance."

MRS. BERNICE MEEHAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

F-U-N

Eddie Cantor! To me his name spells *fun*. I have always appreciated the wholesomeness of his wit. I have always recognized a desire on his part to get over to us ideas that would be helpful as well as happy.

EDITH M. GILBERT, Portland, Oregon

LAUGHS THAT LAST

"Roman Scandals" is one of the funniest pictures I have ever seen. Not silly and made up of worn-out gags, but a picture that contains excitement, humor and sorrow.

I still have to laugh when I think of the inimitable Eddie Cantor.

DOROTHY WINSON, Reading, Penna.

"MOVIES, M. D."

Four years ago I had a severe attack of spinal meningitis and the doctors agreed I would never be well. I walked only a little. But I had always gone to the movies and I determined to continue.

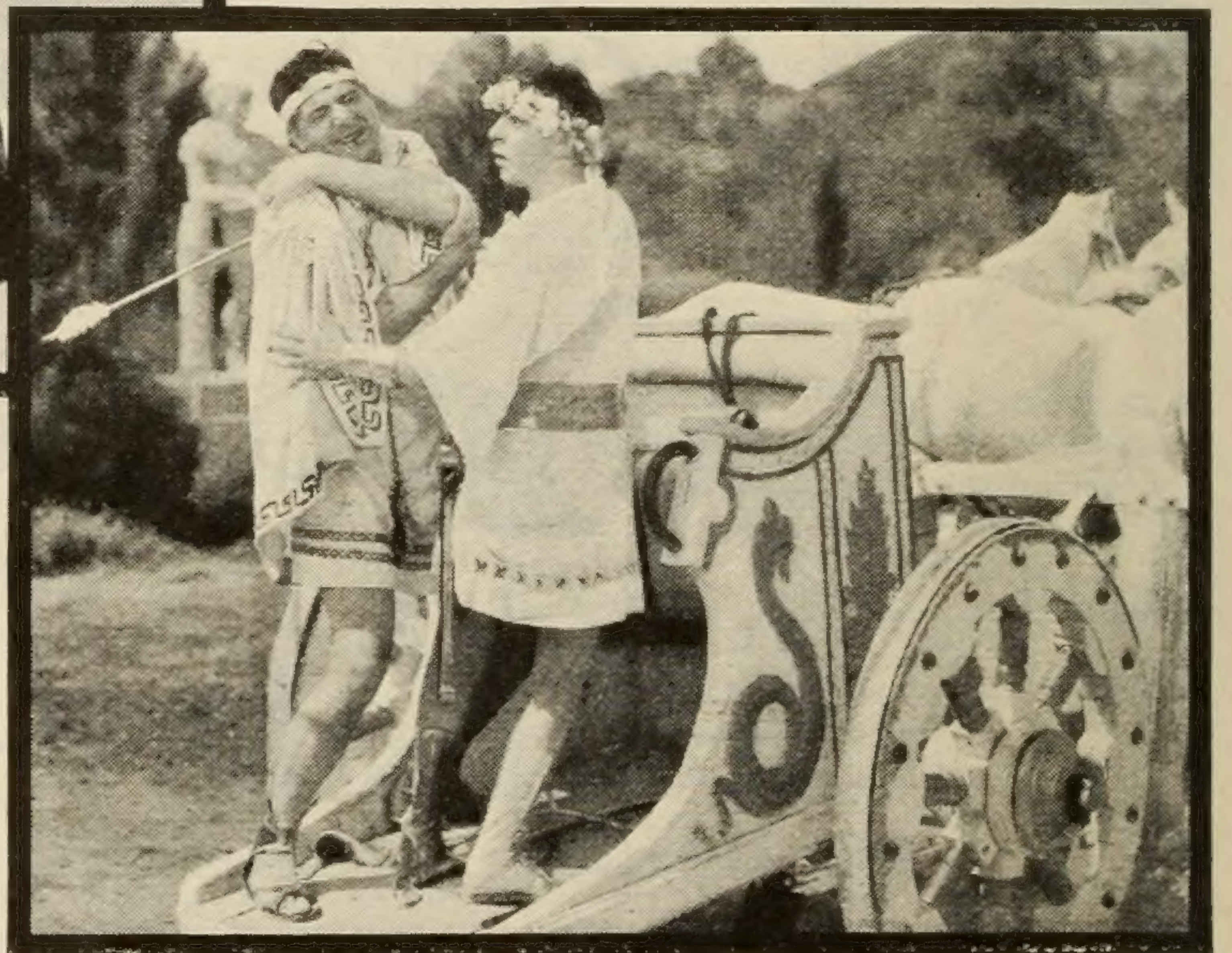
Those pictures acted on my sluggish circulation like wine. All sense of viewing a picture was forgotten. I was living with those actors, laughing with them, crying with them, yes, even dying with them.

I attended them all, good, bad, indifferent. They fed my nerves with a life-giving energy.

After a few weeks, I could walk to the nearest theaters and after a few months, I could walk all over town.

I can truthfully say the movies saved my life!

MAYE MCKNIGHT, Long Beach, Calif.



"To me his name spells *Fun*," is what one reader says of Eddie Cantor. Another must laugh whenever she thinks of him, though it is weeks since she saw his latest, "Roman Scandals"

THAT IS GRATITUDE!

Recently a "talkie" theater opened in our town. Words fail to describe my feelings when I sat down on one of those rough wooden benches, watching the shadows of people, my own race, my own countrymen, expressing feelings, also of my own. In the dark, nobody could see the tears which trickled down my cheeks—tears of gratitude.

MRS. E. LEROSE, Occ. Negros, P. I.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

HEPBURN



in

Completely and
daringly different
from anything she
has ever done.

SPITEFIRE

An RKO Radio Picture with Robert Young · Ralph Bellamy · Martha Sleeper
Directed by John Cromwell . . . From the Play by Lula Vollmer
A Pandro S. Berman Production Merian C. Cooper, Executive Producer

Brickbats & Bouquets



Everyone's applauding that veteran showman, Lionel Barrymore. Here he is with Janet Gaynor, as the old colonel, in "Carolina." He appears, always, to *live* the character he portrays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

PLACING YOUR ORDER

I'd give up my armchair, fireside, yea, and even my newest detective thriller, and amble down to the theater if some movie producer would put dear old Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson on the screen in the persons of John and Lionel Barrymore. Myrna Loy might furnish the "feminine atmosphere."

Please, please do it, Mr. Movie Man.

MYRL RENTFRO, Palouse, Wash.

SHOW ME!

Lionel Barrymore is as finished an actor as the screen possesses. Show me another who puts as much feeling into his parts, as much realism in his touches of emotion, as much humor in his moments of comic pathos, or loses himself as completely as does Lionel in the characterizations he portrays!

Does not Lionel depict truly the life of each of his characters? The answer gives you the secret of his film success. He compels absolute admiration.

WALTER PHILLIPS, Lafayette, La.

THAT'S FINE

May I say that I feel the height of entertainment has been reached in "Design for Living." It certainly came up to all requirements. I must say "Thank you" to all who worked to give the public such a satisfying bit of entertainment.

M. L. LEE, Bridgeport, Conn.

BUT, OH, WHAT'S THIS?

A brickbat, and all because of a spoiled evening I spent seeing "Design for Living," featuring Gary Cooper, Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins.

Those stars did not get where they are in such "sophisticated" releases. And they will not long be where they are.

Why will the producers ruin a star, and continue to impose on the public, by presuming on the box-office value of stars' names to offer such rot? It was nothing short of the very worst rubbish.

FLORENCE STEPHENSON, Quanah, Texas

THEY ALL LOVE ALICE

Suddenly the theater was bathed in light, revealing the animated faces of old folks, youngsters and lovers, alike.

The picture—"Alice in Wonderland"!

A spell had been cast and many more had chosen wonder for their guiding star.

Who can see such a film and not regain a sense of the whimsical charm of everyday life?

MRS. AUDREY ATKINSON, Little Rock, Ark.

SHE'S PERFECT

Was there ever a more delightful movie than "Alice in Wonderland"? I loved it all—from the *Dormouse* to the *White Knight*.

But most charming of all was *Alice* herself—Charlotte Henry. There could be no other *Alice*—no one with such a quaint little face and plaintive voice. Charlotte was *Alice* as I

always imagined her. The youthful queen of many loyal, loving hearts!

BEVERLY HOOK, Augusta, Ga.

HOLLYWOOD AND PHOTOPLAY BOW

It is a real pleasure to attend the movies these optimistic days when every new picture seems better than its predecessor.

And I can always count on PHOTOPLAY for all that the average movie-goer is interested in—and nothing else. I have yet to find a misleading title or a sensational story in PHOTOPLAY. I'm willing to pay a little extra for the best.

NORTON H. JONATHAN, Berwyn, Ill.

TOO LONG, IN FACT

While others gush about Clark Gable's masculinity . . . about John Boles' voice . . . John Barrymore's profile or Gary Cooper's height; I emulate lusty praise for the latest screen luminary—Otto Kruger!

Quite plain, and possessing none of the breath-taking attributes flaunted by other male idols, I hear you all cry! Yet this man who meets none of the male pulchritude requirements has won our hearts.

He has an irresistible charm, inimitable personality and possesses the ingenuity to *act*.

We've been waiting a long time for an Otto Kruger!

ANNETTE VICTORIN, Cicero, Ill.

THERE'S GOOD IN EVERYTHING

If we do not care for an actor, we are not forced to see him. Let us remember that there is plenty of good in every production if we will just take the trouble to find it—if we don't care for the story perhaps the stars are so excellent that their performance transcends all else—or perhaps the settings are beautiful.

D. A. TRUMAN, Toronto, Ont., Canada



Movie-goers everywhere are writing in about petite *Alice* of "Wonderland." Of charming Charlotte Henry they say, "There could be no other *Alice*"

GAYNOR AND BUDDHA

I was a bit surprised recently by what I saw in the home of my Chinese tailor.

I had gone there to try on a dress he was making for me. The sewing-room was crowded that day with young apprentices, and my tailor wished me to try the dress; so he kindly showed me into the family's living-room. It was a typical Chinese room, small, and the light was very poor, there being only one window, and it was covered over with paper. I glanced about the room, my eyes rested on a small altar in one corner. There was a gilt Buddha, candles on either side, in front of which long sticks of joss burned slowly, sending out a clean, cool odor.

A picture was nailed to the wall right beneath the altar. I went closer, and a little gasp escaped my lips as I looked into the face of Janet Gaynor.

WANDA L. AMES, Peiping, China.

ANOTHER ORDER

Why can't we enjoy a picture featuring an entire juvenile cast?

Come on, directors—give the kids a chance and let them prove their talent!

ALICE LARSON, Yreka, Calif.

MODES A LA HOLLYWOOD

This letter is but an extract from a speech delivered by Sir Charles Higham, in London, England. I think it is self-explanatory.

"The other evening I saw, in a well-known cinema, thirty Greta Garbos, twenty Marlene Dietrichs, two Mary Pickfords, five Marie Dresslers, and twelve Jean Harlows. They wouldn't believe me if I told them, but they had copied these film stars as they had seen them in films.

"Hollywood has influenced dress, hair-dressing and manners in every country in the world. It is the fashion-creating center.

"Today our girls are better looking. Those who work are brighter, more efficient.

"They pluck their eyebrows, powder their faces, rouge their lips—so different from the girls of twenty years ago.

"Hollywood has taught our daughters what sex-appeal is."

J. A. ADAMS, Brantford, Canada

MOLDING A PERSONALITY

She was an ignorant, awkward, dowdy girl from a lonely mountain home. She had never seen a movie (nor a movie magazine). Radios and electricity were new to her. She was terrified of the telephone.

This girl came to work for us, and I felt sorry for her. I saw possibilities in her. Plainer girls had managed to create the illusion of beauty. But she was shy. I showed her a more becoming way to do her hair, and out of my pin money I bought her a lovely silk dress, but she even managed to give that a dowdy appearance.

One day, I caught her looking at PHOTOPLAY. She was eagerly devouring it with hungry, shining eyes. She started guiltily, but I soon reassured her and told her she might borrow the book. Never have I seen such a look of gratitude on a person's face. That very minute I decided her cure would be in the movies.

Since then, and that was three years ago, I have taken her to see many pictures and I lend her all my PHOTOPLAYS.

I am proud of the result. Now she is a happy, normal girl.

D. O. N., New York, N. Y.

GLAD YOU LIKE IT

While others laud their favorite movie stars, I'm handing a big bouquet to PHOTOPLAY, the most reliable movie magazine on the market.

May its pages continue to scintillate with brilliant articles about the stars!

LEAH STEPHENS, Oakland, Calif.

500 HUMAN TESTS FURNISH STARTLING FACTS

Average cold lasted 5 d

Pepsodent Antiseptic cut

time in half. New rule

for avoiding colds

Recently an interesting test

brought to light new facts about

Scientists found that the antiseptic

gargle and to spray with makes an

as to how many colds you have. The

makes a difference as to how long

These scientists took a group of

and observed them closely for five

Here are some of the remarkable

covered.

A cold will last five days on

Pepsodent Antiseptic is gargle

of a cold is cut to two days

from a cold were saved.

Many of the group who

Antiseptic had no cold

months. The number

than among the

or antiseptics

the first test

with the

*Make \$1 do the work of \$3
in the fight against colds!*

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth when used daily.

Last winter five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50% fewer colds than any other group.

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid of their colds in half the time. What convincing

evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic affords you.

Know this about antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes \$1 do the work of \$3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Jiffy Sweets



Guests at Rochelle Hudson's home have a real treat in store. For she keeps this lovely dish well stocked with confectionery goodies of her own making

THOUGH Rochelle confesses she is no *cordon bleu* as a cook of everyday dishes, when it comes to candy—well, that's something else again.

A copper utensil is best for candy making. However, if this isn't available, use one of heavy aluminum.

Miss Hudson's standby is good old-fashioned *chocolate fudge*, which can be varied easily by the use of different sugars and nuts.

For the basic recipe, use 2 cups of sugar (maple, brown or white), 1 cup of milk or cream, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, and 4 tablespoons of cocoa or 2 squares of chocolate.

Place sugar, milk and chocolate over a slow fire, and stir occasionally to prevent burning. Boil until a few drops in cold water forms a soft ball that will hold together when rolled. Add $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon of salt, the butter and vanilla. Let cool until it can be dented with the fingers. Then beat until thick and creamy. Then, kneading on a tiled surface will improve the grain. Pour into a buttered pan and mark in squares.

If desired, add 1 cup of chopped nuts when the fudge is almost creamy. A nice variation is to form in balls and roll in chopped nut meats or grated bitter chocolate.

New Orleans Pralines—Use 1 cup of maple or brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of New Orleans molasses, 1 cup of cream, 2 ounces of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, and one pint of pecan nut meats.

Boil the first four ingredients, stirring constantly. When it will form a soft ball when tried in cold water, pour over the nuts and stir until it begins to sugar. Then drop from the tip of a spoon in small rounds on buttered tins.

Vanilla Cream Fudge—Use $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of powdered sugar, 3 tablespoons of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of rich milk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla. Mix milk with sugar in saucepan. Let it boil, and add the melted butter. Boil to the cold-water-test stage, scraping the bottom of the pan to prevent burning. When cool, add vanilla, beat until thick and smooth. Pour into a buttered pan, and mark in squares.

Cocoanut Candy— $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 teaspoons butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cocoanut and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. Melt butter in saucepan, then add sugar and milk. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil 12 minutes, or until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball. Remove from fire. Add cocoanut and lemon extract, beat until creamy. Pour at once into a buttered pan and cut in squares.

Marron Glace — This is not strictly a candy, but a delicious variation. It may be served separately as a sweet, or put up with the syrup in a jar, and used in desserts.

Marrons are especially good with ice cream.

Remove the shells from one pint of chestnuts. To do this, make a small slit with a sharp knife on the flat side of the chestnuts. Then place in a frying pan with a teaspoon of butter. Heat slowly, shaking all the time, until butter is melted. Then let stand in a warm oven for five minutes. The outer and inner shell can be removed at the same time, with this method.

NOW cover the shelled chestnuts with boiling water and a little sugar. Cook until tender but not broken, and drain. Then boil 1 pound of loaf sugar, 1 cup of water and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a vanilla bean, into a syrup. Do not stir. When it begins to discolor slightly, dip chestnuts in at once. Leave them in for five minutes.

Take out carefully with a silver fork, place on a warm sieve in a warm place. Next day re-heat the syrup and repeat dipping and drying the chestnuts. Place in tiny paper cases or lift each carefully, so they do not break, and place in a wide necked bottle or jar. Then cover them with the hot syrup. Seal and set aside. They will keep.

Stuffed Prunes—Another pleasant variation. Soak large prunes overnight in cold water to which orange and lemon juice has been added. When soft, remove the stones, and fill with walnuts or pecans, and roll in powdered sugar.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 |

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (Dec.)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (Nov.)

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (Jan.)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March, and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (Jan.)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (Oct.)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (Oct.)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (Oct.)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (Nov.)

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (Jan.)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (Dec.)

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (Dec.)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



GINGER ROGERS, vivacious motion-picture star, is just the type to wear this difficult but delightful gown. Made of fashionable rough crepe, the little jacket has mink lapels to give it immense chic.



How to make the most of your GOOD POINTS

STUDY your features! You may wish to play up the color of your eyes, to accent lovely lips, to highlight an interesting profile.

Watch your figure. Modern fashions are built around youthful curves. If you reduce, be sure your diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination.

Too often, women permit this condition to dull their beauty and charm. Yet it can be corrected so easily—with a delicious cereal.

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NR TO-NIGHT

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"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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I enclose 50c for a trial box of five PAR-I-O-GEN tablets with instructions, in plain wrapper.

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Address.....



50c

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (Nov.)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (Jan.)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (Oct.)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (Dec.)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (Oct.)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (Dec.)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

GOLDEN HARVEST—Paramount.—Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Beard of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (Dec.)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of tramping in the provinces. (Dec.)

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio.—Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (Dec.)

GUN JUSTICE—Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (Jan.)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (Jan.)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (Oct.)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Paramount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (Jan.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (Oct.)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (Oct.)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lillian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (Oct.)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (Jan.)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (Jan.)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (Nov.)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (Nov.)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (Dec.)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (Jan.)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga-film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (Dec.)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelveteeths has done. Exciting. (Jan.)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

TOGETHER for the FIRST TIME

CLARK GABLE and CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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It Happened One Night

with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns

FRANK CAPRA Production

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Screen play by **Robert Riskin**

An unforgettable entertainment . . . the outstanding performance of two outstanding careers

Look for JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century" with CAROLE LOMBARD

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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ALL TOO OFTEN headaches are accompanied by a lowered alkaline reserve in the system—so you certainly want to use a preparation which will help bring your alkaline reserve back to normal.

Therefore, you need something not only to attack the pain, but to supply this alkali. Bromo-Seltzer supplies readily-absorbed alkali to the blood. Look what happens when you take it!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer affords such prompt relief from gas on the stomach.

Then it quickly relieves the pain—ends headache before you know it. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric

salts which contribute to alkalinity.

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Pain goes . . . your head clears . . . and you are back to normal before you know it! Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness.

And Bromo-Seltzer works much *faster* because you take it as a *liquid*.

Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so *dependable*, too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or

other pains of nerve origin. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are not made under the careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. At the fountain or by the bottle. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



Clarence Sinclair Bull

SHE can play the piano, too! One of movie-dom's latest "finds," Shirley Ross was recently signed by M-G-M. Shirley was a blues singer with Gus Arnheim's orchestra when the movies lured her. With beautiful brown hair, blue eyes, and lots of talent, Miss Ross is a colorful addition to the Technicolor short, "Stars and Stripes"



Mack Elliott

FRANCES DEE, all dressed up in lace and ruffles, was ready for a good night's sleep. But Frances couldn't turn out that high-powered lamp overhead and that floodlight by the side of her bed! So up and to Jesse L. Lasky's "Coming Out Party," for Fox. Then RKO-Radio had the popular Dee come back home for "Finishing School"



Irving Lippman

WHAT a happy time the sandman must have in Hollywood! Here's Claudette Colbert all dolled up to catch some beauty sleep. For her night life, Claudette discards feminine frills and dons tailored pajamas. But don't let the attire fool you! Claudette isn't going to sleep. This is the way you'll see her in "It Happened One Night"



BLONDE and brunette—but they are sisters. Toby (blonde) and Pat (brunette) Wing. People in Hollywood were agog because Toby was wearing an engagement ring. “Chevalier?” they asked in whispers. “No,” said Toby. “My sister gave it to me. She had two.” Pat is now Mrs. Bill Perry, but will continue her career



In Movie Stars or *Bob Pins*
it's *performance* that counts

New!
**RINGLET
CURL PINS**

Only an inch and a half long, these new pins are the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used... they make ordinary pins seem needlessly clumsy. Beauty shops use them for those flattering ringlets and soft curls that play so prominent a part in the new hair styles. You, too, will appreciate their strong snap, tight grip and smooth finish that permits them to slide in easily without pulling a hair. Ten cents at all stores in black, brown, blonde or gray



★ Discriminating women look for the name "Sta-Rite" when buying hair pins... it is their certain assurance of highest value and best quality.



Ginger Rogers, RKO-RADIO player featured in "Flying Down to Rio."

Sta-Rite Bob Pins do hold better, they are less conspicuous, they're much easier to use and more comfortable. And that's not all... on each Screen Star card you'll find a lovely photo-miniature of Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Genevieve Tobin, Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Cummings, Wynne Gibson, Wallace Ford, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, Edmund Lowe or Jack Holt. They're suitable for dressing table or movie album. Ten cents at stores or beauty shops... in black, brown, blonde or gray. Similar cards containing "midget size" bob pins for children, and retailing for five cents, feature members of Hal Roach's "Our Gang."

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Illinois
Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co. of Canada, Ltd., 49 Wellington St. West, Toronto, Canada

STA-RITE

HAIR PINS • • BOB PINS • • WAVE SET



FRANCES DRAKE is an American girl, but she got her stage and screen experience in England. Paramount brought her back to this country to make her Hollywood screen début with George Raft in "Bolero." While the picture was in production, an alert cameraman caught Frances and Roy Bradley, a dancer, studying the script on the set

JOAN CRAWFORD
in "DANCING LADY"
with Franchot Tone
an M-G-M picture

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars... to YOUR charms, too. And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!



NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 60c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame—featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera—Sunday evenings, 10-10 P.M. E.S.T. WEAF, N.Y.C., and other stations.





AS easy as ever on our eyes, Norma Shearer comes back! Here she is, at work at the M-G-M studio with Herbert Marshall in "Lady Mary's Lover," her first picture since the successful "Smilin' Through," the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal winner of 1932. Part of Miss Shearer's studio recess was spent in Europe with husband, Irving Thalberg

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
Kathryn Dougherty



CERTAIN motion picture publications have become more and more daringly offensive in the type of photographs they are printing. They scream with sex—sex at its worst. They hope to maintain their circulation by appealing to the most vulgar of taste. Pick up one of these sheets and you get the impression that the motion picture industry is a tangle of legs, divorce suits and scandal. The scantily clad maidens that garnish the pages of these yellow books are often quite unknown. They are not even bit players. The trick is sometimes pulled of printing a photograph of some actress taken years ago when she was an artist's model.

Publications guilty of this offense are extremely short-sighted. Such photographs disgust discriminating readers and advertisers. The recent ban by the Hays office on this type of publicity picture has caused considerable alarm and consternation in editorial quarters where cheap sensationalism is mistaken for good publishing business.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine has never been guilty of these offenses and never will be.

Motion picture magazines that overstep the bounds of decency deserve to fail. And they will. They must reform or go out of business.

The exploitation of the shady side of sex is no magic talisman that lures prosperity. It has brought only sporadic, never permanent, success. The greatest hits in pictures, from "The Birth of a Nation" to "Little Women," prove the truth of this statement.

THE scenario department of M-G-M has been standing by, ready and waiting. Lionel Barrymore, with the script to his next picture, "The Copperhead," under his arm, started for New York. Lionel was going to study his part en route.

Then came a frantic telegram from Salt Lake City. "Lost my script. Send me another. Lionel."

So the studio had another copy made and rushed it airmail to Kansas City to catch Lionel's train.

From Cleveland came another message. "Received script. Thank you. But now I have lost the first sequence. Rush another. Lionel." Again the studio was in a hubbub getting off another first sequence to catch Lionel when he reached New York.

"Thanks a lot for sequence," he telegraphed a few days later, "but can't seem to locate last sequence."

The studio arranged to wire Lionel a new entire script just automatically every few days and save a lot of trouble.

But with parts of "The Copperhead" scattered all over the land, there seems to be a feeling that maybe the country knows enough about the play, so what's the use of making it?

THE word "war" keeps people away from pictures. The word "death" brings them in. Everyone knows by now that "bombshell" made shy the public—scenting gunpowder—until the title was hastily changed to "The Blonde Bombshell." Paramount did a neat bit of experimentation with "Death Takes a Holiday," which had a sensational run on the stage. In Fresno, California, the film was shown for three days under the title "Strange Holiday." It was only fair box-office. But in Sacramento, "Death" on the marquee proved as great a lure to the crowd as that grim personage does to the heroine of the film. So, with the best of reasons, the original title stands.

IT was on "The Hollywood Party" set and Jimmy Durante was deep in a scene. "Now your line says, 'Then we'll have to work fast,' but don't get up until you say the word 'then,'" the director ordered.

So Jimmy read the line and just sat on.

"You didn't rise when you said 'then,'" the director chided.

A light dawned on Jimmy. "Oh, you mean 'den,'" he said. "I couldn't make out what you was talking about."

So Jimmy read the line, "Den we'll have to work fast," and rose like a balloon on the word "den."

A DOLPH ZUKOR, President of Paramount, believes that the only satisfactory way to settle actors' salaries is through the box-office test. "It becomes impossible to determine," says Mr. Zukor, "just what an actor is worth in terms of salary. The only fair method of paying him in proportion to his value lies in a share of his pictures' profits."

Actor Fredric March believes that a percentage agreement would be well worth trying out for a few pictures. He suggests that the percentage would have to be on the gross because "so many things are charged against the net."

Mr. March is an officer of the Actors' Guild, with a membership of several thousand. While he may not be presumed to speak for that organization, yet he probably reflects the views of many of its members.

The percentage system has one great advantage for the producers: It appears to offer, once and for all, an end to salary squabbles, walk-outs, jealousy between the players, and other forms of irritating and costly friction.

THIS means gladness for everybody, especially for Isabel Jewell: Lee Tracy is coming back. Universal will put him in "I'll Tell the World." It's a newspaper story and you will recall that Lee's acting as a journalist, in "Blessed Event," put him on top of the world until a real, live newspaper yarn knocked the props from under him.

Carl Laemmle knew what he was doing when he signed up Lee. The lad is big box-office, Mexico or no Mexico.

CULLEN TATE, assistant director to Cecil DeMille and known to all Hollywood as "Hezi" Tate, was attending a movie with his little daughter, Patricia, when Mr. DeMille came in and sat directly in front of them.

"Ooh, look Daddy," little Pat said, "there's Mr. DeMille."

"Hezi" said "Shush," and the child was quiet.

Suddenly, during the course of the picture, Mr. DeMille gave a hearty laugh.

"Ooh, look Daddy," cried little Patricia, "Mr. DeMille is laughing. Shall I laugh, too?"



PECK & PECK tells you how to save lovely **STOCKINGS**

from a cruel fate: "Use **IVORY FLAKES**"

When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

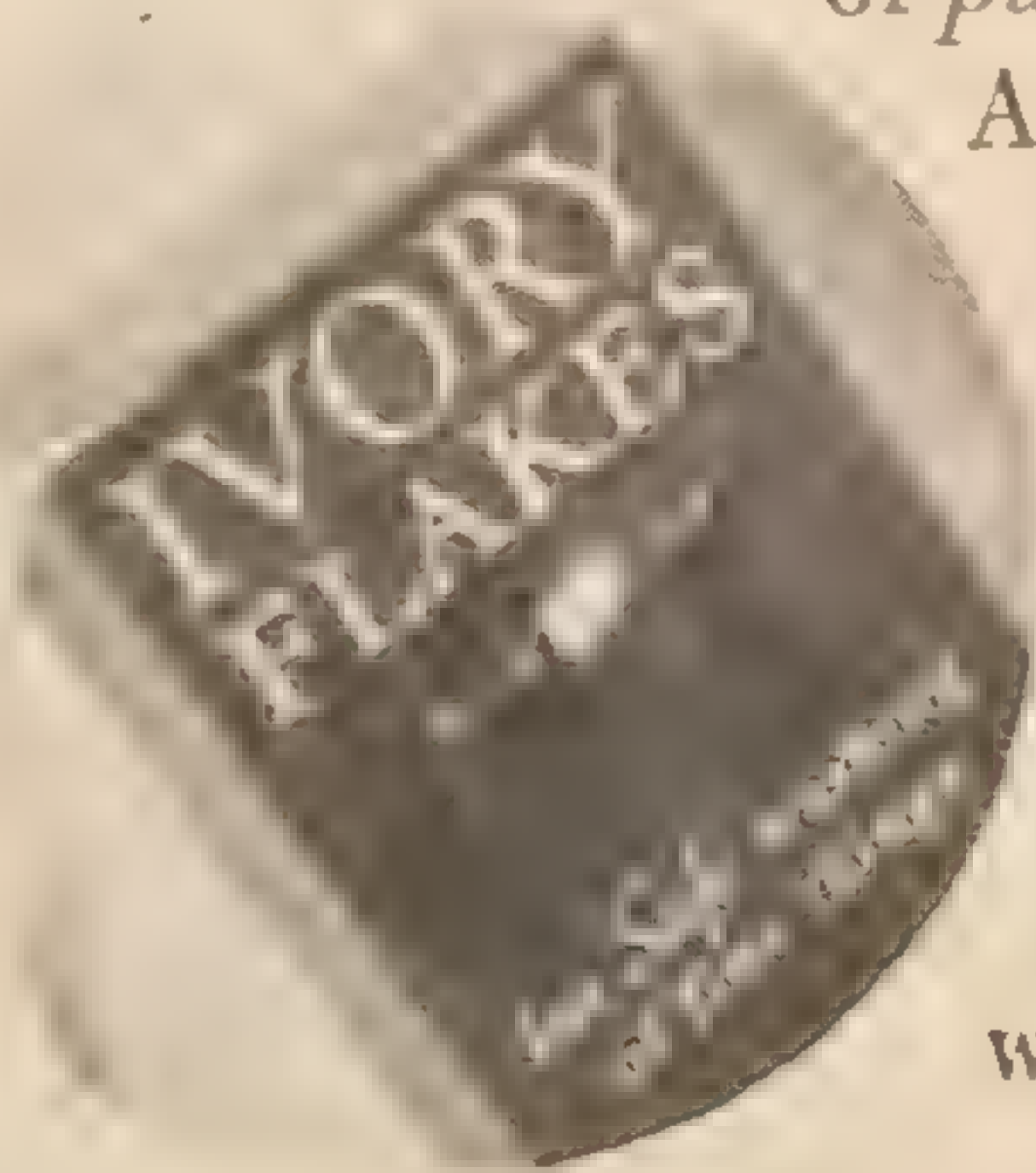
They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best... cautions you with these very words, "Never tub stockings with impure soap... it's too strong. Use *pure* Ivory Flakes and

lukewarm water." It's advice we can't improve upon!

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of *pure* Ivory Soap that puff into *instant* suds!

And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into *pure* Ivory suds. Takes but a minute! And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. Why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!



IVORY FLAKES · gentle enough for a baby's skin · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

Is WALT DISNEY A

I RAN into Walt Disney's "Lullaby Land" one day, and those ogres took my eye and ear. How they shimmied over the landscape! And their blood-chilling yells! Lon Chaney might have yelled like that, if he had lived far enough into the talkie era. But those banshee bellows must have made Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi feel pretty cheap.

While all the "oo-oo-oo-ooing" was going on, a youngster in the audience started to cry. And kept on crying. A lot of shushing was needed to handle the situation, and the incident started my brain working, my mental boiling point being practically zero. What I started wondering was this:

How many other children have been frightened by this picture? How many have been kept awake or given nightmares by the Big, Bad Wolf, the wicked witch in "Hansel and Gretel," or the rats in "The Pied Piper?"

While I was still worrying about this, I ran into a Mickey Mouse comedy called "The Steeplechase." In the first half, the fun was based on a horse getting drunk; later, there was a shift to such humor as lies in collecting a large number of wasp stings. By this time my mind was working at such a rate that I was practically thinking.

I recalled that about twenty-five years ago, all the really nice people were up in arms against just that sort of humor in the comic strips, and wouldn't have it any other way than that such low stuff was ruining the future generations, etc., etc., etc. Well, as I said, pie-eyed horses and wasp stings were part of the stock in trade of the funnies when I was just a wee tot. But now this Disney, who frequently does the same sort of thing (you'll recall the Big, Bad Wolf's final exit) gets a medal for all he did for the kiddies in 1933. Times, as the boys say, change.

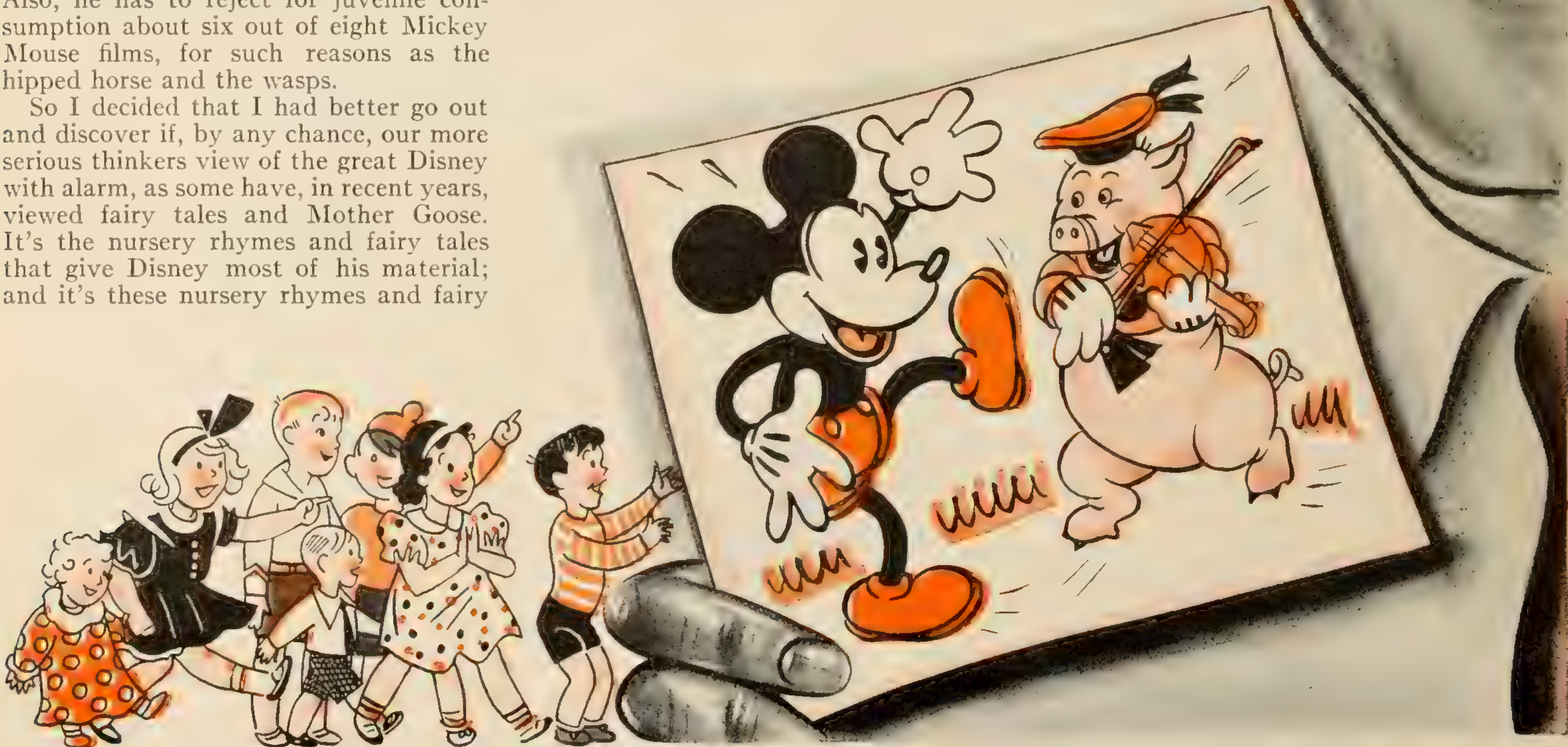
I asked a buddy of mine about it. He seemed a good bet, because he is the father of six-year-old twins, and has, now and then, in the course of his job, to pick films for children. This is what he told me. His own youngsters slept badly and had nightmares after seeing the B. B. W. Also, he has to reject for juvenile consumption about six out of eight Mickey Mouse films, for such reasons as the hipped horse and the wasps.

So I decided that I had better go out and discover if, by any chance, our more serious thinkers view of the great Disney with alarm, as some have, in recent years, viewed fairy tales and Mother Goose. It's the nursery rhymes and fairy tales that give Disney most of his material; and it's these nursery rhymes and fairy

If ogres and witches give the kiddies nightmare, as is said, shouldn't Walt Disney send 'em screaming into hysterics? Well, here's what eminent educators have to say about that

By David
Frederick McCord

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



Is this Disney a sort of *Dr. Jekyll* who exerts a *Mr. Hyde* influence through Mickey Mouse?

MENACE *To Our Children?*



tales, we've been assured on academic authority, that create fear, primitive thought, subjectivity, the idea that things can happen by magic, and that, in general, unfit the victim for a happy and useful life in the shipping department.

The fight that breaks out periodically on this subject can always be depended upon to produce a good supply of horrible examples, such as that of the little girl who came to no good end just because her mother told her the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears. And Heywood Broun is sure to chip in with the story of how Little Red Riding Hood practically ruined his youth.

"I'll look up Professor Harry A. Overstreet, the boss philosopher of the College of the City of New York," I mused. "A few years ago, according to quotations, the professor needed a sedative every time he thought of fairy tales."

Then—

"There's Dr. Alfred Adler, inventor of the inferiority complex. He felt the same way not long ago. He lives in Vienna. Will PHOTOPLAY pay my expenses over to interview him? Or shall I see Dr. Walter Beran Wolfe, his translator?" I asked myself.

"Hum, better see Wolfe," I concluded.

"I'll go up to Teachers' College at Columbia University. They had a fight just a few years ago over whether fairy tales should be told to children."

I was working myself up into quite a state of excitement.

"I'll go down to see Miss Irwin at the Little Red School House. I'll see Helen Ferris, who edits children's books for the Literary Guild. I'll interview Professor Charles Gray Shaw of New York University, who said that whistlers are morons.

"I see in the papers that the Detroit Board of Education has just turned thumbs down on fairy tale decorations in the schools. I'll write out there.

"In the meantime, it ought to be pie to get a snappy denunciation out of a nervous mother in some Parent-Teachers' Association. Merely child's play for a first-rate promoter of ill-will like myself."

I was having a grand conversation all by myself.

WELL, I've talked to all these people, and if you want a fight, I guess you'll just have to go out and sock a cop.

The news is that Walt Disney has changed the psychology of the child psychologists.

I called up Miss Ferris first of all. "I want to ask you if you think that 'Three Little Pigs' is a menace to American childhood?" I told her.

"Come right down," she answered. "I think they're simply marvelous!"

My heart sank just a little. After all, you have to hate "Three Little Pigs" to be news. But you also have to have two sides in a controversy. So I went down to Miss Ferris' office, all merry and bright. It turned out that Miss Ferris really meant it when she said "marvelous." I sat in her office for the better part of an hour, dangling crying babies, ogres, big, bad wolves, witches and inebriated horses in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Are children affected by any lasting fear of the Big, Bad Wolf? Read what psychologists say

Jean Battles A Sea of Rumors

Clever Miss Harlow keeps her head up as she denies war with studio and hubby



"My best friend is my boss," says Jean, denying that she and Louis B. Mayer fought about her salary



Their smiles deny the rumors about Jean and her husband, Hal Rosson. But gossip keeps on flowing



Jean went back to M-G-M, and said she was sorry she asked for more money

I AM not going to separate from my husband. There has been no fight between the studio and myself."

With those two plain statements from Jean Harlow, intended to set a thousand feverish rumors at rest, she reported to M-G-M to go back to work.

In her first exclusive interview since her reconciliation with her studio, Jean gave me her version of the whole situation.

In the first place, she said, she did not strike for any of the ridiculous sums printed—not ten thousand dollars, or even five. As a matter of fact, Jean's salary is less than that of several stars who do not line up the customers at the box-office half so successfully—as she has pointed out.

Her contract called for a raise in salary at this time. And a contract is a contract.

If your idea of Jean is formed by the characters she plays—then behold her out of character. Because off-screen she very definitely is out of character. It certainly was not

a "Red-Headed Woman" who walked back and said, "I'm sorry. I truly didn't realize the spot I put the studio in by asking for more salary at this time." Yet, the real Jean Harlow did exactly that.

And the real Jean Harlow explained: "You can't fight with your friends—and Louis B. Mayer is the best friend any girl in the world could have. I could never tell you how wonderful he was to me at the time of Paul's death." ("Paul" was Paul Bern, Jean's second husband, whose tragic death occurred in September, 1932.)

"But my best friend is also my boss. And he is the only one I can go to in matters of business. I would trust him implicitly

to do the best thing for me, always. When conditions are better in the amusement world, I know he will accede to my request on the salary situation.

"There has been no fight so far. But if I remained away long enough to seriously inconvenience the production schedule at the studio, it would amount to that.

"As it is, I have not been away longer now than I usually am between pictures. Not as long as I have been in the past; between 'Red-Headed Woman' and 'Red Dust,' for instance.

"The situation, until now, has been too delicate to discuss. But at this time I want my friends to realize exactly what has been my position. I want to repudiate all the absurd statements that have been made as to my unreasonable demands, and let them know the truth.

"Being a picture star is an expensive privilege. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

By Ruth Rankin



Let others discover stars—Christie found a village! Al Christie, standing near the pillar behind the car, is directing "Spick-and-Spanish," which was written in rumba rhythm to fit the Spanish set

A Rip-Roaring Rumba

AL CHRISTIE walked into the Astoria studio, Long Island, one morning recently, and came face to face with a Spanish village. Moss on the walls, sun-plashed patios, and everything. Somebody had left it there. Forgotten it, apparently. Al was delighted. He clapped his hands three times, summoning his editorial department, and suggested that a Spanish scenario be written to fit the Spanish set. It was.

One of the publicity men, seeing the set for the first time, was quite aghast at its extravagance. "Why," he cried, "that is almost colossal! In Hollywood, it *would* be colossal!"

Since it was Spanish, there had to be a rumba dancer.

We trotted out there the day the dancing sequence was shot, to watch Nadine Rae do the rumba.

She was dressed in regular rumba uniform—above the waist, very little; below the waist, a long tight-fitting skirt with ruffles around the ankles.

She rumbaed beautifully. But just as the cameras began to grind, the tight skirt split. She went right on dancing, however, thinking nothing of it. One more backward bend, and the skirt slit clear to the floor. (Even so, it was far more modest than some dancing costumes.)

In the meantime, the wardrobe woman was rushing around, looking

The rip was in a dancer's skirt on the old Spanish set at the Astoria studio

for a needle and thread. But she couldn't find one. Then somebody pointed out that the split skirt effect was new for the rumba, and really quite becoming. There was a brief consultation.

"Leave it split," was the verdict. So split it was—through all

the dancing sequences. And very pretty, too.

Maybe we're childish. But the thing about the rumba dancer that delighted us wasn't the split skirt at all. It was that she ate chocolate cake all the while she rumbaed. Not when her solo dance was actually filmed, of course, but during all the rehearsals. It was exciting, watching her maneuver those quick little rumba wiggles, those long, rhythmic swirls—and never so much as dropping a crumb.

Delighted, we mentioned her expertness to an electrician, who was idling at the moment.

"Yeah," he answered, "she's temperamental."

The only obstacle that arose that day was an atmospheric one. They needed smoke for the inn scene.

"Smoke up!" Al Christie commanded, handing out cigarettes.

Everybody puffed and huffed on Al's cigarettes, but the amount of smoke was negligible. At last a little man came in with a bucket of burning wood and a fire-place bellows, and

went scurrying around bellowing smoke in everybody's eyes. Al nodded. Production went on.

By Mildred Mastin

"I HAD TO LEAVE

"I HAD to leave John Gilbert, and there will be no reconciliation."

Virginia Bruce was emphatic. She usually speaks of him as "Jack."

"I have retained W. I. Gilbert as my attorney, and I shall sue for divorce."

The pretty, blonde fourth wife of the dashing screen lover was talking in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Briggs, at Beverly Hills—a home Gilbert gave them. Virginia went there after her final break with her husband and took Susan Ann, their seven-month-old daughter.

"I do not think Jack will contest the action," she said.

"Our separation was not brought about by any particular quarrel or climax. I simply realized that it was impossible to go on living with Jack, making myself and him both terribly unhappy. There were so many things which made it so, I just had to pack up and leave.

"Jack, for one thing, is extremely nervous and high-strung. My nature is just the opposite. I am quite passive.

"Our conversations became dramatic episodes. And we were together continually. Perhaps too much so.

"I still think he is the grandest person in the world. I was very much in love with him when I married him, and all the while we were married. But living together is something else.

"He did not want to go out, to shows, to parties or dances. He had had so much of that in his time. But I had not.

"THE difference in our ages meant little, except in this respect—that I am young enough to want social life, while people make Jack terribly nervous and temperamental."

This was no news to anybody who knows John Gilbert. His temperament has been something to be reckoned with ever since those early days when he played in the silent picture version of "The Merry Widow," and became, overnight, the screen's most exciting romancer.

But more of this later. What Virginia Bruce had to say about Gilbert's temperament was this:

"I don't think Jack should be married—he just hasn't the temperament which makes it successful.

"His state of mind makes mountains out of mole hills. He is always quite



1932—when love was fresh and hopeful. Their betrothal was known the day Virginia started work in John's own story, "Downstairs"

She yearned for fun;
he was sullen, moody.
She's fond of him, but
won't remain his wife

By Virginia Maxwell

sure that no one likes him; that the world is down on him, when everyone, including myself, thinks the world of him. It is also harder for Jack to fit into marriage than most people, because he never had a home when he was a boy.

"There was no one else in my life, or in Jack's. I know that.

"It was just my conviction that it all had to end sooner or later, and the decision to end it now, before we made each other more unhappy, and while I am still young enough to start anew, seemed the only logical thing to do."

As though she did not want it to appear that her ambition was an immediate cause of the split, Virginia explained:

"I HAVE no plans at present for resuming work. Later, perhaps. . . .

"Maybe I made a mistake in abandoning my screen career when we were first married. I was advised against retirement by studio officials at the time. They said that a man with only two pictures a year to make would have a lot of spare time. If I were idle, too, it might throw us together too much.

"But if I had kept on with my career, things might have been even worse. You see, Jack is demanding and he is jealous, too.

"I'll always be terribly fond of him, and always glad to see him. I hope he comes here often to see Susan Ann.

"But we could never make marriage work. I'm sure of that, because I tried terribly hard. I was sincere in my efforts to make a go of it. I did everything I could—but it was just impossible."

Virginia's hope that Jack will come often to see Susan Ann recalls how he has wanted a son—and has had two daughters. Charming Leatrice Joy, once so popular in silent pictures, is the mother of his other child, now nine-years-old.

Poor Gilbert never seems to have gotten what he wanted—never has been satisfied with things that would have puffed the satisfaction of many another Hollywood personage to balloon-like proportions. He has had plenty of critics, many of them harsh, even cruel. But few have written and talked of his career with such severity as he, himself, has.

Virginia said he had no home when

JOHN GILBERT

—Virginia Bruce

he was a boy. Well, he did not have a real one, and surely the shifting backgrounds of his boyhood must have much to do with his peculiar temperament.

His parents were theatrical people, troupers. Jack was born in Logan, Utah (July 10, 1897), and christened in Montreal, Canada, three thousand miles distant.

He was in a military school in California—fourteen-years-old—when his mother, Ida Adair, died. He has taken the name of Gilbert from his stepfather, and had only a vague, if any, memory of his real father.

This, then, is the Jack Gilbert that Miss Bruce says is made "terribly nervous and temperamental" by people. He is the man who would not take her to parties and places where she could see life. Because he had seen enough!

Yet, with all the faults he may have, women find him irresistibly attractive. And there are those who believe Virginia is still in love with him.

All of his wives have been fascinating women, and two of them were famous.

Olivia Burwell, his first wife, was a dark-eyed, dark-haired Southern beauty of twenty years when Jack married her.

Theirs was impetuous, youthful romance. Their wedding was in 1918. Whatever dreams she herself had of a glittering Hollywood career ended then, it appears. And Jack could not get started on his. They were divorced in 1922.

Leatrice Joy had a screen reputation far ex-



"I still think he is the grandest person in the world," Virginia, wife No. 4, says of the father of seven-month-old Susan Ann Gilbert. John wanted a son; he has two daughters



Vivacious Ina Claire was Gilbert's third transient wife. This wedding followed the Garbo romance



Lovely Leatrice Joy, Gilbert's second wife, meant only brief joy in his stormy life

Mrs. Gilbert No. 1—for four years. Olivia Burwell's was youthful, flaming love



ceeding Gilbert's, when they married March 2, 1923. They were divorced August 19, 1924. Their daughter was born a month later.

Between that marriage and his next, to Ina Claire, came the tempestuous Garbo romance.

Gilbert had skyrocketed to fame. He was an overnight sensation in "The Merry Widow," with Mae Murray—one of his best friends. But the great Greta from Sweden entered his life, and seemed to sour the taste of his success by her evasiveness in *amour*.

THE most sought after social lion in the film colony, he had time only for Greta Garbo. He was practically in retirement. And he passed up many an invitation to gay parties to stay home and stare dreamily into the crackling fire—with Garbo's face no nearer than a picture in the flames.

Do you remember when he and Garbo eloped to Santa Ana to be married? Something happened to thwart him then, too. Those who knew both Gilbert and Garbo intimately at the time, agree that the elopement was no staged publicity stunt. When Gilbert returned to Hollywood alone he was a disappointed and much more embittered man.

Vivacious Ina Claire of the Broadway stage went to Hollywood and, somehow, her vivacity did not get over so well on the screen. But it got over with the pessimistic Gilbert—such [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

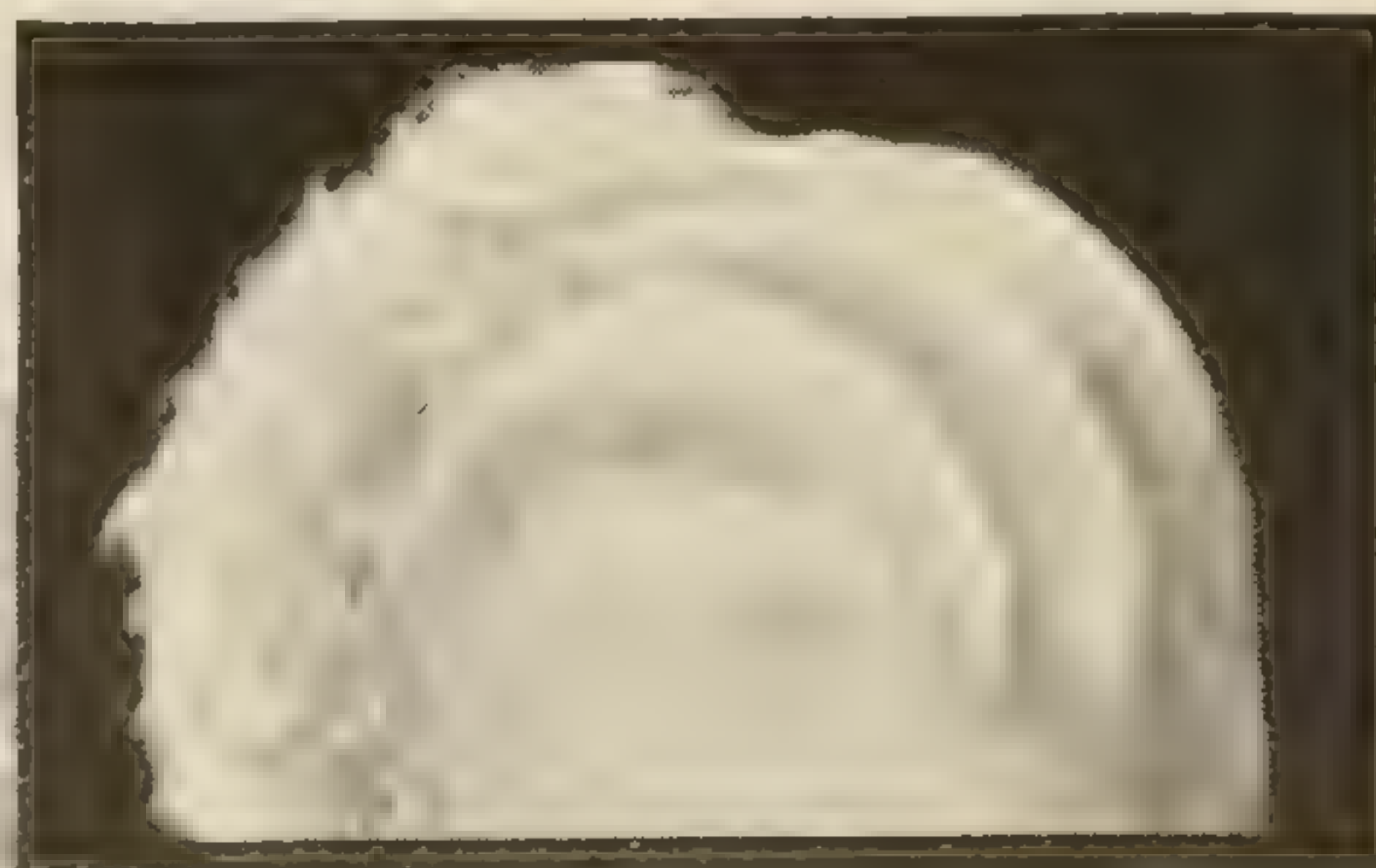
Ladies as Mr. Menjou

*By Adolphe Himself
as told to Kirtley Baskette*



The connoisseur of fair women in person—and a rather violently checkered sports coat. Suave Adolphe is certain that if he were a woman, Mr. Menjou would be his favorite actor

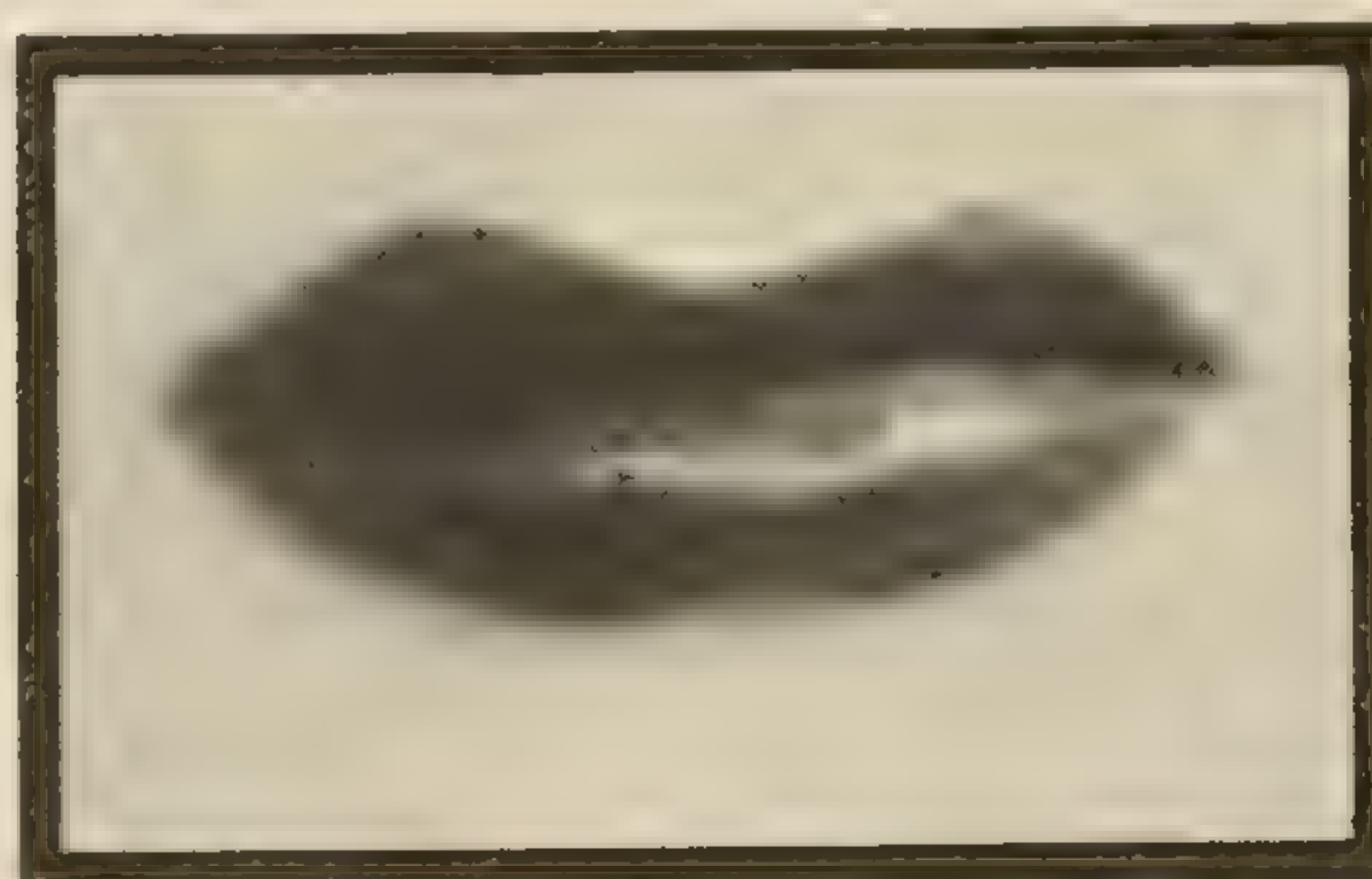
If Menjou were a woman, here are some things he would not do. He'd shun—



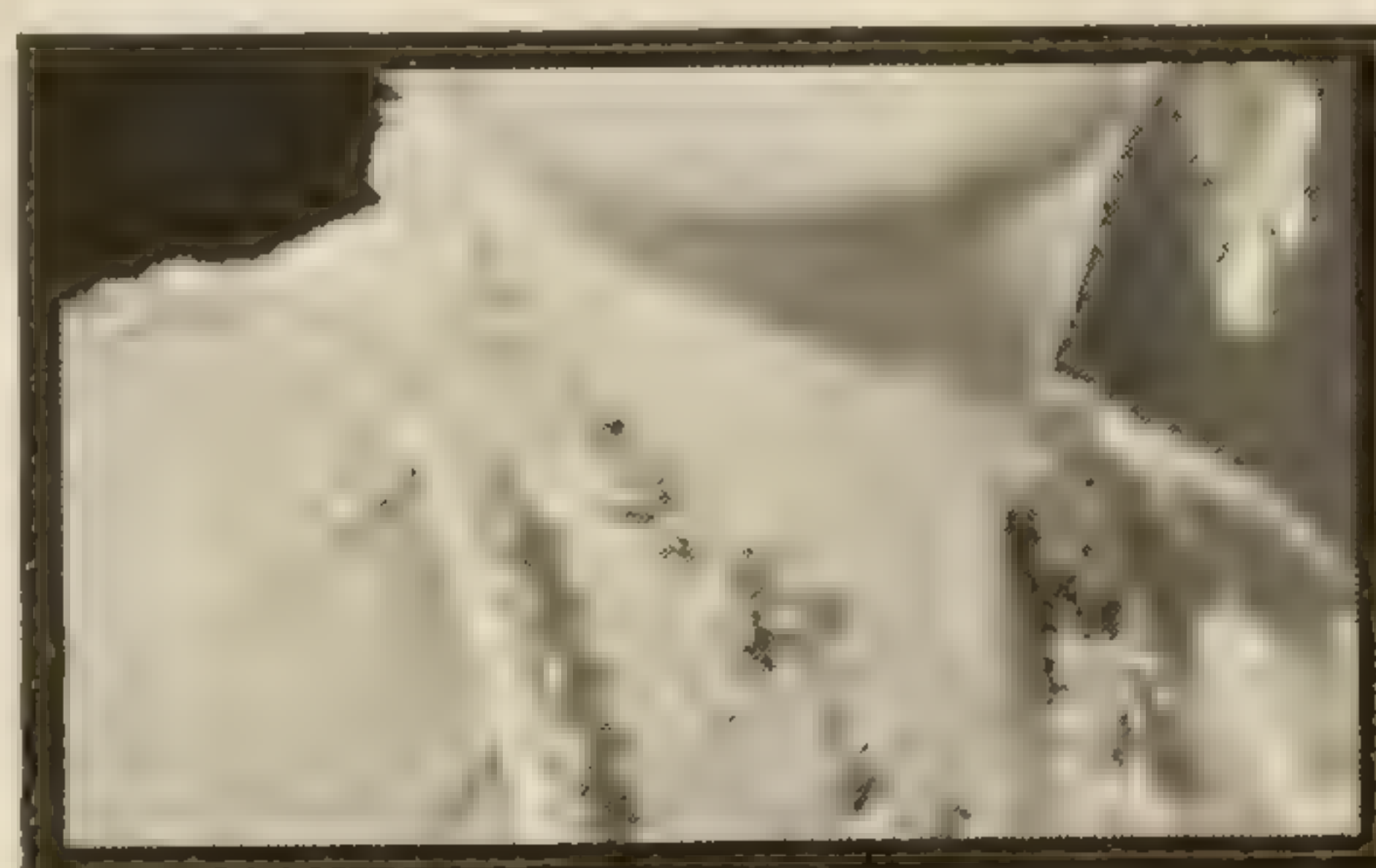
Artificially colored, queer cut hair



Enough eye-shading to cast suspicion of a "shiner"



Lip rouge applied to suggest an unpleasant accident



Large, "gaudy" jewelry and huge, ungainly earrings

away from trick and sensational fads in dress, jewelry and coiffures, because I would realize that being spectacular isn't always the same thing as being attractive.

I would study my coloring, and in doing so I'd probably discover the amazing fact that the natural shade of my hair did very well with the pigment in my skin, my eyes and other features. So I would not alter the color of my hair no matter if I had read somewhere the still unproved but universally prevailing belief that all gentlemen prefer blondes.

I'd continue the research a little farther and analyze my good points of appearance—and my weak ones. All women don't have exquisite hair, beautiful teeth, lovely eyes or a flawless figure. But I'd find out which of those I did have, and learn to make the most of them in my dress, mannerisms and general make-up. I wouldn't worry about being classically beautiful, especially if I had confidence in my mirror and myself. I would, however, discover some way to be attractive, to grade down my defects and display my strong points—not only physically, but intellectually as well.

But no matter what the score was when I had come to some decision about myself, I would never, never do a number of things.

I'd never wear long, dangerous, Oriental finger-nails, formidably feline enough to scare anyone away with their dagger-like points. I'd never color them scarlet or crimson, or polish them to a bloody brilliance. But I'd keep them impeccably groomed.

IT is always intriguing, but often dangerous to speculate—especially about women.

So, in delivering myself of a series of purely personal and rambling thoughts on what I would and would not do if I were a woman, I should like to state flatly that nothing in the manner of a sermon, tome, prescription, or even a message is being attempted.

It is purely a one man's-eye view. If I really were a woman, doubtless many of these ideas would be distorted by a very different perspective, and perhaps badly damaged by experience. But I'm not (and let me preface my remarks by saying that I am perfectly satisfied on that score), so I can hew right to the line and let the quips fall where they may.

First of all, and foremost all the time, if I were a woman, I would strive very hard to maintain a balance—in my dress, in my habits, in my personality, in my friends. I would avoid extremes like poison. I'd keep

Likes Them

I'd apply lip rouge carefully and sparingly to avoid looking as if I had just had an unpleasant accident. I'd never use enough eye shading to cast suspicion of a "shiner," or pluck my eyebrows down to a pencil stripe. My perfume and scents would be only faintly detectable about my person, never overpowering, and when I selected one which suited my personality, I'd stick to it.

I would never do my hair in queer twists and eccentric cuts. If I possessed evidently straight hair, I wouldn't steam it into a mass of plainly artificial ringlets.

If I were short I'd not wear a close bob. And I would avoid acquiring a "fussing" complex—fixing my hair, powdering my face, or rouging my lips in public—particularly in a restaurant or a theater.

Costume jewelry of any kind would have no place in my jewel box. I would realize that it is vulgar, ostentatious and cheap. Even large, gaudy jewelry, no matter how genuine or how costly, I would refuse to wear. I would choose small, delicate, finely wrought jewelry of the finest quality, which could never possibly attract undue attention.

I'D never wear huge, ungainly earrings. Or a monocle, unless, of course, a genuinely bad eye absolutely demanded it.

I would never display my bare feet on the street—even if I had feet to make a sculptor rave, and the chances are I would not have. I would not color my toe-nails, put on sandals and walk around out of doors. On the beach, yes, but *never* on the street! I'd never wear pajamas out of the house, or perpetually in the house. There are places—and times—for pajamas and sandals.

I would step before a mirror and take a long look at myself in trousers and, after noticing the revolting spectacle, turn over all pants and slacks to the gentleman friend. They were originally designed for him anyway, and with good reason, as the mirror should point out convincingly.

I'd do the same thing with knickers, and just to settle all possible doubts, I'd don silk stockings and high-heeled shoes with the knickers, and take another look.

I'd shun masculine tailored suits, shirts and ties, mannish brogues and hats, and close-

And to be well-groomed as a woman, he says he would avoid these fads—



Formidably feline, highly colored finger-nails



Pants, slacks, and masculine tailored clothing



Colored toe-nails and sandals on the street



Is this your perfect woman, Mr. Menjou? Reports of your interest in statuesque, blonde Verrce Teasdale seem to indicate she meets enough of your requirements

clipped haircuts. Some very few women look well thus tailored, at a dog or horse show, but I'd play safe.

When I went downtown shopping or on business, I'd dress plainly in dark clothes and not look as if I were headed for a lawn party. The minute I had my clothes on, I would try to forget I was wearing them. I'd be a little firm with my *modiste* and tell her what kind of clothes I should wear, instead of letting her experiment on me. If I had a not too good figure, the gowns wouldn't be tight to parade it. And by the way, I'd always be sure that my heels weren't run over; that my petticoat was well above the danger line.

On the street I would keep my cigarettes in my purse, fighting down the temptation to light one. But I would keep some in my purse, not only when alone, but when out with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



The new Clark Gable with Elizabeth Allan in "Men in White."
He is playing man-size rôles now—really acting

A pawn for glittering women stars suddenly blossoms as an actor

By William
F. French

Now Clark is a little sorry he was so uncomplaining—but, after all, you can take his word for it that his was a soft berth. "Like going to fame in a wheel chair," to use his own expression.

"It's all crazy," he had said, "but it sure is a lazy man's job. Little work, plenty of money, and lots of time to enjoy yourself. Just luck for me, that's all—just a big apple of luck dropped in my lap."

And, after the bitter struggle Clark had known, it *was* an apple of luck in his lap.

Clark harbored no illusions of grandeur. He knew he was just a pawn, put there to reflect the glory of the women stars, and to bring a few "ahs" and "ohs" from the more susceptible *femmes* in the audiences.

Occasionally he would say, almost timidly: "Gee, I wish they'd give me a chance to do some comedy. That's what I was best at in the stock company back in Houston."

But Gable had too much box-office value as the heavy menace to the purity of the lady stars on the M-G-M lot, to be allowed

THE Clark Gable who played second fiddle to so many glittering feminine stars is no more. And, we might add, he was practically buried in "Dancing Lady."

Clark Gable, the actor—a new thrill for the ladies and a pleasant surprise for the men—comes to life.

And all Hollywood is mighty well pleased.

Hollywood didn't hold it against Clark Gable that he was popular with the fair sex. It even forgot that he did a minimum amount of acting per picture, while he was playing foil to Garbo and Shearer and Crawford and Harlow. In fact, it actually forgave him for demonstrating how the rough and tough, hard-to-get hero finally succumbs to the relentless heroine in boudoir, grass hut, or what else.

Everyone on the lot from director to grip's helper, would tell you, on the slightest provocation, that it wasn't Clark's fault. The girls fought to have him play opposite them, and the executives regularly sacrificed him to make a maiden's holiday.

Besides, Clark was there to reflect the glory of the girls, and to thrill feminine enthusiasts in Dubuque and New York City. His job was to inspire tired shop girls with aching feet and console weary spinsters — and he did it uncomplainingly. Quite willingly, in fact.

Clark Gable Cuts the Apron Strings



to go fooling around with comedy. And as the he-man who repulsed the alluring girls, Clark was just too sweet. So bang! went his prospects for a real chance to show his wares.

It was more or less Clark's own fault, of course—and he admitted it. He didn't fight executives, casting directors, writers and directors all over the lot, trying to get better parts. Unlike Crawford, and the other women stars, he didn't battle incessantly to reach the top.

Clark was never aggressive—and none knew it better than he. Life was a shoe that Clark liked to wear easy.

So, after the girls got what they wanted Clark's parts were made up from what was left.

Consider "Red Dust," for example. That story was built for a woman, fitted to a woman, directed for a woman, and cut for a woman. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Gable's chance to mix comedy and romance came in "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert is the girl

Dolores Extols Passive Love

"WOMEN are always happier in passive love, no?"

Dolores Del Rio was speaking of American girls compared to those sheltered Latin ladies below the Rio Grande.

The glamorous Mexican *senora*, stretched out on a white satin chaise-longue, was the perfection of all that quiet charm so many of her countrywomen exemplify.

Her golden skin, smooth as mellowed ivory, and her dark, flashing eyes bespoke the lure of those maidenly *senoritas* who peep at life from behind cloistered shutters.

"Life does not hurt sheltered women," Dolores explained, when we pressed her for more. "There are no disillusionments, no rash disappointments for her to suffer through. She knows only the sweet beauty of love and the joy of her own calm domesticity, you see.

"It is such a natural thing for women to do simple things; to be kept in seclusion by their men. I sometimes wish I could have been like those other convent girls I went to school with in Mexico.

"But I have the blood of the *conquistador* in my veins. And it made me want to step out of the sheltered life and do things for myself.

"I wanted a career. And I was considered strange and wild to even think of such a thing.

"But I have paid for my picture success a thousand times over—by suffering disappointments, disillusionment, heartbreak and worry. Yet, in spite of all that, I would not exchange my freedom for anything in the world."

That vast army of American business girls, who feel the same way about their freedom, flashed through my mind; girls who enjoy their stenography or their clerking or their selling. And who, through the pay envelopes they carry home each week, have been able to go about with the freedom only their brothers and fathers enjoyed a little while back.

"American girls go after life with much gusto," Dolores smiled.

"It is like this: They know what they want from life, whether it is a career or

Our girls amaze this flower of Old Mexico, with their flip, unbreakable, carefree hearts

By Katherine Franklin



Del Rio meditates upon the love life of sheltered women below the Rio Grande. She chose a career instead



In Cedric Gibbons, the Latin star has found a husband combining the chivalrous attitude with the dashing American quality

The passive manner—Dolores is touched by the Latin technique Ricardo Cortez uses in this amorous scene from "Wonder Bar"



marriage or a sweetheart. I admire them so very much. And they almost always get what they want from life, too.

"I see it this way: A sweetheart comes and makes love. A girl falls deeply in love with him. If it does not turn out to be a smashing romance—pouff!—she slaps on her little beret and goes out after a job, or a new interest—or maybe a new boy friend!

"It is all so simple here. I am always amazed how quickly American girls can get over a broken romance. In my country, girls die for love. When the adored one does not respond with lasting affection, the Latin girl has been known to pine away, in quiet solitude, until she died."

I smiled a little, for this spirit seemed so far removed from our American feminine standards.

"It is really beautiful and very sentimental to suffer for love, no?" she said quickly, as if explaining the attitude of the Latin woman with complete sympathy.

"It is a sort of fulfillment in itself; a grand, magnificent sacrifice. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

ANNA STEN

The Million Dollar Gamble



Anna Sten salutes Phillips Holmes, her war-conscious lover for whom she emotes and dies in "Nana," her long-heralded American debut film

Sam Goldwyn seems to be the winner as his Soviet star gets critical recognition

By Hilary Lynn

The two men watched the moving drama on the screen in a kind of breathless silence.

When it was over, the censor let out an enormous sigh and turned to Goldwyn, slightly abashed.

"Sam," he said, "I have to ask a great favor of you."

It was an awful moment!



A SERIOUS-FACED gentleman sat in the projection room, waiting for the movie to be shown. He was there on business. He carried with him a long, sharp pair of scissors. For he represented Will Hays' office, and he was there to censor the film, "Nana." The scissors were particularly sharp because the gentleman knew that Zola, the author of "Nana," was a French novelist who left nothing to the imagination. And that the book "Nana" was concerned with the life and loves of a *demi-mondaine*.

Next to the serious-faced censor sat Sam Goldwyn, nervous, anxious, fearful that the scissors would whack out great chunks of his precious picture, and that dozens of expensive and ruinous retakes would be necessary.



Two years ago, Anna starring in German films, looked like this. Sam Goldwyn saw her and signed her to come to this country before she learned English

This girl from the Ukraine was popular with the children of Berlin, as you can see by this photograph taken there, before she dreamed about America

"Sam," said the shamefaced censor, "will you run that picture over again tomorrow morning for me? I was so lost in watching Anna Sten, I forgot to attend to my job. That woman's dangerous! She makes men forget."

That's Anna Sten—the actress!

Born in Russia, into a life of poverty and hard work, beauty and glamour existed for her only in imagination. Life itself was practical and cruel. And in the stern Russian Commune, the only escape into the world of imagination is through the theater. So, to Anna, acting became life.

Thus it has always been to her—a thing that is real, and serious, and not to be taken lightly.

Upon arriving in Hollywood she said, "I do not want to be heralded; I do not want to be discussed until I appear before the public in my picture. Whatever I have to say will be said by my performance. If that is not good, I'm not worth talking to, anyway."

And Sam Goldwyn was in accord with this strange, un-Hollywood attitude. It was the philosophy of a true artist.

BEFORE the première of "Nana," I was one of two magazine writers permitted to interview Miss Sten.

Nana stood before me, twisting an impertinent ruffled parasol, and looking at me with clear, intelligent blue-gray eyes under the tilt of her impudent bonnet.

"What are you going to ask me?" she said, seriously. "You see, I am a very prosaic person, and I cannot think out—what you call—those *bright* answers at this moment. Ask me your questions now, and I will go home and think out *true* answers which will interest you!"

To a hardened interviewer the idea of a movie star going home and seriously thinking out *true* answers was unheard of! But that is Anna Sten. Serious, intense. Everything—even an interview—must be done right and to the best of her ability.

In my first few moments' conversation with her, I recognized that Anna Sten has the simple ways and directness of the peasant, and

Anna's *Nana* is not the unregenerate character of Zola's novel. Miss Sten's *Nana* has a heart, but it isn't for Lionel Atwill

the instinctive warmth, the human understanding of a fine actress. Added to that, she has the versatility of a real artist. Before the camera, she can become an enchantress, intoxicating men with her half-indolent glances and her low melodious voice. At will, she can touch her audience with a scene of moving pathos, and the next second become a charming *comédienne*, delighting with her gaiety. That is Anna Sten—the artist.

At home, Anna Sten, the woman, is a wife. Her husband is Dr. Eugen Frenke—a sturdy, dark chap with a persuasive jaw and piercing black eyes. He reminds one, in appearance, of Von Sternberg. He looks very much as if he knew what he wanted and how to get it. A German, an architect, a man of private means, he recently completed an experiment in independent picture-making. It's a fantasy, starring Jimmy Savo, that Broadway old-timer.

Dr. Frenke, being a wise husband, is perfectly content to play the maestro in the domestic relationship, and to leave Anna alone in matters of her dramatic career. However, Dr. Frenke does have ideas on the kinds of parts his wife should play. And he sums them up in a quaint German-English phrase. "She should play," says he, "characters which are *in the mud*."

WHAT he means is that Anna Sten should be cast in rôles that are expressive of the common people. With millions of her suffering countrymen, she lived through the blood-soaked years of the Russian revolution. And few stars have ever brought to Hollywood the depth of human understanding and experience that she brings. So, her husband believes, this should not be wasted. She should be given rôles which interpret the needs, the hopes, the lives of the common people.

The character of *Nana* is a far cry from the real Anna Sten.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]



The flower of the million dollar, two-year Hollywood experiment—Anna made the critics rave!



"Scandals"—on the screen. Alice Faye comes in and finds Rudy Vallee entertaining Adrienne Ames. The scene is from the Fox adaption of George White's stage success

By Nina
Remen

RUDY VALLEE is still seeking the girl of his vagabond dreams. But he is beginning to fear that they will never come true—that he'll never find her.

"I've taken a lot of ribbing about that ideal girl," he says. "Well, I still have the ideal, but I doubt if I will ever find anybody to fill the requirements."

Five years ago, before Rudy's marriage to Fay Webb—before the flood of rumor and scandal accompanying their divorce proceedings, Vallee described to the world the kind of girl he wanted to marry. "The girl," he said, "of my vagabond dreams."

Among her attributes were these:

Her face and form must be beautiful and she must be a brunette.

She must not be too young. A wife of twenty-five would be all right for me.

She must be faithful. And I wouldn't inquire too closely into her life before I knew her.

The modern girl who insists on paying half the bills would have no charm for me.

My ideal girl would not drink with another man if I were not present.

She would have patience and understanding enough to leave me alone when I wanted to be alone.



Fay Webb — brunette and beautiful. But her romance with Rudy lasted less than two years



Alice Faye and he are an ideal screen couple. But both deny rumors of a romance. So Rudy must just keep on dreaming

Rudy's first wife, Leonie Cauchois—their marriage, in 1928, was annulled just twenty-three days later

Rudy Still Has His "Vagabond Dreams"

When Vallee described the dream girl thus, in 1929, he was keeping a close lookout for her, and his hopes were high. He had already been married once, but his ideal was not touched by disillusion.

Finally he found Fay Webb.

Today, the search is on again—and the standards are practically the same—but his chances of finding her, he thinks, are slim.

"You see," he explains, "I've lost faith in so many people. And I've found that usually where there is a great attractiveness, whether it is beauty or talent, there is always an accompanying weakness."

"I mean that for more than one person I've known in the past few years. People you trust in business or socially. Loyalty seems to be an unknown quality these days."

"I doubt if I ever again could have complete confidence in anyone, al-

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 123]



Bert Longworth

BETTE DAVIS looks very smart in one of those new, charmingly silly bell-hop caps. Hers is of jet bugle (they're beads), and matches the collar of her dress. By the way, that hair-comb is sweeping the country—very effective, too—straight on top and curled at the ends. Bette's latest picture is "Jimmy the Gent." Mr. Cagney is the gent

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!



Top row, left to right: Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Marian Nixon, Jean Parker. Bottom row: Chester Morris, Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell

HOLLYWOOD'S the place where such dreams as Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow really walk! Stars by the dozens are making the "constitutional" a daily habit. It sets 'em up for work. Get an eyeful of these tricky pedestrian costumes. With the men it's style to walk the dog



Top row: Jeanette MacDonald, Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer. Bottom row: Mary Brian, Robert Young, Jean Harlow, Jean Hersholt



Fred Hendrickson

WHEN Colleen Moore finished making "Success Story," she went home to rest and forget cameras for a while. But a photographer trailed her. And Miss Moore obligingly posed for this portrait, in the library of her beautiful Bel-Air home. Between pictures Colleen spends most of her time in New York—with hubby, Albert Scott



Superstitions Guide Her

JUNE KNIGHT—June Ninth." Last summer, the Universal studio bulletin board thus poetically announced the triumphant home-coming of a blonde Hollywood dancing daughter. She had gone clear to New York and got herself discovered by the late Flo Ziegfeld, and that made her a personage at the studio, only a pebble-toss from her home.

June was born in Hollywood, literally raised in the shadows of studio walls, and was graduated from Hollywood High School.

When she was a small child she couldn't walk a step for three whole years, and doctors gave her up as a cripple for life. But eventually she recovered enough to study dancing, and dancing developed those nimble, shapely legs that pleased Broadway in "Hot-Cha" and "Take a Chance."

Today, she is five feet, five inches of lissom loveliness. Her blue, baby-wide eyes dart laughing over a wide, mischievous grin. Work is a lot of fun to her, and no one at Universal can remember her in a bad humor.

June sings, too—practices singing daily along with her dance exercises, which are something of a religion with her.

June's back and shoulder muscles would make a physical culturist rave with joy. She could almost hold her own with a prize-fighter. In fact, she more than held her own with that two-fisted lady killer, Max Baer. Their romance ended—and June has lived to tell the tale.

Her latest picture is "Cross Country Cruise."

She really doesn't practice what she preached on stage and screen in "Take a Chance." In fact, she lives in a maze of superstitions that control her every move.

If you visit June in her dressing-room and happen to whistle, you will find yourself hustled outside, where you will have to turn around three times—to break the jinx. Then you'll be eligible to stay as long as you like.



From Producer To Actor

NAT PENDLETON was a producer of motion pictures—for an independent company in New York—before he won any prominence as an actor. He got ahead as a screen player because he could look like a "lug" and handle "lug" rôles better than any ten *bona-fide* thugs. Yet Nat is a graduate of Columbia University, speaks four languages, and loves to play little "love ditties" on the banjo. He even sings them.

He was a professional wrestler, and previously, as an amateur he won an Olympic Games wrestling championship.

Stage experience in New York came next, with Nat racing over to Madison Square Garden between the first and third acts for a wrestling match. And then racing back to the third act with a black eye he certainly didn't have in the first act. No one could stop him. Nat *wanted* to wrestle.

His uncle, Arthur Johnson, was a movie star, and Nat played child bits in his uncle's pictures for the old Lubin Company in Philadelphia.

Nat came to Hollywood from the stage, playing bits here and there. He wrote a screen story about wrestling for Columbia Pictures, and played the lead himself. It was called "Deception."

Later, Nat went to M-G-M on a contract, and "Penthouse" put him right in the public's eye. His latest, "Sing and Like It," for RKO-Radio has revealed him as a versatile performer.

He missed the rôle of *Tarzan* by two notes. Weissmuller could yell two notes louder than Nat.

For four years Nat lived in Portugal. During summer vacations at Columbia University, he traveled in Mexico and ran down spies for the Mexican government. He wrote articles about it that were printed in a leading weekly magazine.

He lives alone in a high hillside home that's cluttered up with tennis balls, banjos and worth-while books.

CAL YOR*K* Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*

IS the old Garbo mystery petering out? Has Greta deliberately created a new one to keep "her public" guessing? Those are leading questions in Hollywood today.

At any rate, the unexplained flittings of the Silent Swede have become the talk of the continent.

First, she was seen spinning madly across the Arizona sands with Director Rouben Mamoulian, then with him again at Palm Springs, and lastly comes the report that shortly after Mamoulian arrived in New York, Greta debarked from the train in the big city, too. "Or her double," as the newspapers cautiously put it.

The publicity department of the railroad system then settled the whole matter with the announcement:

"Miss Garbo may have arrived, or she may not have arrived."

And when we went to press, the dauntless gentlemen of the daily papers were keeping their vigilant watch—only they didn't know quite where to watch.

So, as we said, here's another Garbo mystery. Who'll be the first to solve it?



Even the most imaginative gossip saw nothing but sustained and smiling interest between Joel McCrea and Frances Dee when the young married couple recently attended the ball given by the Screen Actors' Guild in Hollywood

A RATHER dignified visitor was admitted to Constance Bennett's home the other evening and just stepped over the threshold when—Bang! he found himself colliding with a panting, disheveled Connie.

In wide-eyed amazement, he gathered himself and looked at her.

"Oh, so sorry," she said, "I didn't see you. You see, I have to play 'I spy' with my little son Peter every night for a little while and I was hurrying to get in free."

And the visitor simply sat stunned into silence at this unusual glimpse into a famous star's life.

Gallant wife! Mrs. Leslie Howard gives her husband a light. The couple were celebrating their return to Hollywood, at the Cocoanut Grove



Jackie Cooper takes keen delight in his collection of airplane models. Made to exact scale, they are copies of famous flyers' ships

THE companionship of Doug Fairbanks and Lady Ashley had already become the talk of London when Doug told Joseph M. Schenck, who was Hollywood bound: "Kiss Mary for me, and tell her that I love her and that I'm coming over to see her as soon as my pictures are finished." Soon came a report from London that Fairbanks told "an intimate friend" he would marry Lady Ashley as soon as Mary Pickford's divorce went through.

The former Sylvia Hawkes of the stage became Lady Ashley in February, 1927, despite the opposition of His Lordship's father, the Earl of Shaftesbury. She and Lord Ashley became estranged less than a year later, in January, 1928, and he announced publicly that he would no longer be responsible for her debts.

She has brown hair, blue eyes, and is one of

Hollywood Goings-On!



fear they'd ask her anything about Jack's personal traits and why he couldn't stay married. You've got to give her a hand for being loyal anyway, even though they're divorced.

GEORGE BURNS breaks down and tells the secret of how he and Gracie Allen became famous. "At first," he says, "Gracie was just a dumb dame. So many other performers began imitating her that we put our heads together—and now she's just plain *nuts!*"

ALTHOUGH Marlene Dietrich does a lot of moving, she takes her own bedroom furniture along with her wherever she goes. Nothing like your own bed, says Marlene.

IT'S "hush-hush" on Mae West over on the Paramount lot. It seems Mae had been so much publicized in the last few months that the studio fears people may grow tired of hearing about her before she has had a chance to make more pictures. So, "Please don't write another word about Mae—please!"

England's most fashionably dressed women. Once she was a couturier's mannequin.

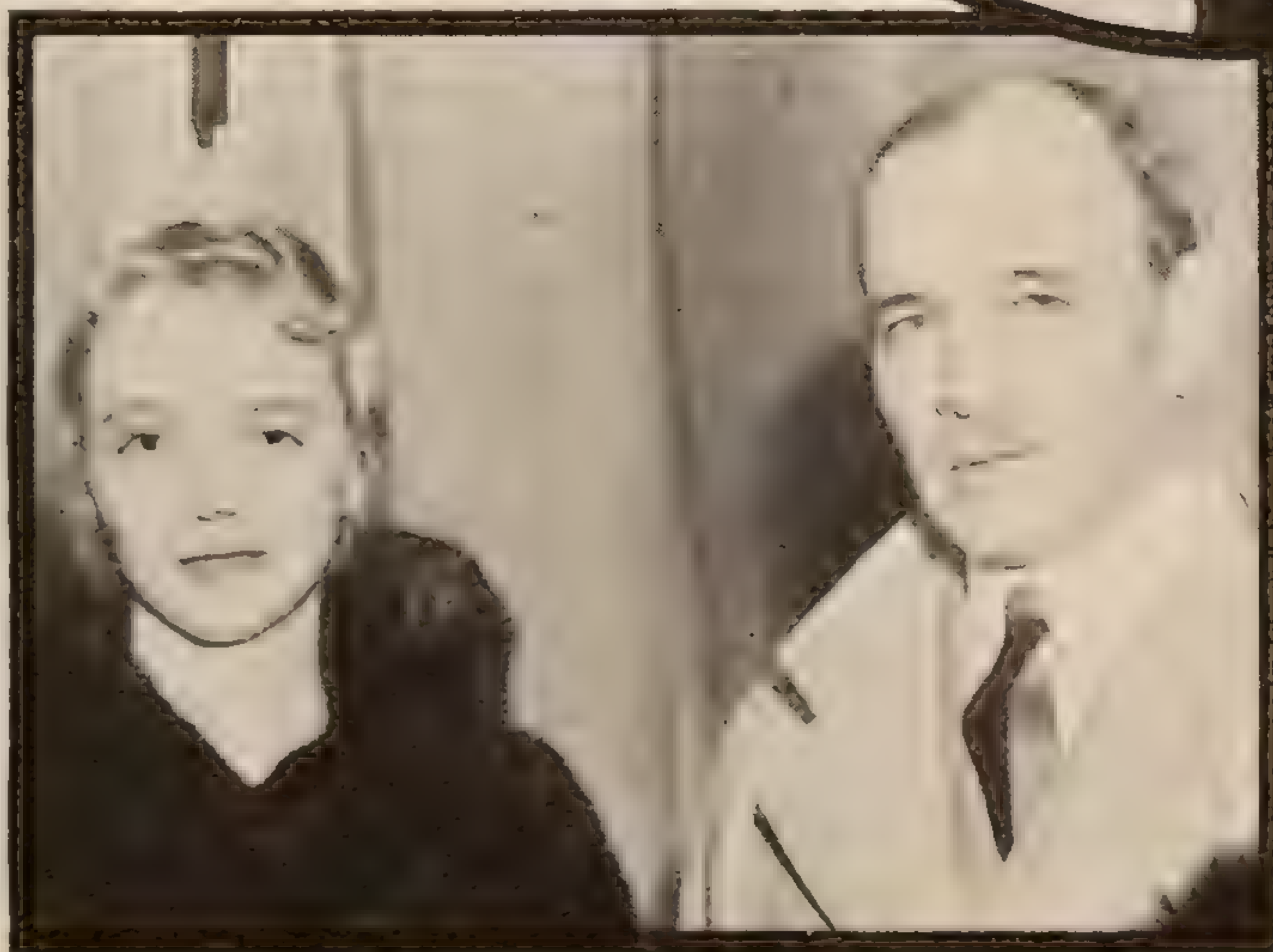
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN will direct Anna Sten in her next picture, Tolstoi's "Resurrection." Critics who hesitated to thoroughly judge Anna in her first picture, "Nana," will thus get a chance to compare her with Dietrich and Garbo under the master who directed both of these unquestionably glamorous stars.

ALICE FAYE, whose name was mentioned in the telling-off between one side and the other in the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb fracas, was assigned by Fox to play a lead in the picture, "Now I'll Tell."

HOLLYWOOD is wondering if its greatest Svengali-Trilby team is due for a split. Meaning the glamorous Marlene and Joe Stern, the Von Sternberg. There have been persistent rumors of continual spats on the set of "Scarlet Empress," and frequent public occasions when the eccentric director's attitude toward his star has been far from flattering. Diners in Paramount's studio café have noticed a strained relationship between the pair, especially the other day when Marlene, coming in late, received no attention from Von Sternberg, and wafted herself quietly away to another table, for luncheon alone.

INA CLAIRE bottled herself up for a couple of days while the John Gilbert-Virginia Bruce fracas was on. She wouldn't see anyone for

And interest did not lag between Gary Cooper and his recent bride, Sandra Shaw. However, Gary and Sandra seem to be taking things more seriously than do Joel and Frances. The two couples made a romantic foursome at the Guild Ball



Lucky man! Wonder if he is accepting the famous invitation! Emanuel Cohen talking to Mae West, at his party for Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper

Since her separation from Jack Gilbert, when Virginia Bruce is seen at gay night spots, her escort is usually her father, Earl H. Briggs



Vallee's petition. Of course, the marriage was for benefit of cameras only, but it handed everyone a chuckle to see Rudy getting notice of his freedom to act as he was exchanging dramatic vows with the girl in question.

RECONCILIATION month, or old loves month—this past one in Hollywood.

Ann Harding and ex-husband Harry Bannister surprised the natives by seeming very affectionate together at a "little theater" performance; H. B. Warner broke down and took out his ex-wife, Rita Stanwood, to dinner; and Gloria Swanson passed pleasantries with the Marquis de la Falaise at the Screen Actors' Guild Ball. When the Marquis gallantly kissed her brow, 'tis said she turned the shade of an American beauty and became quite, quite confused.

AL JOLSON and Ruby Keeler are again separated by their careers—Al having gone back to New York and his radio work (by the way, Al declares he is all through with pictures from now on out!) and Ruby is in Hollywood. Which means that every day there will be a coast-to-coast long distance call between that pair of love birds. Business will be picking up for the phone people.



CARL BRISSON, one of the latest importations from Europe—and an old friend of Greta Garbo's back in Stockholm, where he operated a cabaret—arrived in Hollywood with only eighteen trunks. He started out with twenty-one, and the missing three contained all of Brisson's wardrobe except two suits! (What was in the others, Carl?)

Since Brisson, who happens to be a native of Denmark, was celebrated on the continent as one of the best dressed men, the disappearing trunks have caused him no little anguish. The proud Dane has been more or less in retirement while the search goes on.

IMAGINE Otto Kruger's surprise to discover the reason advanced by Corinne Griffith for her withdrawal from the cast of the "Crime Doctor." Corinne says he played all his scenes with his face to the camera. Anyway, she has been replaced by Karen Morley.

SALLY RAND just loathes dress-maker's fittings. (Of course, this spot is wide open for a pertinent comment, so we'll let you make it.) So she posed for two days while a sculptor did a replica of her form divine. Now she doesn't have to see the dress until it's ready to put on. . . . That's the big advantage of wearing fans. You can buy them ready made.

BELIEVE it or not but when Rudy Vallee received word from the East that the injunction petition filed by Fay Webb Vallee against his getting a Mexican divorce had been denied, he was on the set getting married to Alice Faye, the "radio singer" named in Mrs.

There's been lots of talk to the contrary, but here's proof that June and Max are still on more than speaking terms. Miss Knight and Mr. Baer were photographed in this friendly pose after a swim at Miami Beach



Oh, mammy! But even his mother would not recognize Jolson in those whiskers! Having completed "Wonder Bar," Al tried this disguise upon his arrival in New York recently to resume his radio work

Victor McLaglen and his wife stop in the lobby to pose. The pair had just attended the preview of Victor's latest picture, "The Lost Patrol." Judging from their smiles, the movie went over big

JACK OAKIE tells a good one on himself. It seems when Jack was visiting Hawaii he attended a football game between native high schools and sat next to the announcer.

"Okikara has the ball," he'd scream. "Now Okihaka has it. Okihua makes a ten yard gain. And what's your name?" he asked, turning to Jack.

"Oakie," Jack said. "Hah, one of us," he beamed and wrung Jack by the hand.

BLIGHTED nuptial bliss: Laura La Plante and William Seiter have separated. Rumor has it that La Plante will be divorced abroad, also that she is interested in Irving Ascher.

Helen Vinson divorced Harry Nelson Vickerman, Philadelphia carpet man.

Irene Bentley and George Kent were divorced, and Kay Francis instituted proceedings against Kenneth MacKenna.

Others involved in talk of discord are: Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; Mr. and Mrs. Charley Chase; Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory.

Three guesses as to just what Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were doing, are doing.



Movie favorites on two continents, they met in London. Douglas Fairbanks wished Maurice Chevalier *bon voyage* as the French star sailed for America. As for Doug, he has some business to attend to in England

Gossip even had it that the whole performance was for publicity. But who knows Lupe?

GEORGE BRENT, it seems, refused to work in certain pictures First National lined up for him. To penalize him, the studio has kept him off the screen. Brent didn't grieve too much. His contract had little time to run, and he thought he could do what he wanted to when First National dropped him. But Mr. Brent was fooled. The contract *was* renewed, the studio can continue to keep him inactive, and he's wondering just what pleasure it gives them to pay him money for taking a spanking.

JOSEF VON STERNBERG was strutting about the Paramount lot with his cane as usual when he happened to glance behind him and spotted George Raft walking along behind him and also using a cane.

The look on Joe's face told Raft he felt he was being aped.

"Take it easy," George cautioned him. "I'm not trying to imitate you. I have a broken bone in my foot and have to carry this cane."

And Joey's face cleared as he strutted off.



Madeleine Carroll, English star, was permitted to come over here if Fox would send Warner Baxter to London. Just *one* picture—then they both go back home! Miss Carroll is scheduled to make "The World Moves On"

Two stars of the silents have a "talkie". Norma Talmadge and Rubye de Remer (now Mrs. Benjamin Throop), screen favorites of the past, enjoy a chat. Both were vacationing at Palm Beach

IN the stork's date-book: Frances Dee and Joel McCrea; Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien; Mrs. and Mr. Ernest Truex; Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown (rumor). Gossip had the Bing Crosbys listed for May, but Bing says the rumors ought to be held up at least until little Gary Crosby is old enough to say "mama." However, Bing's wife, Dixie, is reported to be going into retirement.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

SYLVIA TELLS Mae Clarke

REMEMBER, MAE, be sure to avoid any strenuous exercise. You can swim a little, play tennis a little. Walking is fine for you, and for everybody, for that matter. It is nature's most normal, least exhausting exercise.

SYLVIA

DEAR MAE: Well, bless your little heart! I'm proud of you. I think it's grand that, in spite of the fact you've had more tough luck than almost any other girl in Hollywood, you're still able to show them what a good trouper you are. My congratulations!

Do you remember that luncheon Universal gave to Mrs. Knute Rockne while they were making "The Spirit of Notre Dame"? Leo Carrillo, Russell Gleason, Sidney Fox, you and I all sat at the same table. Did you notice that I was watching you closely? It was before you had had that severe nervous breakdown, before the auto accident that laid you up for so long.

Everybody was hailing you as an up-and-coming new star, but even then I saw a haunted look in your eyes. I wondered if you were really happy. You know, I'm used to looking for other people's troubles—troubles of the flesh (and I mean flesh), as well as of the spirit.

That was about three years ago and, in spite of all you've been through, you look much happier now than you did then. Maybe then you had some vague idea of what Old Lady Fate had in store for you. You were handed plenty of bad luck.

I know what you went through, when you got out of the hospital ready to work again and found that there wasn't any work. Despite the fact that you had been "a promising young actress" a year before, during your breakdown you seemed to be forgotten. That's hard to take. That's a lot worse than

Mae Clarke has a lovely figure—even Sylvia can't find a flaw. But Mae needs more stamina



Sylvia



any physical ailment. But finally you did get a break—a job in a picture—and then the day before you started work—socko!—you took it on the chin again. And I mean literally. You were in that messy automobile accident with the lower part of your face all cut and wires inserted to hold your chin in place. Sally Eilers played the part you were supposed to have.

But what's happened now? Well, you've shown them. They can't get you down. You're a sticker. And that's the best compliment I can pay you, for I don't like a quitter. Mae Clarke, I'm proud of you!

Not so long ago I previewed "Lady Killer." It was your picture. But when I saw the way Jimmy Cagney threw you around, tossed you out of his apartment and pushed you in the face, I got to thinking, "Why, that girl hasn't been out of the hospital so very long. She

shouldn't take punishment like that." So I thought I'd just sit down and write you a letter to tell you what you can do to store up energy, to keep you from breaking again, to make it possible for you to fulfill your destiny by becoming a big star.

Also, I know a lot of girls who have to earn a living, who have been sick

How To Gain Energy



Her advice to Mae applies to every girl who is going along on nerve alone

But I'm going to tell you how to correct that. I'm also going to give you a diet that is calculated to create energy, to keep you fit, to make it possible for you to go on. I want you to do me a big favor. Try the diet for a week and see how you feel.

And now, I'm going to tell you a secret. I'm going to give you an exercise—well, it isn't really an exercise, as you'll see in a minute—which I call my "energy maker." And, darling, it's so simple that you can't afford not to do it. This is for you, Mae, and it's for every other girl who works hard all day in an office, in a store, or even as a housewife at home.

Give yourself one hour before dinner to make energy. An hour is what you really need, but if you can't give that much time, then give as much as possible. Ten minutes will help a lot. But an hour is perfect. This is good for all nervous people, too, for when you're so tired that you just can't rest, no matter how perfect your diet is, you can't properly digest your food.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

No, indeed, Sylvia doesn't recommend *this* for gaining energy! In fact, Jimmy Cagney's man-handling of Mae in "Lady Killer" worried Sylvia so much, she advises that Mae use her energy diet

and have gone back to work before they were able, so this letter is not only for you, Mae darling, but for other brave girls who have had tough breaks, too.

You've been able to go on so far, because your ambition and your great will power have pepped you up and let you run along on your nerve. I know what that means. I used to take sixteen patients a day, and I ran on my nerve, too. But there comes a time when that nerve yells, "Stop!" That's when you've got to call on your excess energy. And if you haven't that excess energy, you're going to land right back in the hospital.

In "Lady Killer" your figure was perfect, and the surgeon who worked on you after the automobile accident did a very neat job. I couldn't find a single scar.

Here is something, though, that I want to advise you about. Your neck is a little too thin, and shows a few lines.



After this kind of treatment, almost any girl would need Sylvia's formula for building up the neck and erasing lines

Sylvia demonstrates a simple exercise which will relax a nervous person. She advises an hour work-out before dinner

Spring! 'Tis Forgiving

IT'Sspring! It'sspring! It'sspring! (What, triplets again?)

The little birdies are winging their way home, home again for papa to keep through the summer. The little butterflies are flying through the W. C. Fields of clover. Home from a long, hard season with Chevalier on the Riviera. And nothing to show for it but a few funny spots on their wings. And there are the busy little bees. "Bees it ever so humble, there's no—" (all right, all right.) Yes, spring, comes tripping over green-clad hills, kicking the same old gong around.

The little rills are rilling. The little beans are spilling. The little lambs are lambing. And the little Jolson's are mammy-ing. It's spring, when a young man's fancy gets fancier and fancier, or haven't you seen Georgie Raft's new sports coat?

Even the little violets are peeping (hello, Walter Winchell) from their little beds. And little Groucho Violet, little Harpo Violet, little Chico Violet and even little Zeppo Violet are peeping from their little beds. I hope.

Why, even Mae West stands admiring her glittering diamonds and appropriately humming, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies."

And so, children, Hollywood



Time in Hollywood

feels the surge and the urge of the jolly old springtime coursing through her slightly hardened arteries, and a feeling of peace, contentment and even forgiveness fills its battered old pre-war heart to overflowing. It wants to forgive. It cries out to forgive. And listen, no monkey business, see, and if it's wrestling you want, okay. Hollywood is still going to forgive.

There's the problem of Oakie's clarinet. And who took it. You'll never know the passion that rendered Mr. Jack Oakie practically speechless, for the first time in his life, when he woke up and found it gone. His clarinet, I mean.

No written message left behind. No nothing. Oakie's clarinet, the one on which he could, and did, play those two lovely bars of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" for days and even weeks at a time. "Why, why," Jack cried, "would anyone want to take an innocent little clarinet when there are so many bagpipes in the world? Tell me that." But no one would tell him.

He accused everyone on the Paramount lot from Adolph Zukor to Baby LeRoy. He searched each and every passer-by. He sulked and avoided his old friends. And were they relieved! And once, to Dietrich's astonishment, he rushed madly out of his dressing-room and, seizing her coat tail, gave it a yank that nearly tore it off her back. "Oh, excuse me," he mumbled "I saw that thing sticking out of your hip pocket and I thought it was my clarinet."

But it was Von Sternberg's collapsible walking-stick.

Well, it looked as if Jack would never recover. And then came springtime, scattering blossoms while she may, bringing her warmth and sunshine, and Jack's sore heart was healed. He wants the world to know that, even though he never found his clarinet, he forgives. He earnestly forgives the culprit who stole his clarinet and, with all his heart, hopes the guilty one

will get it wrapped around his neck and merrily choke himself to death.

Even Hollywood, as a whole, forgives. Which just goes to show you how Hollywood sticks together when it goes in for some high class, A-1 forgiving. For instance, it even forgives the one who sat that dwarf on J. P. Morgan's lap. For once, the limelight was completely stolen from good old Hollywood. And think of the people Hollywood could have sat on J. P.'s lap and the fame that would have resulted. That was a blow.

Hollywood forgives that new white car of Stepin Fetchit's with his name in huge lights on the sides. *Stepin Fetchit*, in red coils. It even forgives him for having that name flash on and off, on and off, as Stepin drives along. Yes, hard as it is to believe, Hollywood forgives that.

It even forgives Clark Gable that horse race. And that's something. When Clark's much touted nag, Beverly Hills, came in fifth at Agua Caliente, with practically all of Hollywood's hard-earned money on it at two to one to win, well—. But Hollywood still forgives and forgets. Well, forgives, anyway.

Gracie Allen, in her little blue hat, wants everyone to know that she, too, forgives in this glorious spring-

time. Gracie (Little Lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?) forgives an actor.

"You see," says Gracie, "I was driving along in my little red roadster. And it's the funniest thing about that roadster. You see, I found it parked in front of my house one morning and I just know the Easter Bunny must have put it there. Well, anyway, I was driving along in this little red roadster out by Warner Brothers' studio and straight ahead of me I saw the Holland Tunnel and I thought, how silly, someone has brought the Holland Tunnel all the way out here from New York, so I'll just drive through it. Suddenly, I found

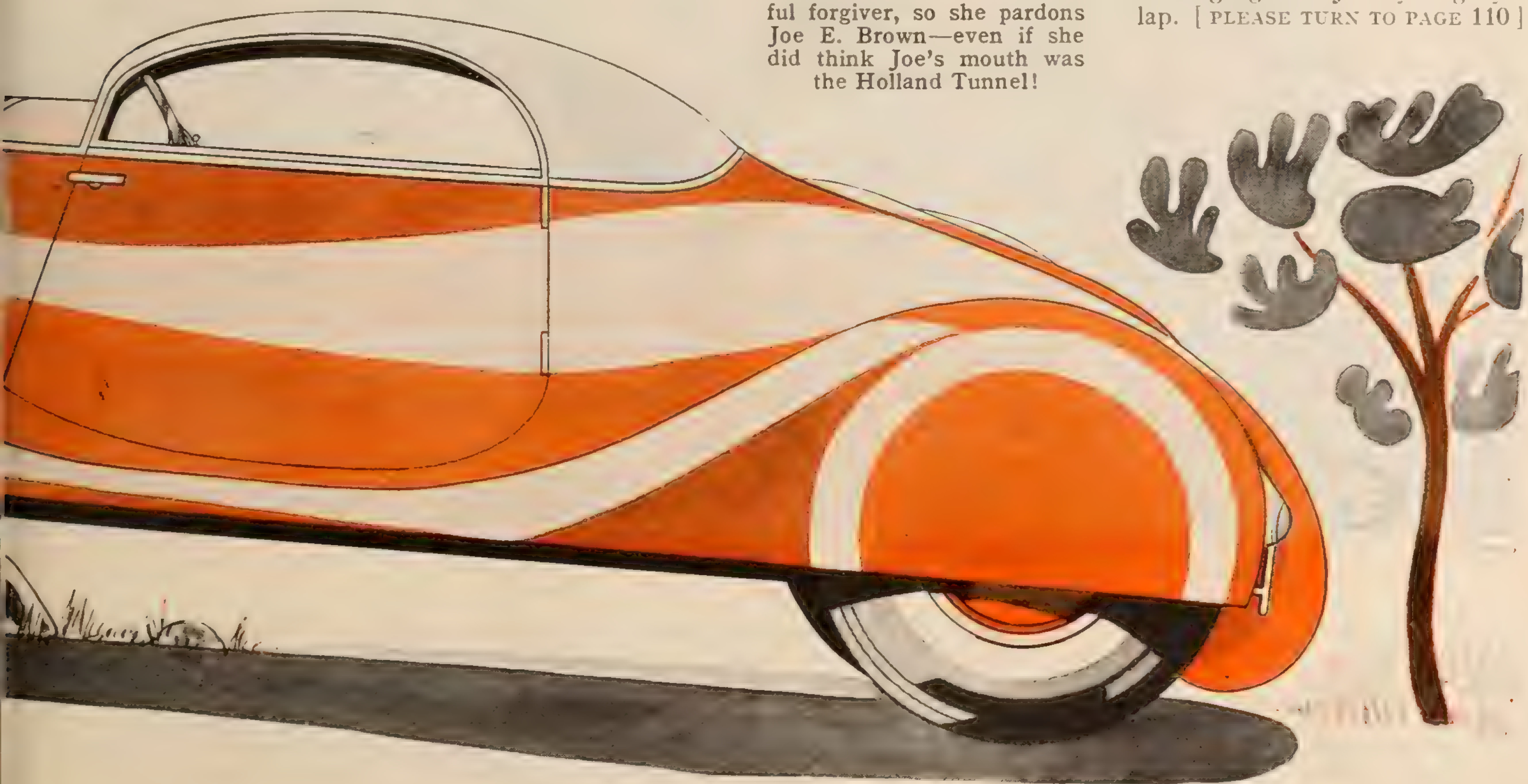
myself dashing right through a billboard, into the studio, and landing right on Jimmy Cagney's lap. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

Gracie Allen loves a cheerful forger, so she pardons Joe E. Brown—even if she did think Joe's mouth was the Holland Tunnel!

April gardens bring
Hollywood pardons!
Spring! When worms
turn and young men's
fancies get fancier

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS



Mexico Comes to Hollywood



PLENTY of heartaches and headaches and good American dollars went into the filming of "Viva Villa," down in Mexico. So, when the bulk of the picture was finished and all the long shots carefully made, the weary outfit trekked back to the U. S. A. to finish the close-ups. They brought with them a Mexican

railroad car. And they moved it right onto the M-G-M studio's sound stage, first building special tracks to run it on. For, it seems, there was one scene yet to be shot from the platform of a railroad train. That scene, like every sequence in the picture, must be truly Mexican and authentic.

The scene shows Wallace Beery as *Pancho Villa*, bidding a sad and bewildered farewell to his friends. They are going on to the Mexican capital. He is left behind, too uncouth and rough to be given a place in the government for which he has fought.

Pancho (on the steps) is saying goodbye to

Thus "Viva Villa" Is Ended



Photo by Charles Rhodes

his pal, *Johnny Sykes* (Stuart Erwin), American newspaper man. Standing below *Pancho* is *General Sierra* (Leo Carrillo), the genial assassin. On the platform is the proud and lovely Mexican girl (Fay Wray) whom *Pancho* loves. By her side stands *President Madero* (Henry B. Walthall), the tragic figure for

whom *Pancho Villa* fought. Next to him is the handsome and wealthy *hacendero* (Donald Cook), and beside him stands the traitor, *Pascal* (Joseph Schildkraut).

Follow the microphone boom down to its base and you see Director Jack Conway, tensely supervising the shooting of the se-

quence. James Wong Howe is the cameraman; John Waters, wearing dark glasses, assistant director.

It's a final scene in a picture that has been long and difficult in the making. Carefully executed, it is an ambitious undertaking, a spectacular production.

Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY*—Paramount

STRANGELY beautiful and haunting, this picture is an experience no intelligent person should miss.

The dialogue is a gem. The story concerns Death, who yearns to mingle briefly with men, as a man, and not be shunned—to feel human emotions and to find out why men fear him. As *Prince Sirki*, he appears at a house party where he finds romance, passion, desire—and true love with Evelyn Venable.

The performance of Fredric March in this difficult part is something to wave banners about. The cast—Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing, Katherine Alexander, Gail Patrick and others, is the best.

The direction is masterly, creating a mood that carries throughout the picture. Don't miss this film!



★ *MEN IN WHITE*—M-G-M

BY no means are you to consider this just another of those medical things. It is a hospital picture to end all hospital pictures!

Interne Clark Gable's problem is whether he shall marry wealthy Myrna Loy and have an easy practice, or make the most of his opportunity to work with a famous scientist (Jean Hersholt) and have little leisure.

It is a film long to be remembered—fine and honest. In the scene with the little sick girl, Gable does a remarkable acting job. And he has your sympathy all through the episode with the nurse who dies as the result of an operation that should not have been performed.

Hersholt tops all previous performances. And what a trouper Elizabeth Allan is! Otto Kruger, C. Henry Gordon.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT*—Columbia

HERE is romance, garnished with lots of laughs.

The love story concerns *Ellie* (Claudette Colbert), an heiress, and *Peter* (Clark Gable), a newspaper reporter out of a job. They meet on a night bus. *Ellie* traveling incognito, is running away from her father (Walter Connolly) to join a worthless young man she has recently married.

For financial reasons, the journey of *Ellie* and *Peter*, from Miami to New York, finally resolves itself into hitchhiking. They stay in tourist cabins at night, and *Peter* properly hangs a blanket (which he names, "the Walls of Jericho") between them. While *Ellie* sleeps, *Peter* leaves her to rush ahead to New York and sell the story of her adventures to his ex-editor for \$1,000. He returns to help *Ellie* with this money, but she, believing he has deserted her, brings about a complication in which her husband figures.

However, in the end, the conniving father rescues the romance, and the picture winds up hilariously with "the Walls of Jericho" being blown down.

Clark Gable's at his best, yet in winning new honors for himself, he steals nothing from Claudette.

The picture has a rare quality of *camaraderie* with the audience—permitting those watching it to share the experiences and fun of the players. Skilfully directed.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY
WONDER BAR
SPITFIRE
BOLERO

VIVA VILLA
MEN IN WHITE
SIX OF A KIND
CAROLINA
THE LOST PATROL

The Best Performances of the Month

Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night"
Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night"
Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa"
Fredric March in "Death Takes a Holiday"
Clark Gable in "Men in White"
Dolores Del Rio in "Wonder Bar"
Ricardo Cortez in "Wonder Bar"
Katharine Hepburn in "Spitfire"
Victor McLaglen in "The Lost Patrol"
Spencer Tracy in "Looking for Trouble"
Jack Oakie in "Looking for Trouble"
Fredric March in "Good Dame"
Sylvia Sydney in "Good Dame"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Catherine the Great"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ *WONDER BAR—First National*

A GAY, sophisticated musical with a "Grand Hotel" theme, pretty girls, dancing and extravagant settings. Al Jolson, proprietor of the Wonder Bar café in Paris, loves Dolores Del Rio, a dancer, who in turn loves her partner, Ricardo Cortez, a gigolo. Learning Cortez is about to elope with Kay Francis, wife of a wealthy banker, Dolores stabs him during their dance number. Jolson comes to her aid, only to discover Dick Powell, orchestra leader, has won her heart. But it's the dance extravaganzas, the Jolson touches, the carefully woven threads of all the patrons' actions, the spontaneity, that you'll love.

Ruth Donnelly, Hal LeRoy, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert and many others enjoy the delightful entertainment of the Wonder Bar café.



★ *VIVA VILLA—M-G-M*

OUT of travail has emerged a picture that will make history—"The Birth of a Nation," "All Quiet on the Western Front"—and now, "Viva Villa."

Wallace Beery is *Villa*—*Villa* is Wallace Beery. A great, simple, inarticulate child who could neither read nor write, but left his name in blazing letters in the history of Mexico. He is gross, barbaric and splendid—cruel and unsuspecting as a baby. As a *peon* boy, he sees his father whipped to death by the aristocrats, when he dared to call himself a man.

Villa grows up to prove himself a man. He vanquishes the tyrants with the craziest army of ragged recruits ever known. He marries every girl he fancies. He knows no law, except a simple primitive instinct that all men are equal, and aristocrats must be killed.

Killing is his sport—but his homicidal tendencies have been tempered. He joins forces with the great gentle *Madero*, played beautifully by Henry B. Walthall, makes *Madero* president—only to have himself exiled through enemy influence. *Madero* is murdered. *Villa's* news correspondent and pal finds him in an El Paso flop house. Starting with seven dollars and five men, *Villa* raises another army and takes Mexico City. He becomes dictator—uncouth, bewildered. And soon meets an ignominious death.

Beery is more than superb. Entire cast fine.



★ *SIX OF A KIND—Paramount*

THIS is the howl you've been waiting for. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, George Burns, Gracie Allen and Alison Skipworth are six of a kind—all ace comedians. And if it's action you crave, stop right here.

Bill Fields almost stops the show with his pool-table pantomime, but the others are not far behind.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pinkham Whinney (Charlie and Mary), not having had a vacation in twenty years, drive to California on a sort of second honeymoon and, of all things, take George Burns and Gracie Allen along to share expenses. Unknown to them, \$50,000 is smuggled into their baggage. And, upon arriving at Alison Skipworth's hotel, Ruggles is accused of the theft by Wild West Sheriff Fields.

It's cleverly directed and hilariously funny.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



SPITFIRE—
RKO-Radio



HEPBURN devotees attention! Here's a film with plenty of Hepburn as a little mountaineer harum-scarum, whose simplicity and beauty of soul cause her to become an outcast among her own people. It will tug at the heart strings and give you a lot of new ideas about Katharine as an actress. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young and Sarah Haden, a grand little comic, add immeasurably.



CAROLINA—
Fox



NORTHERN waif Janet Gaynor wins the heart of Robert Young, scion of the House of Connelly, in spite of his aristocratic mother's wanting him to marry wealthy Mona Barrie. Janet's admirers will love her in this story of the old South, although acting honors go to Lionel Barrymore and Henrietta Crosman, as Robert's mother. Stepin Fetchit, Richard Cromwell. Exquisite sets and scenery.



BOLERO—
Paramount



RAVEL'S haunting "Bolero" and the magnetic team of George Raft and Carole Lombard make this one for your *must* list. The team becomes the dancing toast of the Continent. Then George goes to war, losing Carole to a British lord. Returning, shattered, they dance one more triumphant Bolero, before George leaves life for "a better joint." Reminiscent of "The Four Horsemen." Sally Rand's fan dance is lovely.



**THE LOST
PATROL—**
RKO-Radio



A GROUP of thirteen British Tommies, in the Mesopotamian Campaign of 1917, is lost in the desert. Arab snipers, artfully concealed, take off one after another. Sergeant Victor McLaglen is the only one left when a relief patrol arrives. There's not much story, but the dramatic performance of the entire male cast is the finest seen in many a day. Boris Karloff, Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny.

**LOOKING
FOR
TROUBLE—**
20th Century-
United Artists.



YOU'LL go for the team of Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie in a big way. As telephone repair men, they face fires, an earthquake, blizzards. And, in addition to all these difficulties, Spencer has a rival in Morgan Conway for the love of Constance Cummings. Oakie and Arline Judge furnish many hilarious moments. Besides its being a cracking good story, the dialogue is right there.

**THIS SIDE
OF HEAVEN—**
M-G-M



A REALISTIC tale that will touch a responsive chord in every heart. The experiences of a family during one hectic day, ending by the father, Lionel Barrymore, taking an overdose of medicine to save wife Fay Bainter and children Tom Brown, Mae Clarke, Mary Carlisle from disgrace because he is charged with embezzlement. But he's saved in time. Una Merkel, Onslow Stevens and Eddie Nugent.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

AS THE EARTH TURNS—
Warners



GOOD DAME
—Paramount



IN a manner belying their experience, a corps of young actors, headed by Jean Muir, carry off honors in this screen translation of Gladys Hasty Carroll's book. The story of three families of rural Maine—their loves, envies, hates. An exquisite combination of fine artistry and human emotions. Cast includes Donald Woods, David Landau, Dorothy Peterson, Dorothy Appleby and William Janney.

WHEN good little chorine Sylvia Sidney joins the carnival, Fredric March lets his roving eye rest on her long and lovingly. And finally the hard "berled" slicker becomes a perfect husband. This film is just what the doctor ordered for Sylvia and Fred. Plenty of laughs with a few tears thrown in. Excellent photography, dialogue that hits the bell, and a fine cast including Jack LaRue and Noel Francis.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—
M-G-M



COMING OUT PARTY—
Fox



NOT a new plot, but the glorious voice of Jeanette MacDonald and the charm of Ramon Novarro make up for that. He is a composer of classical music, while Jeanette makes a fortune in Paris on popular tunes. A lover's tiff results in Jeanette considering marriage with rich Frank Morgan, but love conquers in the end. The songs are lovely, and Charles Butterworth is at his best.

FRANCES DEE'S party is an elegant affair and her performance as the society girl in love with a poor violinist (Gene Raymond) is very touching. When Gene's big chance for a European concert tour comes, Frances doesn't tell him of impending blessed event, but goes through with her debut. However, all ends happily. Nigel Bruce, Harry Green and fine supporting cast suffer because of old plot.

CATHERINE THE GREAT—
London Film-United Artists



HI, NELLIE!—
Warners



AN impressive and elaborately staged production in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. gives a striking portrayal of the erratic *Grand Duke Peter*. Elizabeth Bergner, as *Catherine the Great* of Russia, handles her rôle expertly. Most of the action takes place toward the end of Empress Elizabeth's reign, when *Peter* is mad with anxiety for her death, so he may exercise his power. Entire cast excellent.

TRIP-HAMMER action, good suspense, humor and ace-high performances by every cast member put this newspaper drama in the movie headlines. Managing editor Paul Muni is relegated to the Heart Throb Department, having the byline "Nellie Nelson." But a clever reportorial job wins back his desk. Muni superb; Glenda Farrell and Ned Sparks tops.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]

His Third Time On Top

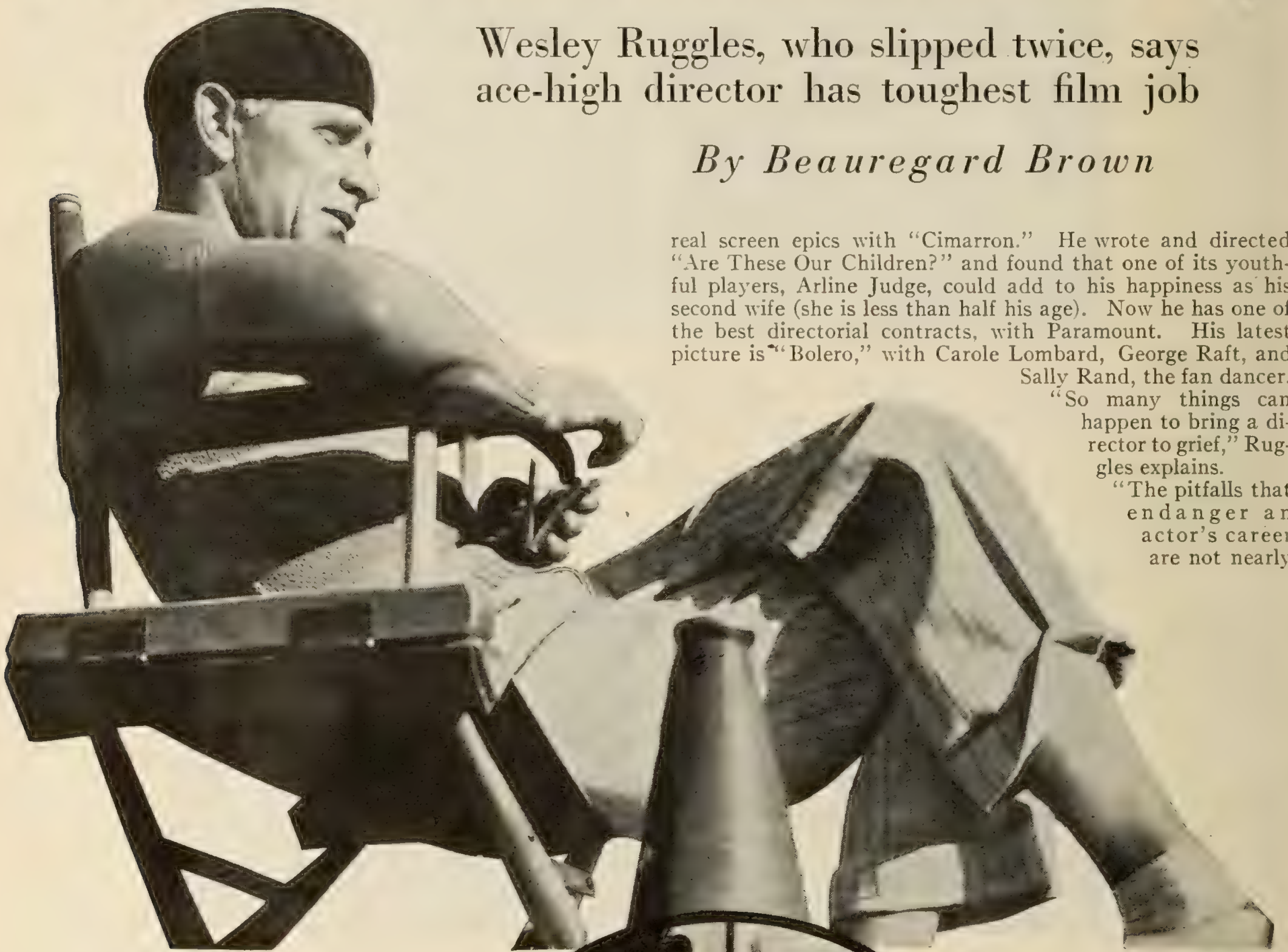
Wesley Ruggles, who slipped twice, says
ace-high director has toughest film job

By Beauregard Brown

real screen epics with "Cimarron." He wrote and directed "Are These Our Children?" and found that one of its youthful players, Arline Judge, could add to his happiness as his second wife (she is less than half his age). Now he has one of the best directorial contracts, with Paramount. His latest picture is "Bolero," with Carole Lombard, George Raft, and Sally Rand, the fan dancer.

"So many things can happen to bring a director to grief," Ruggles explains.

"The pitfalls that endanger an actor's career are not nearly



THE most uneasy heads in Hollywood are those of ace directors, Wesley Ruggles is convinced.

"This is my third time on top, so I should know what I'm talking about," says the man who directed the gigantic "Cimarron," awarded the PHOTOPLAY Magazine Gold Medal as the best picture of 1931.

"Twice before it was the same precarious, sometimes despairing struggle to climb. Then, when I lost my hold, I shot to the bottom so fast I never have been able to figure out exactly how I might have saved myself."

Those two slips that Ruggles never will forget are forgotten by almost everyone else. Since 1927 he has been doing a regular "Shipwreck" Kelly—sitting high and pretty on the thickly greased pole that rears to movie glory.

His third time on top seems to be something of a charm for him. The coming of the talkies could not shake his new grip, although his only experience with speech in the theater had been staging amateur minstrel shows while he was an oil company employee in his native Los Angeles. He has added to the short list of



The man who came back twice attained a happy home life, too. Ruggles and Arline Judge, his young wife, with little Charles Wesley

The "Cimarron" man has held high rank for a long stretch now. Is it a third time charm?

so numerous. Usually it takes several bad pictures in a row to severely damage a star's reputation. Directors have been plunged into obscurity on the strength of a single flop.

"No one else in pictures bears so much responsibility, no one is concerned with so many details. When money is lost on a production, the accusing finger first points at the director.

"Then, too the director is so apt to be drawn into studio

politics, sometimes entirely against his will.

"There are plenty of men who used to be big shots as directors, stumbling around Hollywood [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

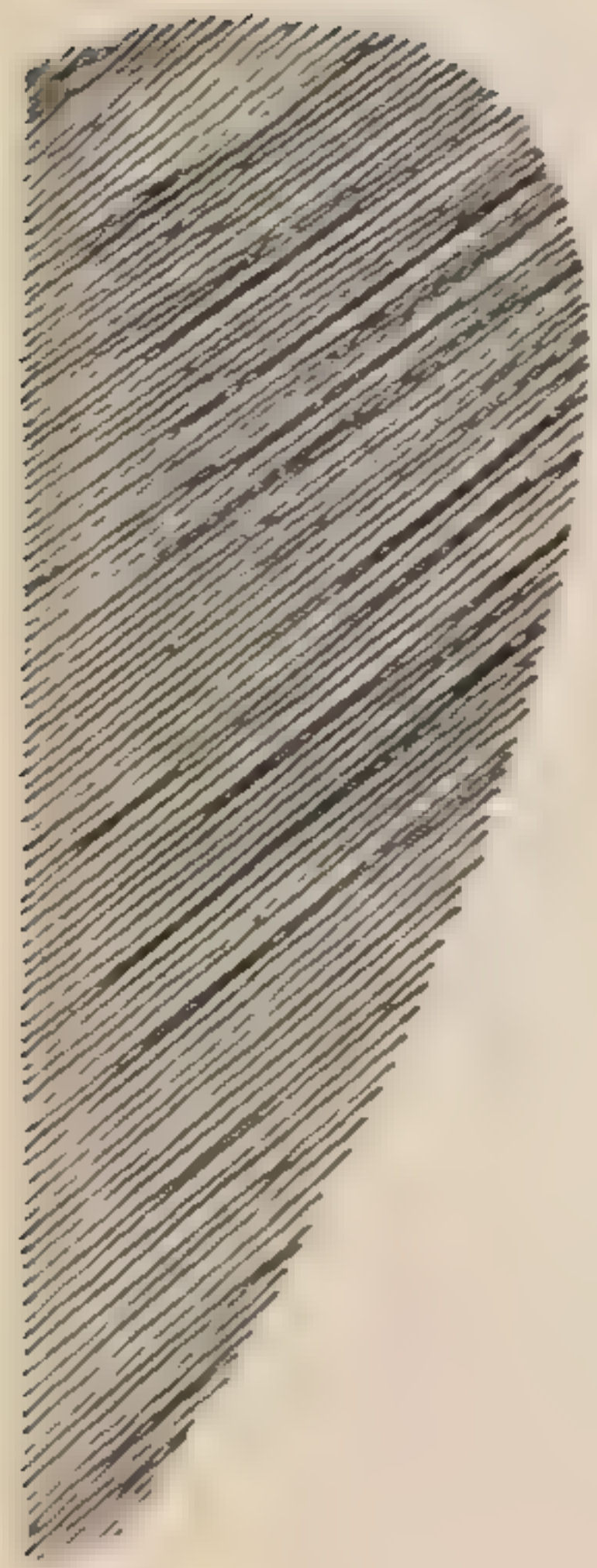
Spotting Hollywood Fads



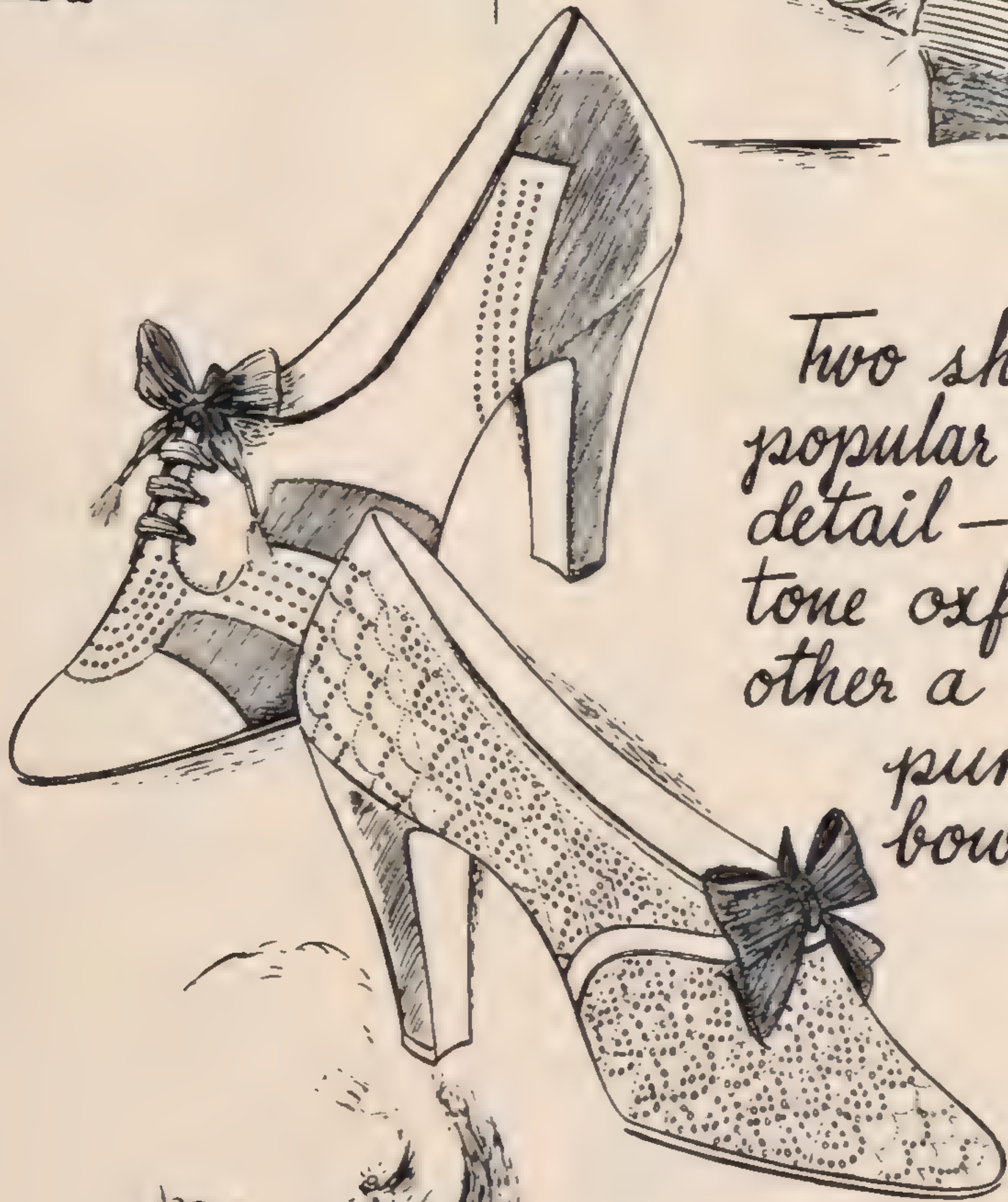
Rosemary Ames
revives lace picture
hat — satin gloves
trimmed with ciré
flowers that match
those at neck ruff
of dress —



Metallic kid
evening goun
lets worn by
Greta Nissen
in London



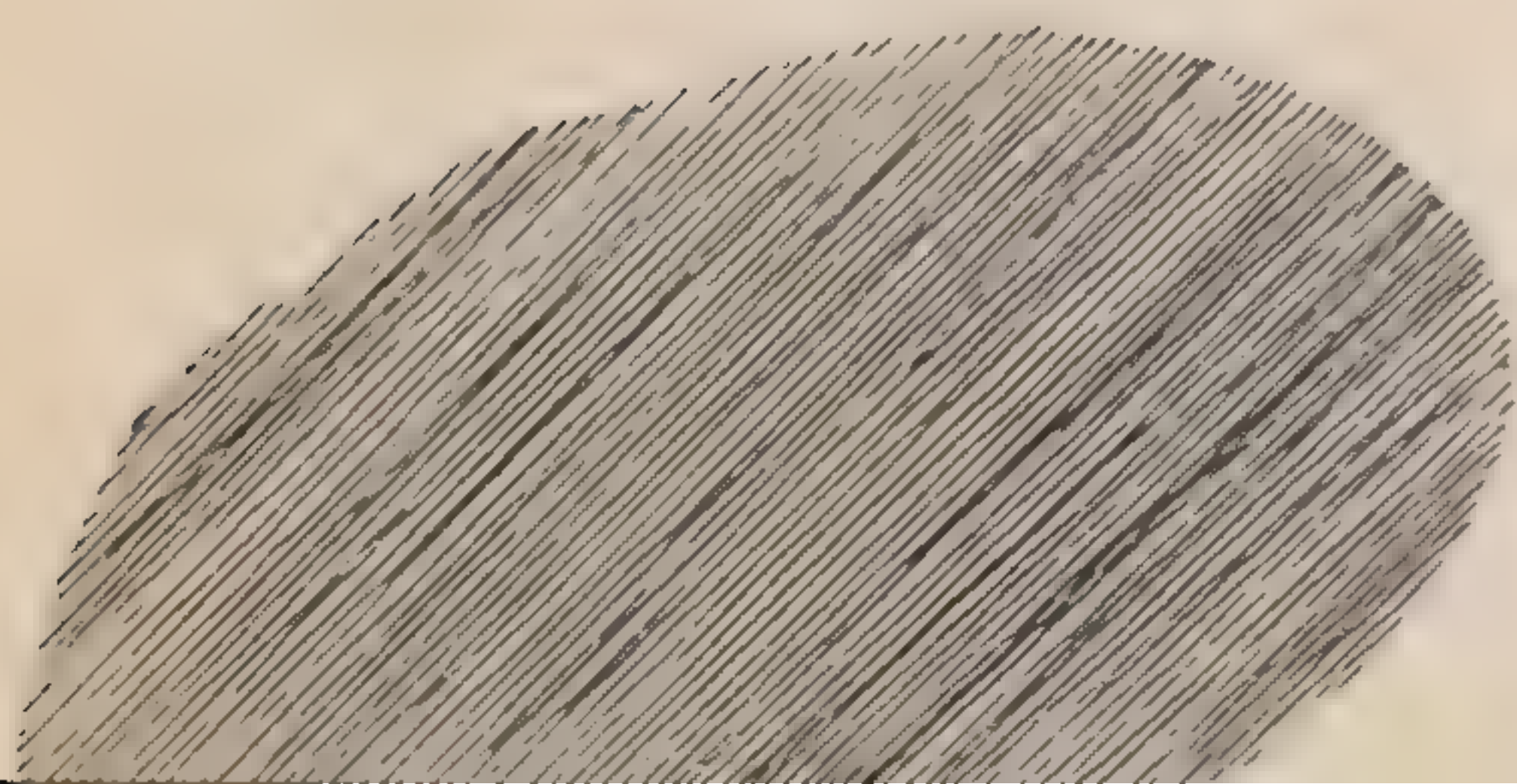
Yellow sweater
worn guimpe-fashion
under linen dress by
Dolores Del Rio —



Two shoes showing
popular perforated
detail — one a two-
tone oxford, the
other a step-in
pumps with
bow —



Old-fashioned
white lace fan
carried by Ann
Harding. Note
jewelry, too





Old-Time Styles Give Inspiration For Modern

THIS charming costume worn by Loretta Young in "The House of Rothschild" has proved an inspiration for a modern adaptation for you. The copy is made in an old-fashioned sprigged challis without the jacket, but otherwise like the one above, cleverly designed by Gwen Wakeling

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

— Seymour —

CAN'T you see what a smart daytime print this youthful costume has inspired? Loretta Young wears it like this in the picture, but you will wear it in a shorter length with the same organdy collar but with printed silk sleeves and only the cuffs of organdy. Gwen Wakeling also designed this one



Now We Copy The Stars' New Hats



WHEN you see Irene Hervey in "Three on a Honeymoon," you will like this clever Royer costume. It is three-piece with shirting silk blouse, piqué vest and silk skirt. We have added a jacket to your copy of this

AND here's the first hat! One worn by Thelma Todd in "Bottoms Up." It's a turban with huge bow arranged to give a very flattering eyeline at right



RUSSELL PATTERSON'S new version of the popular blouse and skirt combination for Pat Paterson to wear in "Bottoms Up." The skirt is light blue flannel, slim and straight with a wide self belt. The blouse is white organdy with accordeon pleated ruffling in unusual effect, giving a frilly feminine air to the whole

Suits Play A Big Rôle This Spring



SILK suits promise to be very popular as the days become milder. Russell Patterson has designed this stunning suit above for Pat Paterson to wear in "Bottoms Up." The seven-eighths length coat has a wide revered collar and deep cuffs of white satin. The skirt is straight with high waistline and self belt below it. Sheer blouse



AND here is a jaunty straw hat for your spring suit. Designed by Royer for Irene Hervey to wear in "Three on a Honeymoon," it has a Tyrolean air with its peaked crown and red quill jutting out



TRAVIS BANTON designed the costumes Carole Lombard wears in "Bolero" for the period around 1913, but strangely the styles have so many current fashion points that they are adaptable for today. This wool cape suit with plaid vest and lining is one which has been copied exactly for you to wear now

The Tricorne Is Back Again

— Seymour



DOYER has designed a Real George Washington tricorne for Rochelle Hudson, even to the cherries dangling from a ribbon rosette! The straw is a linen-like type in navy blue and the three points are so arranged as to subtly flatter the face. The circle shows the straw straps that hold the hat in place at the back, tying in a simple bow effect



ANOTHER interesting silk suit is this navy blue one worn by Elissa Landi in "Sisters Under the Skin." Kalloch has designed it with a finger-tip length jacket and double-breasted closing. A white cross-bar organdy blouse has a frilly collar which Elissa wears over the plain neckline of the jacket. Her accessories are blue, too

2 Screen fashions you'll be wearing

Smart ensemble designed by
Royer for Sally Eilers to wear
in "Three on a Honeymoon." Long
double-breasted coat over a printed
silk dress —



Fashion scoop!
This straw fabric halo hat
with pearls copied for you
from Marlene Dietrich's pearl
crown worn in "The Scarlet Empress"



OVER her, they fought and argued and begged and pleaded! And then when one of them won, others began to borrow! We are talking about Gloria Stuart and the studios. Following her success on the California stage, Gloria was offered contracts and bright promises from all sides! She chose Universal, however. After being loaned to Sam Goldwyn for "Roman Scandals," Miss Stuart is back at work once more on the home lot

Freulich





Irving Lippman

JACK HOLT has been in the movies a long time, but when anybody uses the word "shooting" around Jack, he still thinks of guns, not cameras! Away from the studio, the Columbia star and his son, Tim, get their rifles and dogs and hit the trail for some good hunting. Tim is fourteen years old and not, as yet, interested in movie work

Polly With A Future

Miss Walters is going back to Hollywood, and this time someone will meet her at the train!

*By William
P. Gaines*

SOMEBODY will meet Polly Walters at the train the next time she goes to Hollywood. There may even be a brass band or two. Anyway, there should be. Because here's a little girl who has become a Somebody, despite every kind of disappointment Hollywood could hand her on her first invasion.

She's the blonde who was lost for three days in Hollywood, early in 1931. She was signed in New York for Warner Brothers pictures. No one met her at the station in Los Angeles. Finally, she located the Warners' studio. It was closed. The brothers had moved all production to their First National lot.

"Next casting is Monday morning," a man at First National told her. "But I have a contract," she wailed. Nobody listened.



Polly, a fugitive in a Princeton men's dormitory, gets a boyish haircut to fool police and faculty. The student doing the barbering is John Beal

Polly in 1931, when she arrived in Hollywood unknown and couldn't even find her studio



It took all of three days and a couple of wires to New York to get Hollywood in on the secret that the straying with the drawling voice, then known as Teddy Walters, was under a small-money contract to appear in the movies.

By her own confession, she was scared nearly stiff. She was a county fair entertainer, with brief New York

musical show experience, in a city as strange and wondrous in its way as the fairy-tale city of Oz.

For a year she was given bits and a few fair size parts. Some of these she did rather well, too. In a certain type of rôle she could make people laugh — particularly as a slangy telephone girl. She posed for innumerable studio publicity photographs, showing her legs. "Gams," these are called. And Teddy, whom the Warners renamed Polly, was a good gam girl.

But after that year, the Warners handed her over to RKO-Radio. Finally, she bounced to the Paramount lot, worked in a picture with the significantly appealing title, "Make Me a Star," then drifted back to New York—unwept, unhonored and unsung by Hollywood.

Last fall Polly got a chance to try out for a part in Sam H. Harris' lampooning musical show, "Let 'Em Eat Cake." She reported at the theater and there, of all people who could make Polly ga-ga, was Marilyn Miller, rehearsing in Harris' other musical satire, "As Thousands Cheer."

"Ever since I was a child," Polly explained, "Marilyn Miller has been a sort of a goddess to me." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Star News



Princess Mdivani (Mary McCormic) made the Britishers indignant by exchanging wisecracks with a stooge instead of singing operatic gems

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has indefinitely postponed the filming of "Exit Don Juan," which was to have been his first starring vehicle for London Film Productions, and which was scheduled to start early in January. At the moment, he is wildly enthused over the possibilities of no fewer than three stage plays which he has read in script form.

Although he assures me that he means to produce all three of them in West End theaters in the near future, I am inclined to think that this is merely Fairbanksian ebullition. His idea is to star Doug, Jr., in each of the three plays. As a matter of fact, C. B. Cochran has been on the hunt for a suitable stage vehicle for the younger Fairbanks for almost six months—and thus far has found nothing that will do.

The only thing that seems to be reasonably certain about the film future of the Fairbanks couple is that they will both appear in "Z," the title chosen for a talkie version of "The Mark of Zorro," one of

London, England.



"Anybody but the actor is more important in a film," says Brian Aherne about emoting before the camera



Thomas Meighan returned to England to play the male lead in the British picture, "Somehow Good"

the most popular of Doug's silent films. Work on this one is now planned to be begun in June—the exteriors to be shot in Spain.

AS for Fairbanks, Jr.,—the lad is momentarily under a cloud of unjust criticism, because he returned to London from Hollywood *by way of Paris!* I'm afraid we English are incurably parochial in matters of this kind. Yet I'm not so sure that Americans, in the same circumstances, wouldn't react in the same way.

You see, the tremendous success of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" has given British films a very big boost within the confines of the United Kingdom. Alexander Korda, who directed the Laughton epic and who, with Fairbanks, Sr., is the boss of London Film Productions, has been hailed as the one genius capable of making Elstree a real rival of Hollywood.

There was not a little resentment on the part of British picturegoers when they discovered that Paris and New York had had a look at "The Private Life of Henry VIII" several weeks before the London première. When the newspapers announced that Doug, Jr. had flown across the American continent and sped across the ocean in order to be present at the first night of "Catherine the Great"—in Paris—the movie devotees of this country waxed wrathful.

"Catherine the Great," according to advance whisperings (it hasn't yet been shown in London), is a wow. Both young Fairbanks and Elizabeth Bergner (hailed by London critics as the greatest living actress) are said to give the performance of their lives in the film. Why, then, the British film followers rise indignantly to ask, should it not first be shown in London?

The answer is simple—and pathetic.

Until Paris or New York sets the stamp of its approval on a British-made film, the manager of a London West End cinema cannot be persuaded to believe it merits the kind of exploitation that he gives willingly to the more important Hollywood productions! In fact, so suspicious are these British exhibitors when it comes to an especially expensive British film, it is next to impossible to get them to consider booking the picture at all—unless it has already won big success outside the country.

The moment the Paris première was over, Doug, Jr., chartered a plane and flew to London—but that didn't offset the fact that he had elected to make Paris his first port of call on this side!

SPEAKING of Doug, Jr., brings Gertrude Lawrence inevitably to mind. The gossips' chorus grows louder with every passing day regarding marriage between young Doug and Gertrude, when his divorce from Joan Crawford becomes final in May.

However much truth there may be in this gossip, the fact remains that at the Savoy the other night, Miss Lawrence seemed to be enjoying herself immensely—in the company of an anonymous and (rumor has it) immensely wealthy Argentinian.

They danced every dance together, and stayed to the very end. I've never seen Gertrude more animated, and seemingly more pleased with life in general and her escort in particular.

But for the most part, young Fairbanks con-

from London

By Kathlyn Hayden

PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent

tinues to be wherever Gertie is—and his devotion certainly justifies the gossips to the extent of making their predictions reasonable, so far as the lad is concerned.

So far, Miss Lawrence has flatly refused to discuss the matter for publication.

BENITA HUME—back in England after a not-too-happy experience in Hollywood—is playing an important rôle in “Jew Suss.”

In spite of all that expert cosmeticians did for her in Hollywood (and she tells me they did wonders insofar as making her photographically attractive is concerned), and in spite of better camera work than anything she had ever seen in England—she definitely failed to make good in the film capital.

I saw not a little of her when I was in Hollywood—and I am inclined to think that her lack of success was due chiefly to nostalgia! Benita, you see, is engaged to marry Jack Dunfee—a non-professional. And that six thousand mile separation was more than she could bear.

Now that she is once more at home, she's as gay and chipper as the proverbial lark. I espied her the other night at the Embassy Club—dancing with her fiancé—and she looked positively radiant.

STILL they come!

With us now we have that well-remembered star of the silent days—Thomas Meighan. What a sensation he was in “The Miracle Man”!

Now, his temples are gray, but this six-foot-one fellow with the soft-spoken accent is as attractive as ever. Even before the war, Tommy Meighan was one of the most popular American actors ever to “invade” the West End. Like many others of his fellow countrymen who return to London after a long absence, he is amazed to discover that nobody has forgotten him!

Meighan is playing the lead in a talkie version of William de Morgan's novel, “Somehow Good.”

ONE of the most interesting experiences of the month was luncheon at the Berkeley with Brian Aherne—that monosyllabic chap who appeared opposite Marlene Dietrich in “The Song of Songs,” and is now being starred in the British film, “The Constant Nymph.” I wish you could have *heard* what he had to say about acting before the camera! It is impossible to reproduce in cold print the degree of scorn in his tone.

“Acting?” he repeated. “There isn't any. They tell you to start here, move



Ethel Barrymore is amazing London by daring to walk where slapstick comics trod — at the Palladium



Having returned to her native England and Jack Dunfee, Benita Hume is radiant again. She has a rôle in a British film

to there, mind the lights, don't throw the shadow of your nose on your chin—and they call it acting!

“Anybody but the actor is more important in a film. If I was terrible in ‘The Song of Songs,’ don't blame me. And if, as some have been saying, I'm good in ‘The Constant Nymph,’ that isn't my fault, either!”

Of course, he didn't expect me to take him too seriously, I'm sure. And in any event, he is going back to Hollywood again for more of the same—having signed a contract to appear in a film version of a famous London play with a world-famous Hollywood star whose identity I have had to pledge myself not to reveal for the time being.

THE night of the arrival here of Mary McCormic (the Metropolitan grand opera diva who is billed here as Princess Mdivani), she accepted an invitation from the British Broadcasting Company to address English listeners.

To the intense surprise of everyone concerned, her “act” consisted of a rapid-fire exchange of wisecracks with a studio stooge—the main point of which seemed to be her exulting over her ability to elude servers of writs.

The next day, the B.B.C. received an avalanche of indignant letters, the writers of which made it known, in no uncertain terms, that when they listen in on an opera singer's turn they expect to hear a song—not back-chat about evading process servers!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

The CITY of

Real titled folk of old world's aristocracy are lost in shuffle of Hollywood reel personalities

By Jack Jamison



Pierre de Ramey—title, *Comte*—is heir to France's bluest blood. He invaded Hollywood seeking high rank as an actor. But, somehow or other, Pierre got lost doing bits

IT'S a wisecrack to say that all you have to do to get rich in Hollywood is to be a duke, or a prince, or a count, and marry a movie star with a lot of money. It started years back when Mae Murray and Pola Negri were looking over the Mdivani boys. Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett revived the wheeze, *The Marquis de la Falaise* being the prize. Lots of people, right today, think there are any number of foreign noblemen in Hollywood being supported by rich movie wives.

There are foreign noblemen in Hollywood, and noblewomen—real princesses, real counts, real barons from France, Russia and Germany. But the ones I know don't seem to be the ones I hear

people talking about. Shattered wreckage of the war, to me, theirs is Hollywood's saddest, grimmest story.

I think first of one whose name it will be kinder not to mention. I think of him because of the desperate thing he did, which reveals so starkly the tragic desperation that is in the souls of all of them. Once the possessor of a vast fortune and vast estates in Europe; a duke. (I daren't come any closer to his real title than that. Hollywood is too full of good guessers.)

Late one night a cruise-car from the Hollywood police station brought him in, his arm streaming blood from a bullet hole. Two gangsters had held him up, and he had fought them off, he said. A clever detective, noting the angle at which the bullet entered his arm, doubted the story. Checked, it proved to be false. The duke broke down and told the truth.

Hungry, homeless, dispossessed of money and lands, he had come to Hollywood to try to make a living. He could not even get extra work. The studios took no notice of him. You had to get publicity to make them notice you, a friend had told him. So he thought up the dramatic tale of the gangsters and shot himself with his own revolver, the revolver he had carried as an officer in the war. He was willing to do that, to get extra work!

There is Georg von Richlavia, a knight of the old Austrian court. A captain in the dressy Fourth Lancers. One of the most famous horsemen in the Austrian cavalry. An internationally known polo player. A brilliant military record on the Galician front, where he served throughout the war. Germany and its allies lost the war. Money and estates were snatched away from Georg.



Royalty in the kitchen! Theodor Lodijenski, cafe owner (left) was a Russian general. Chef George Stronin, of royalty, cooks incognito

FORGOTTEN NOBLES

He, too, followed the well-advertised rainbow to Hollywood. Once in a great while he gets work as technical adviser on pictures with European locales. But horses are what he knows best, so mostly he does the only other thing he can do—teaches at a riding academy. A servant, with the entire public for his master!

Then there is the *Comte* Pierre de Ramey, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of old France. If you want to locate him, phone the casting offices. They may know where he is living. He does bits and character parts, now and then, when he is lucky. But the last time I tried to find him he seemed to have disappeared without trace. Someone said he thought Pierre had given up and gone back to France. To France? France does not want her old nobility back.

Thinking of Pierre, I am reminded of another French count I once met in Paris—dancing at Armenonville, pushing fat women around the floor as a paid gigolo, and I pray that Pierre is spared such a fate.

There is Baron von Reichenberg—struggling to write screen stories some studio will buy. Tall, dignified, looking every inch the nobleman he is, the baron is known to professors and scholars the world over as an author of books on economics. His treatise on the causes of the depression is said to be brilliant. But such



Baron Emil Forst von Forsteneck was a wealthy Austrian diplomat and warrior. Now, he occasionally translates stories for the studios

a treatise, although it may increase the wisdom and happiness of all generations to come, is no scenario for Jean Harlow, or Janet Gaynor either. And so, no money.

Most of the titles in Hollywood, you'll notice, are Russian or German. The reason is simple. Russia had a revolution. Germany not only had a revolution, but lost the war. In both of those nations the nobles had everything taken away from them. They became despised and hated outcasts, forced to flee for their lives. Some are driving taxis in Paris, some washing dishes in London, trying to make



This princess writes a gossip column! Well, it's not exactly Winchellian—but it's society chit-chat for a Coast paper. She's Marie de Bourbon



Princess Xenia of Russia has cash to count. But it belongs to a café!

an honest living. That's all the ones in Hollywood want—to make an honest living. And they can't. That's what brings a lump to your throat. They weren't taught to make a living. They don't know how. All their courage can't make up for that.

Baron Emil Forst von Forsteneck is an Austrian. A diplomat, he served at the Court of St. James in London. Two torpedo boats he commanded, the *Albatross* and the *Aragon*, were sunk under him in the Adriatic during the war. In a year on the Piave front, as major of heavy artillery, he was twice badly wounded. The Treaty of Versailles chopped Austria into bits. His fortune went, and so did his beautiful estates.

He got a job in New York, teaching fencing. Had to stop. Pain. The two wounds. He came to Hollywood as far back as 1921. Speaking four languages, he gets occasional jobs translating and adapting foreign books and plays for the studios. He translated, among other things, "The Kiss Before the Mirror." He has been luckier than most of the



Exceptional is this young woman who may have the blood of czars in her veins, but holds a good studio job and is known only as plain Natalie Bucknall

others—and he lives in a one-room flat. His gracious courtesy, when you visit him there, makes it a palace, makes you proud to be his guest—but it is still a one-room flat.

Von Forsteneck's friend, the Count von Hartburg, is not so fortunate. The Count von Hartburg, whose name was once announced in the great halls of Europe to the rolling of drums, is an extra, when he can get work.

THE women, on the whole, are far luckier than the men. The Princess Marie de Bourbon is writing a column of society chit-chat for a Los Angeles newspaper. Two other princesses, sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Natalie Golitzine, so beautiful that they made even Hollywood heads swim, got as far as playing bits. No less a director than Lewis Milestone tried to boost Natalie higher up the acting ladder. Maurice Chevalier, with whom she played, found her as talented as she was lovely. But the producers turned a deaf ear.

Discouraged, unwanted by Hollywood, both sisters gave up the battle for screen success and married. They won splendid husbands, at least. Natalie married the Grand Duke Vasilii, and Olga married into the fabulously wealthy Vickers family of England, manufacturers of Vickers machine-guns. Their father is still in California, practicing medicine in the exclusive suburb of Pasadena. Few of his ultra-fashionable patients know that plain Doctor Golitzine is a prince of the Russian blood royal.

No—the men get far the worst of it. Baron von Brincken—a German, and a Prussian, to judge from the livid duelling-

scars on his face—was attached to the consulate in San Francisco when the war broke out. Married to an American girl there, he had two children; one, a little girl, named Cecilie after the Kaiser's sister. War came. People went into a frenzy. Everyone with a German name was accused of being a spy. Von Brincken, wholly innocent, was interned in prison for the duration of the war. His American wife divorced him. That broke his heart and his spirit.

Career shattered, home gone, cut off from his own dearly loved children, he is one more Hollywood extra. I last saw him in a small bit, playing the part of a sailor in "Shanghai Madness."

COMPARED to that, the women are lucky indeed. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia sold the film rights to her book, "The Education of a Princess." She makes her home in New York, where she edits a page for a magazine.

Natalie Bucknall—she uses the name of her English naval-officer husband—receives a good salary as head of the research department at M-G-M. A soldier in the famous Women's Battalion of Death, a nurse in command of the hospital trains sponsored by the Grand Duchess of Russia, a spy in the British Secret Service, Natalie owns practically every medal given by the Allies. Yet I knew her for three years before I learned she had them, so modest is she, and to this day she will not tell her rank, though I suspect that her father was a blood-relative of Czar Nicholas himself.

Natalie you may envy. I doubt if you will envy the cashier at the Russian Eagle Restaurant, across from the Brown Derby on Vine Street. All day long she sits at a cash-register out in the hot, smoke-filled kitchen, deafened by the clatter of dishes, adding the checks the waiters bring to her and making change. Once she did not sit on a hard stool. Once, when she seated herself, visitors approached reverently, bowed deeply, and kissed her hand. Because, you see, she happens to be the Princess Xenia Shahowskoya of Russia.

AND the dishes must make a very unmusical clatter indeed in her sensitive ears, for she was a singer, with a rich, mellow voice for which a great future was prophesied in grand opera. But even the Princess Xenia is better off than the men. For she is still young, still beautiful, as you may see from her picture. She has a chance, at least, of catching up the torn and raveled threads of her life and twining them together once more.

Of all the men's stories, I can think of only one with anything even remotely approaching a happy ending. That of the young Baron von Herwartz of Saxony. When the soldiers of our Rainbow Division—many of whom, ironically came from Hollywood—finally captured the fiercest fighting trench they ever attacked, they found piles and piles of dead Germans.

Only twenty men of a whole German regiment still lived, and only to save these remaining few did their commanding officer surrender. He was Hans von

Herwartz—sixteen years old!

Wounded, gassed and shell- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



Princess Natalie Golitzine dazed Hollywood with her beauty, played with Maurice Chevalier. But glory ended and she married



A Horse Helped Her Climb

SHE stepped off the train onto a horse. It was her first horse, and her first picture, but Claire Trevor refused to be daunted—in public. Then Fox discovered she was a dramatic actress—and Claire got off the horse.

She was born in New York, grew up in New Rochelle, and was a favorite prom-girl with all the young bloods.

She enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, because a girl friend was going. The first producer she went to see asked about previous experience. Claire glibly rattled off the names of several hits. That was a mistake—she was talking to the producer of one of them. But he liked her nerve and gave her some trial lines to read. She didn't get the part.

So a New York agent sent her out in the provinces to play in stock. When she came back, she rated the lead in "Whistling in the Dark." After another play, "The Party's Over," she was signed by Fox—who put her in Westerns.

But not for long. She has had some grand parts since, but hopes she won't get typed as "hard-boiled."

Claire is a natural blonde and weighs 110 pounds. When she's on time, it's an event, though goodness knows the girl tries. She's always rushing some place.

She claims her heart was broken early, and it's okay by her. But goes right on to state that she likes strong, silent men.

She thinks dancing is the best form of exercise, because it's the only kind she really enjoys. She is serious about her work but loathes routine. Once she worked two weeks as a stenographer when she was "off" allowance, because she wanted new clothes for a college prom. The routine nearly finished her, but she had the prettiest dress at the dance.

Claire looks particularly well in a bathing suit, but she adores furs. Everybody thinks she is more than twenty-two, but that happens to be her right age. She would like to sing, but thinks she'd better stick to tennis.



He's No Longer Invisible

UNIVERSAL wouldn't let you see him in "The Invisible Man," except for a brief death scene at the end, so we're going to let you have a peek at the star, who became a star in the strangest manner Hollywood has ever known—without even being seen "alive" on the screen!

Claude Rains was as much a mystery to many people in Hollywood before he arrived to make the H. G. Wells story as he is in the picture itself. He's still something of a mystery, because he's one of those naturally mysterious people.

But really, his career has been no deep, dark secret, because Rains, London born, initiated his acting journey in His Majesty's Theatre as a call-boy, trained with the famous Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and toured the British Empire before he was called to the war, in which he served with distinction.

With the New York Theatre Guild he attained wide American recognition in stage circles, and Director James Whale, who knew him in London, would hear of no one else for the weird rôle in "The Invisible Man," which might still be disturbing you these nights.

Rains is short and sturdily built, with a large, fine head topped by an unruly forward-falling shock of black hair. His eyes, dark brown, are commanding, penetrating—at times almost wild looking.

His powerful, nervous hands are continually closing together and opening, especially when he talks. One eyebrow arches radically in excitement, and his voice—well, remember how it hypnotized you in "The Invisible Man?" It's just as dynamic and startling in real life.

Attractive, surely—because he has been married three times, to ravishing women.

And having lost his entire body during "The Invisible Man," Rains will try to get back at least part of it in his next film, "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head."



Hollywood

Snubs Paris

Movie capital is self-reliant as a style center. Designer no longer looks to "shabby" Paris for ideas

*By William
P. Gaines*

Travis Banton, designer of those stunning gowns worn by Paramount stars. He omitted his seasonal Paris visit, finding home more inspiring

FOR the first time in nine years, Travis Banton, designer of dresses for the beautiful women of Paramount, is not making a seasonal visit to Paris.

Because Banton does not think Paris can show Hollywood anything more of importance in the way of costuming. Not this year, anyway.

Hollywood, as a style center, has become self-reliant.

Oh, a man like Travis Banton, who creates such a quantity of fluffs and ruffles for such ravishing *femmes* as Colbert, Lombard, Dietrich, Hopkins and West, needs a bit of brushing up on his ideas now and then.

It's good for him to get around to the cities and resorts where women are fashionable without being in the movies.

Paris might have been one of these cities once upon a time—as long ago as 1932.

But Banton went back to Paris last year and found it "shabby." What style there was across the ocean, he observed, was in London.

This year, Banton, in search of design inspirations, stopped at New York. Then, for sunshiny frills, he turned South to see what women with money were wearing in Palm Beach.

So, if the French capital wants to get back in the style swim, it might do well to look over some of the Travis Banton creations in forthcoming Paramount productions. Paris can see how the smart women of New York and Palm Beach may influence one of the superior designers of Hollywood—and that, today, means of the world.

As for the Parisian influence manifest in what the women of New York



In fact, Paris borrows from Banton. The way he dresses Mae West excites forty million Frenchmen. Here he is being flamboyant

Claudette Colbert has a "perfect figure for the designer," Banton says. Such a pleasure to sketch Claudette's frock!



are wearing, Banton sees it growing less pronounced, year by year.

"New York designers have become adult and adept in their art. When they draw the lines of a dress, they no longer peer apologetically across the ocean and ask the French: 'Is this all right?'"

The fact is evident that Hollywood now influences New York much more than Paris does, and the trends which come across the continent from the West far exceed New York's influence on Hollywood.

For some line or ornament that New York offers Hollywood, it takes in return a raging Princess Eugenie hat from a Greta Garbo picture,

football player shoulders from a Joan Crawford picture, a splash of the plumed and décolleté past from a Mae West picture.

Even Paris went into a frenzy, trying to simulate the Mae West ensembles, and it took certain details from Dietrich—*coq* feathers, for instance.

Banton thinks prohibition repeal had much to do with New York's fashion circles putting Paris to shame.

"Women would wear any old thing to sneak into Tony's or '21,' during the speakeasy era. But with repeal, 'dining out' returned to favor. The grand entrance is back in style. Women know they will be seen, and they enjoy being seen at their best."

BRINGING gaiety into the open, and a generally more cheerful attitude toward conditions are responsible for the elaboration and intricacy of the new gowns, Banton believes. Dress expresses a people's spirit.

He is favoring a fairly straight silhouette. The skirt suggests the natural curves of the body, with some concern for drapery. More than ever before is there a distinction between day and evening dress, the skirt from eight to eleven inches off the floor for daytime, and long—even with train, after sundown. Banton is splitting some of his skirts.

Some of his most fascinating creations are worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress." This is a costume picture, to be sure—a story of Catherine the Great of Russia; but there always is the possibility of some detail of dress or coiffure, when exhibited by such a favorite as Dietrich in such a picture, starting a widespread fad.

Who can say, yet? Perhaps every little high school girl in the country soon will be imitating the Dietrich headdress arranged by Banton. It is simple, surely; something similar always has been worn by girls in school. Just a ribbon from the back, with the bow on top, and bangs—but it's the little Dietrich-Banton touch that makes it different. Slightly more elaborate is the fillet of flowers which Marlene wears in the same manner, in the same picture.

SOMETHING else to watch for from "Scarlet Empress" is the ruche. Will women go for this neck treatment on a grand scale? Such speculations must be exciting to a designer of screen dress, although Banton modestly insists he creates for each picture alone, and not with an eye for what effect might be copied from it.

Keeping the stars becomingly gowned is a job that drains a man's resourcefulness, but, says Banton, it affords many delights to the designer. These women—even if they care much more for acting than playing the clothes horse—are grand models. Their personalities are a constant spur to ingenuity.

"Only on very rare occasions do I have any trouble with temperament. The first time I do a woman's clothes, there is apt to be a struggle. But when she learns to have faith in me, we get along splendidly."

Banton says he has gained too much wisdom to talk about "the best dressed woman in Hollywood," but he sees no danger in sprinkling his comments more generally.



Every high school girl soon may copy this ribbon headdress arranged by Banton for the new Dietrich film



Such a lovely Hollywood creation as this one by Banton, worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Scarlet Empress," may influence our styles more than Paris can today

"Lilyan Tashman is dress conscious. She exaggerates everything and is not a model for the average woman to follow. But, in her individual way, she really dresses beautifully.

"Carole Lombard has great natural chic. She wears clothes beautifully; can put them on and forget about them.

"Claudette Colbert has the perfect figure from the designer's viewpoint.

"Norma Shearer dresses in excellent taste.

"Joan Crawford's gowns are terribly effective.

"Marlene Dietrich is the most natural dresser of any woman I have known. Everything she puts on is sublimated by the Dietrich personality."

Banton thinks the coming of the talkies was the greatest factor in making Hollywood the style center it is today.

"Taste has improved a hundred per cent in the last five years.

"Hollywood was too isolated, too provincial, before talkies brought a great number of New York stage people to the West Coast. They came with their Fifth Avenue fashions, and the movie colony accepted the challenge."

Banton himself was a New York designer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



Marlene, so innocent looking to be the "Scarlet Empress," has a Banton-designed fillet of flowers to wear, too

"The Jungle Is



Stuffed and harmless is the way Mrs. Buck prefers her animals. But she always mothers the little ones



Her husband can have the jungle to himself—Mrs. Buck is through! On their return trip, Frank introduced the ship captain's pet Japanese poodle to this heart-faced monk he was bringing back alive

"I'VE always said it and I always will. The jungle is no place for a woman. Frank can brave it's dangers all he pleases, but I tried it just once. That's enough for me."

This was Mrs. Frank Buck speaking. An attractive young matron with candid blue eyes, beautifully waved chestnut hair, and a peaches-and-cream complexion—wife of the man who filmed "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

They had recently returned to New York from a long jaunt into the Asiatic jungles; a jaunt fraught with terrors, and from which Frank Buck has not only brought 'em back alive once more, but has brought back a complete filming of his thrilling animal hunting adventures, called "Wild Cargo."

"The jungle at night is a weird place of strange, eerie calls, chattering monkeys and shrill, penetrating noises. I don't know when the animals sleep. They seem to be more awake in the darkness than during the daylight hours. For the jungle after dark is like a magpie meeting of all strange creatures.

"Frank will tell you the jungle holds no terrors for man. Perhaps that is because he understands the animals so well. But for me it was a nightmare.

"I went on a six mile jaunt through a swampy, tropical jungle of the Asiatic country with Frank, and I shall never forget it. Mosquitoes and other strange insects leaped out at me and plunged their stingers into my skin. I was dressed in heavy hunting attire. But that made no difference. They seemed to enjoy my flesh better than any of the others'.



A jungle mother with young, mastered by her man and silently resentful of the white woman's freedom

"Strange, darting creatures, running to cover, frightened me. I wanted to be so brave, never to let Frank feel that I lacked complete understanding of these wild animals. But I guess he understood my terror. I was ill in bed from insect bites and nerves for three days after we got back."

"Then you really fear these wild animals, regardless of your husband's reassurances?" I asked her.

"Well, in the jungle I do fear them. But I try to make up for that by mothering the little ones Frank brings into captivity. I have a number of pet monkeys, which I brush and bathe and feed, and they are devoted little friends.

"But my fear of wild, untamed creatures isn't the only reason I claim the jungle is no place for a

No Place for A Woman,[”] says Mrs. Frank Buck, and tells why

By Virginia Maxwell

woman.” Mrs. Buck chatted on, with a twinkle of humor in her eyes.

“Men prefer to be alone in the crude country. They like to be comfortable, to strip down to practically nothing in that torrid heat, like the natives, and to go about yelling and swearing when things go wrong. Surely, that’s no place for a woman.

“You know,” she said, a little excitedly, “men become accustomed to primitive environment much more readily than a woman. It’s amazing how quickly Frank can adjust himself.

“He gets into his jungle togs, and starts off feeling rather civilized. But after a while the spirit of the country seems to get into his blood and he goes—shall I say, native? I mean, he doesn’t shave for weeks, and if his clothes get torn and soiled and ugly, he actually enjoys it.”

MRS. BUCK related how the “Sakai”—the primitive natives of the Asiatic jungles—regard white women. She told me they seem to have a fine contempt for an unencumbered woman. They’re accustomed to seeing their own women cowed, mastered by their men, and they are silently resentful of the freedom which the American woman is able to enjoy.

“We have our home in Singapore, you know,” she continued. “That is really our head-



Look out, it shoots! The peeping natives feared the camera was an instrument of death and evil. They approached it with ready arrows, but soon they, too, wanted to act



Frank Buck’s smile of triumph when he returned with the new animal cargo

quarters. When Frank is working in the jungle country of Ceylon, I make my headquarters at a hotel in Kandy, that famous Ceylonese city where so many people of the world are bound to meet. Charlie Chaplin and Ronald Colman love the spot, and they have visited there often.

“In the Eastern country there is so much for a woman to do to keep herself in condition. Everyone sleeps in the afternoon. Then you’ve simply got to have a beauty treatment every day, or your skin would be like elephant hide in no time.”

That then, I reasoned, was the answer to the peaches-and-cream complexion after living in the tropical heat for years.

“You’d be surprised,” she laughed, “if you knew how many freckles are hidden under my powder. You simply can’t brave that strong sun without having them crop out all over your face.”

“Tell me about the most exciting experience you ever had over there,” I suggested. Mrs. Buck thought a moment, then said:

“I suppose the most terrible time was the suspense I was under while Frank was on a wild elephant hunt during his last trip.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]



A big job: Washing elephants! Natives bathe decoy beasts free of scents which scare wild ones away from corrals



Cast Your Votes!

WHICH motion picture released during 1933 is worthy of this year's Gold Medal award?

We believe that every reader of PHOTOPLAY has come to deem it a special privilege to be able to take part in this selection each year. After all, you award the medal—your votes are the last word!

The productions to receive this highest honor in all screen-dom in the past were well chosen. And we know that this year, as before, you will think carefully about quality of direction, photography, plot and acting ability of players, before voting for a picture.

There are no rules to follow, no limitations whatever. Simply consider the photoplay of your choice from every possible angle. Did it leave with you a lasting impression as compared with other films you saw during the past year? That is one of the questions you will want to ask yourself.

On this page you will find a list of previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable motion picture dramas.

Remember this array of epic films that won your favor in the past, when voting this year.

You may use the ballot on this page, provided for the purpose, or send a letter naming the picture you feel should be added to the honor roll of Gold Medal winners. The award, of course, goes to the production adjudged best by the greatest number of readers.

But don't misunderstand. It is not necessary that you be a subscriber to PHOTOPLAY Magazine. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year. They try very hard to provide quality entertainment. Your vote will serve as a note of encouragement to these men of the picture industry who strive to please you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY—the moviegoers of the world.

It was in 1921 that PHOTOPLAY first announced its annual award, and from that time on its readers have selected each year what they considered the best production of the previous year. This medal is the only award that comes from the vast army of film lovers themselves.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding productions of 1933. However, you are not limited to these. Any

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920	"HUMORESQUE"
1921	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	"BEAU GESTE"
1927	"7th HEAVEN"
1928	"FOUR SONS"
1929	"DISRAELI"
1930	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931	"CIMARRON"
1932	"SMILIN' THROUGH"

PHOTOPLAY readers each year add one star production to this famous list of Gold Medal winners!

picture that was released in 1933 is eligible. And if it was reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue, you may be quite certain that it is qualified.

THE medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed and made by Tiffany and Company, New York.

The fourteenth annual award of this Nobel prize of the cinema! And, to a world that is fast becoming movie-minded, the selection of the proper material will be an exceedingly important task, indeed. The picture chosen by the readers of PHOTOPLAY sets a very definite standard—provides a new goal for producers to shoot at in the future.

Voting begins now, rather than earlier in the year, so that everyone everywhere will have had an opportunity to see all the pictures released in 1933. It takes time for these productions to reach all parts of the country, and we want all concerned to be in a position to pass good judgment.

Although the polls will not close for two or three

months (the date will be announced in a later issue of PHOTOPLAY), we should like you to send in your ballots early. By signing the coupon below, you will be performing a service for the industry that gives us all many pleasant hours.

The counting of the votes is a big job and, besides, we're naturally anxious to know what you think of the film fare that has been served during the year.

Come on, now, which one shall it be?

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

<i>Adorable</i>	<i>Hold Your Man</i>	<i>Prizefighter and the Lady,</i>
<i>Another Language</i>	<i>I'm No Angel</i>	<i>The</i>
<i>Berkeley Square</i>	<i>King Kong</i>	<i>Reunion in Vienna</i>
<i>Blonde Bombshell, The</i>	<i>Lady for a Day</i>	<i>Roman Scandals</i>
<i>Bowery, The</i>	<i>Little Women</i>	<i>She Done Him Wrong</i>
<i>Cavalcade</i>	<i>Mama Loves Papa</i>	<i>Sign of the Cross</i>
<i>College Humor</i>	<i>Masquerader, The</i>	<i>State Fair</i>
<i>Counsellor-at-Law</i>	<i>Morning Glory, The</i>	<i>Sweepings</i>
<i>Dancing Lady</i>	<i>Night Flight</i>	<i>This Day and Age</i>
<i>Dinner at Eight</i>	<i>One Man's Journey</i>	<i>Today We Live</i>
<i>Double Harness</i>	<i>Only Yesterday</i>	<i>Too Much Harmony</i>
<i>Farewell to Arms, A</i>	<i>Paddy, the Next Best Thing</i>	<i>Topaze</i>
<i>Footlight Parade</i>	<i>Peg o' My Heart</i>	<i>Tugboat Annie</i>
<i>42nd Street</i>	<i>Picture Snatcher</i>	<i>Turn Back the Clock</i>
<i>Gabriel Over the White</i>	<i>Pilgrimage</i>	<i>Voltaire</i>
<i>House</i>	<i>Power and the Glory, The</i>	<i>When Ladies Meet</i>
<i>Gold Diggers of 1933</i>	<i>Private Life of Henry VIII, The</i>	<i>White Sister, The</i>
		<i>Zoo in Budapest</i>

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

•
All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month

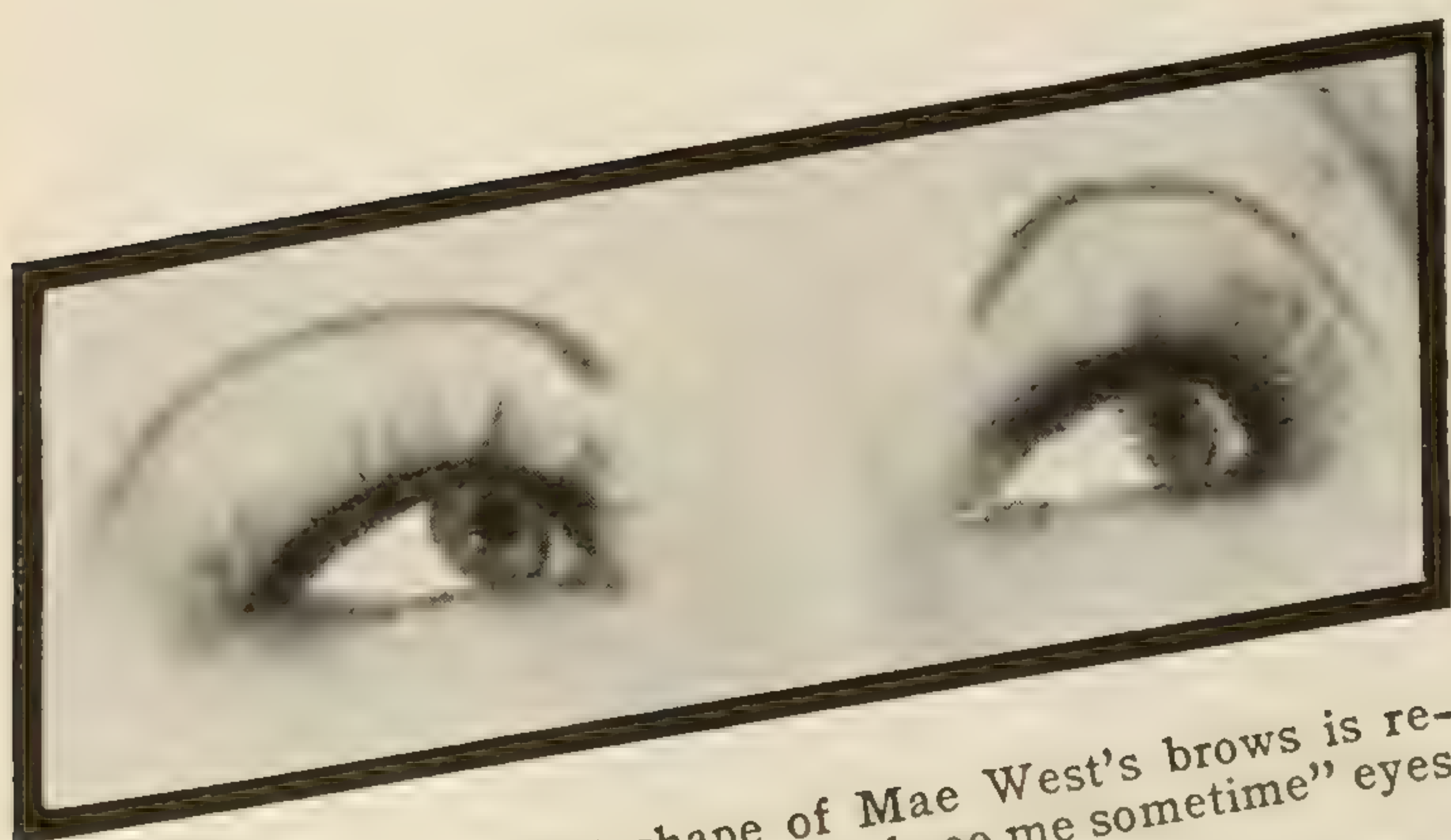


Dennis Phillips creates two nice coiffures for Irene Bentley. Above, her sleekly combed hair has tight curls at back. A separate piece is coiled about her head in coronet fashion and caught with a jeweled clip

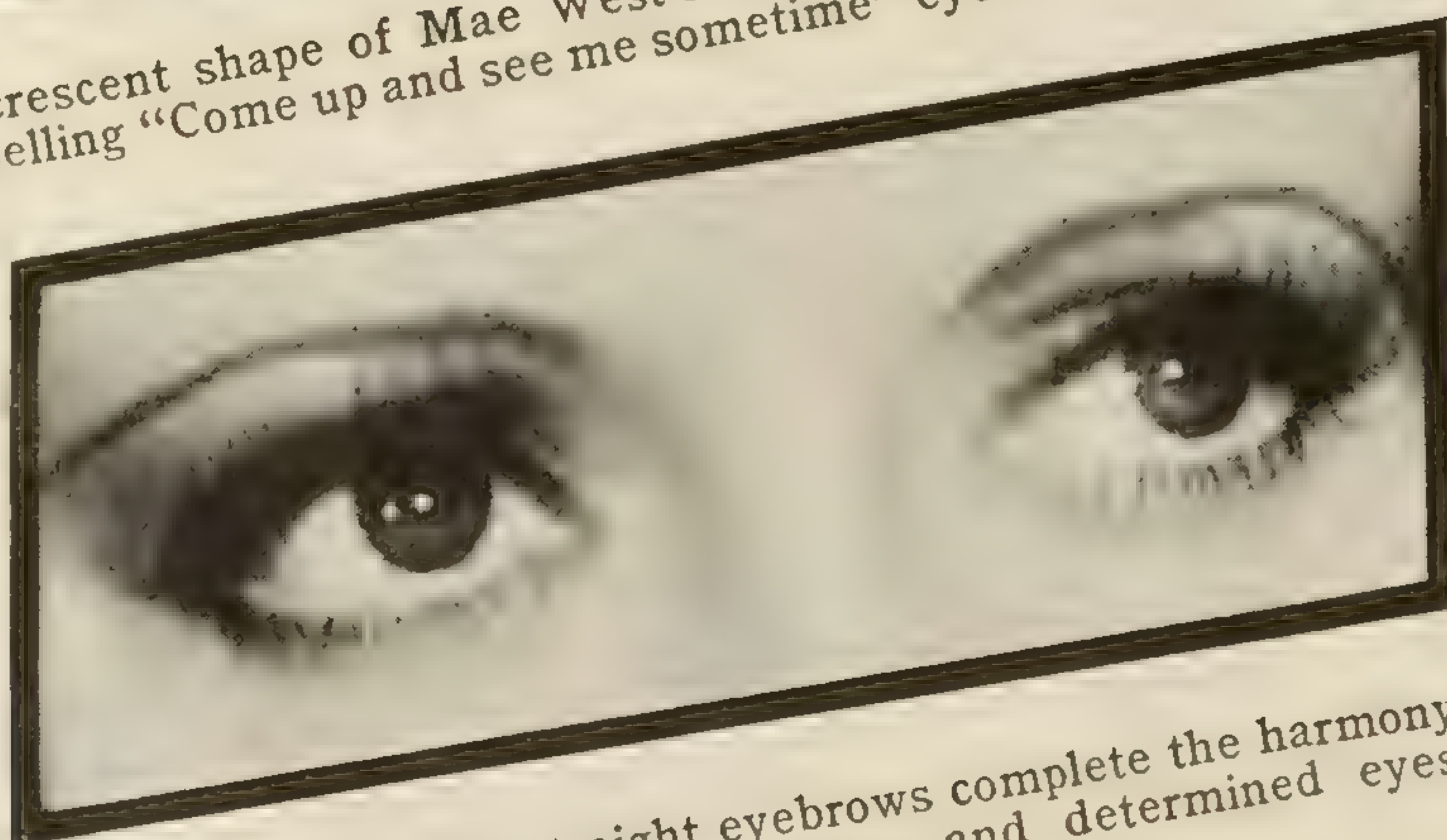


Two views of an interesting and unique coiffure for the sophisticate. Try it only if you have good features like Irene Bentley's. Divide front hair and roll on paper cylinders. Sleek back remaining hair and roll ends in small snail curls. When hair is dry, comb over a curl stick

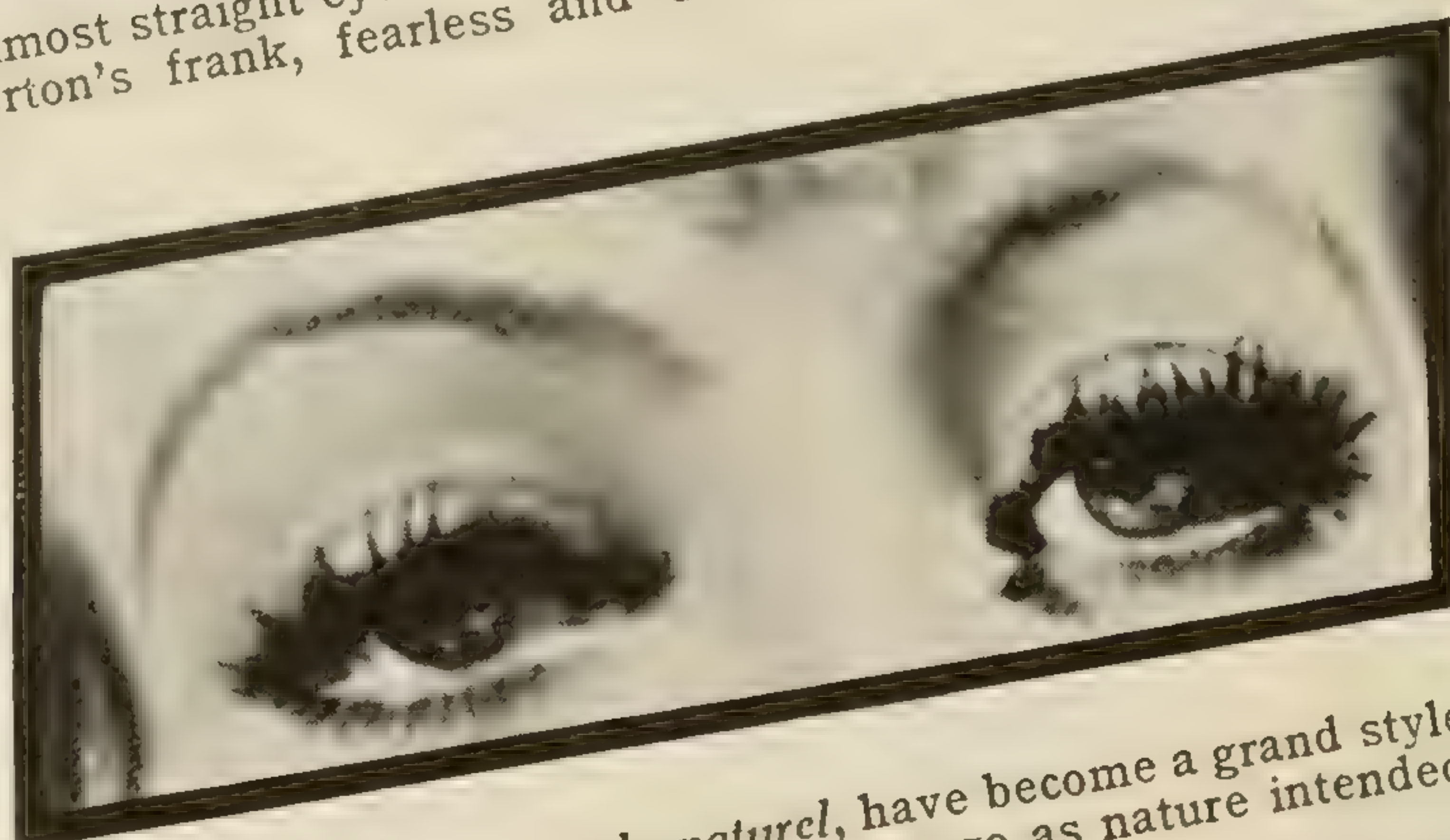
FAMOUS EYEBROWS



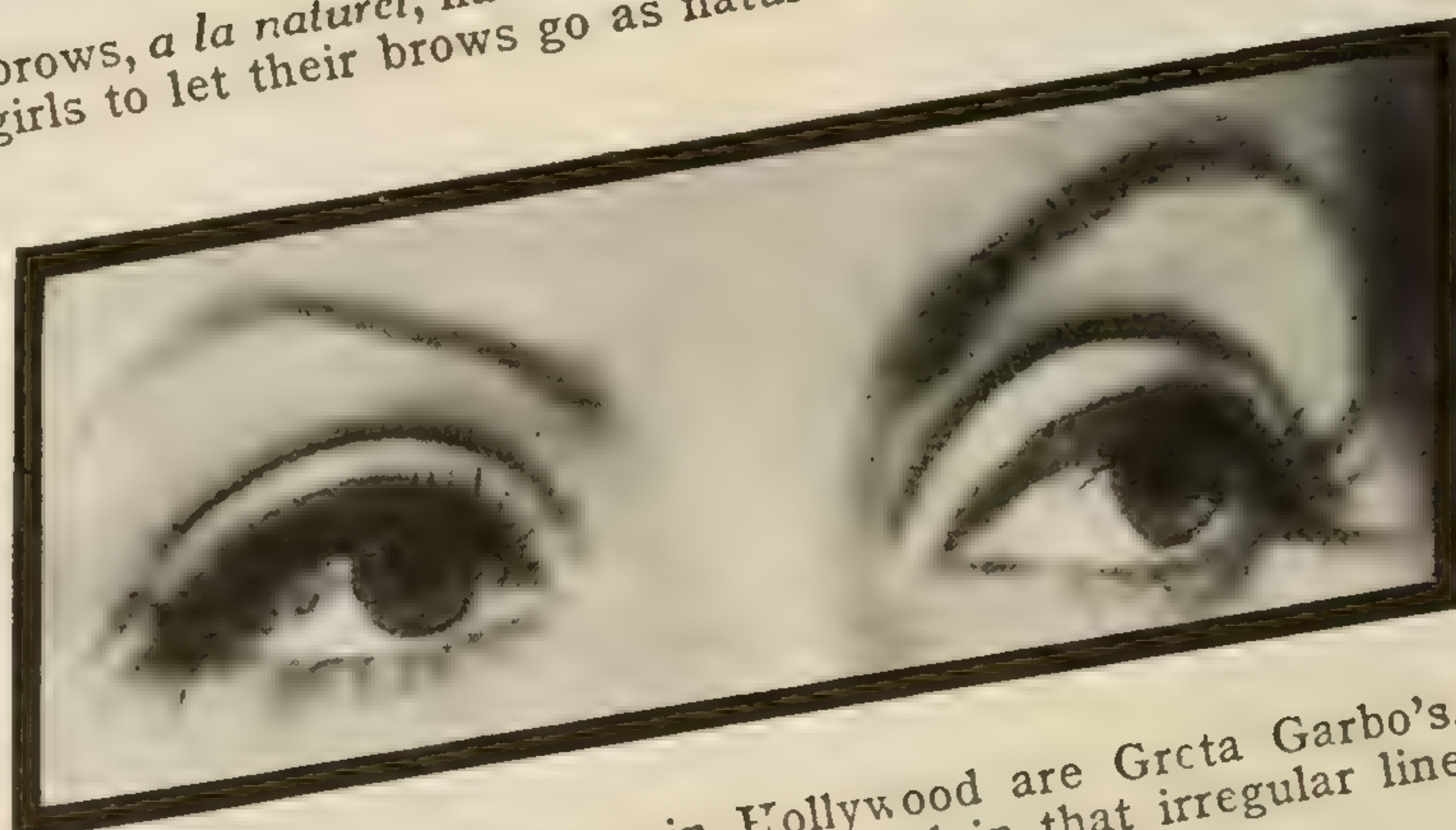
The provocative, crescent shape of Mae West's brows is repeated in her compelling "Come up and see me sometime" eyes



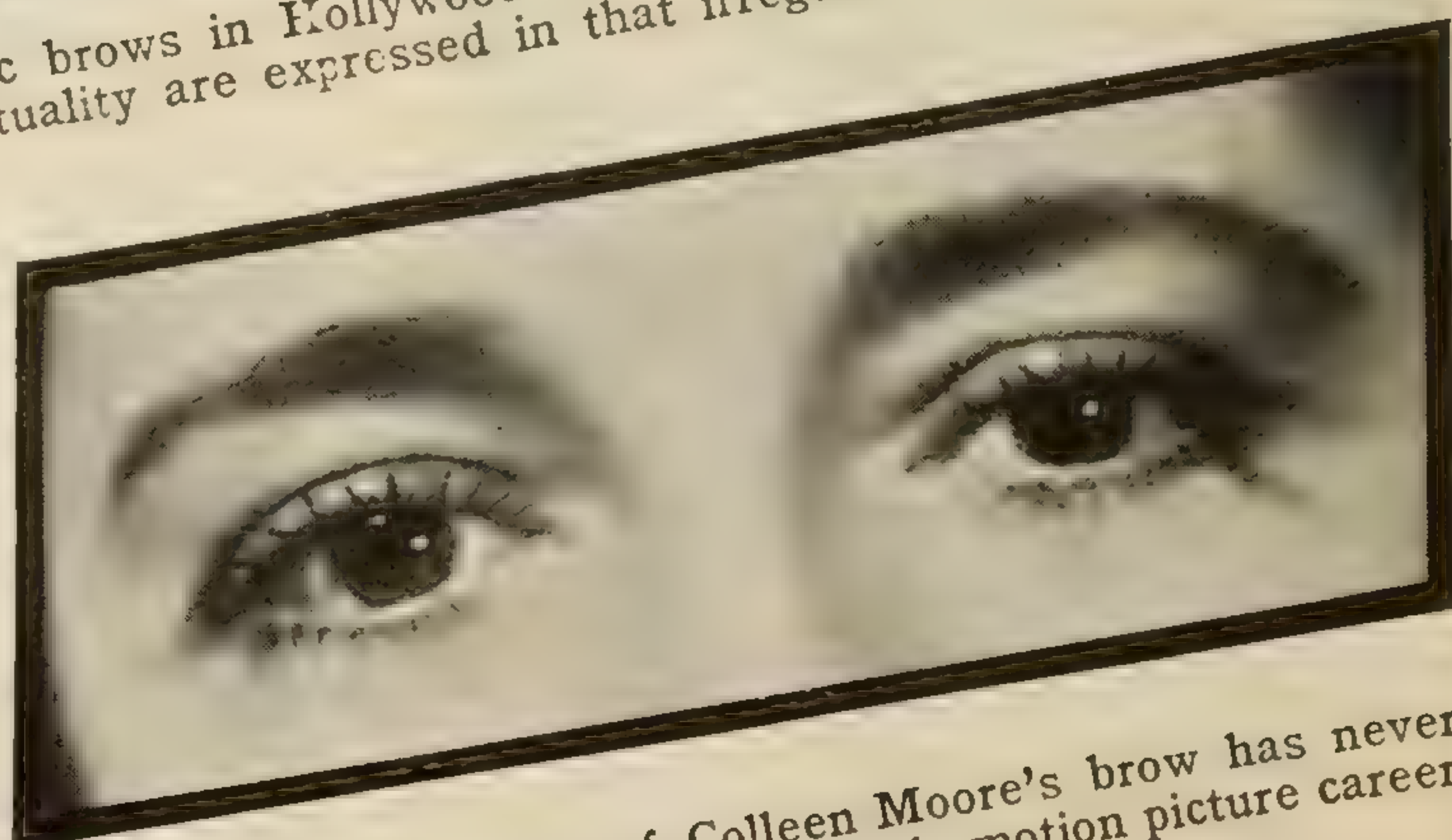
Long, narrow, almost straight eyebrows complete the harmony of Ruth Chatterton's frank, fearless and determined eyes



Joan Crawford's brows, *a la naturel*, have become a grand style signal for many girls to let their brows go as nature intended



The most dramatic brows in Hollywood are Greta Garbo's. Strength and spirituality are expressed in that irregular line



The strong, natural line of Colleen Moore's brow has never changed in her whole motion picture career

The brow of today serves just one purpose—face ornamentation. When man was first emerging from the Dawn Age, the brow probably served another purpose. We are told that its purpose on the face was that of a watershed, an umbrella you might say, to keep rain and obstacles out of the eyes. Those were the days when a brow was a brow!

We don't need the watershed effect today. It wouldn't help with bits of soot and wind-blown dust. But we do need that line of decoration. Blot the brows from any face, and the result is one of startling nakedness.

Two charming examples of normal brows are Norma Shearer's and Colleen Moore's. Norma's brows are a dark brown, like her hair; Colleen's are black. You can look at early pictures of Colleen and see that her brow line has never changed. You can do the same with Norma.

Jean Harlow and Clara Bow are interesting eyebrow cases, because they haven't any. That is, they keep them removed when working in pictures to facilitate make-up. These girls use a fine, pencil-line brow, you know.

Jean's are good on the screen for her type. I always felt that Clara could do much better with her brows. She proved this in "Hoopla," in which they were gently arched—far more becoming than the straight line she used to affect.

Pert Kelton's brows are about the most amazing I have seen. So straight you almost expect them to turn upward at both ends. But

EVER so often a beauty trend starts in Hollywood, sweeps over the United States and dies in South America or Australia. Who could ever forget the platinum blonde wave, the Greta Garbo bob vogue, or the eyebrow high altitude records?

Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo come off with first and second honors in those cycles. But credit for the high, thin eyebrow is more vague. An ex-director from the film colony once said to me, "The first narrow, skylarking brows came to us from Lil Dagover in 'The Woman from Monte Carlo.' Then Garbo adopted them and most of Hollywood followed." That's his story, anyway. And it is true that Garbo's early photographs show a thickish brow.

But all is changed, as you shall see. Now the warning is emblazoned from Hollywood—let your brows grow!

One studio says that eighty per cent of Hollywood's players are now going *a la naturel*, so far as eyebrows are concerned, and in proof of this offers the examples of Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford and many other actresses.

This trend is as exciting as any of those that have gone before, and far more sensible. Because it can do something very nice for faces that for years have sacrificed a natural brow line. So before you go off for that next brow shaping, readers, think twice what you are about. No girl, of course, will ever go back to ungroomed eyebrows. But you can take a good lesson from Hollywood if you will forget promiscuous shaping, let your own grow and groom them without marring the natural line.

FROM HOLLYWOOD

they add an impudent piquancy to her face and fit in well with her screen rôles. Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford have the same type of brow—rugged, strong lines, whose character is definitely reflected in both players' eyes.

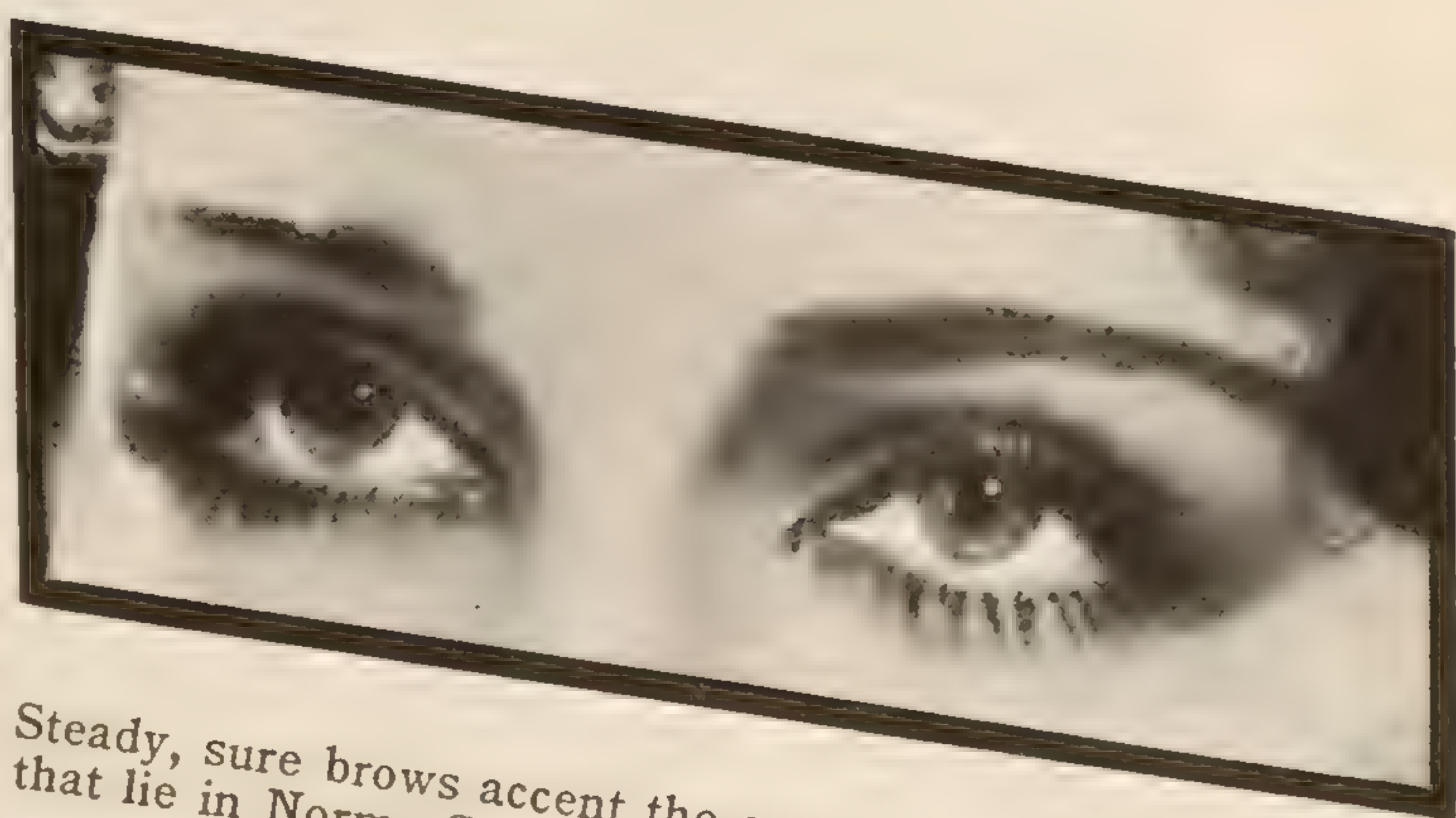
The general shaping of brows more or less to one pattern has been a big mistake. Brows are no more alike than other features of the face. One girl in a hundred could stand the Marlene Dietrich line. Yet this happens to be natural with that star. Only blondes with perfect features and big, colorful eyes should try the Jean Harlow lilt. Yet we've seen it on one blonde out of five for years now. The crescent shape of Mae West's brows happens to be in perfect accord with the shape of her eyes and even the lift of her upper lip. Here, every line is in harmony. Ruth Chatterton's longish, oval eyes are framed in modified brows of just that type.

I could go on and on with comments. Because, you see, the stars know the dramatic value of eyebrows, and each tells a story in her way. It has been said of the screen face that brows and mouths are the strongest focus points.

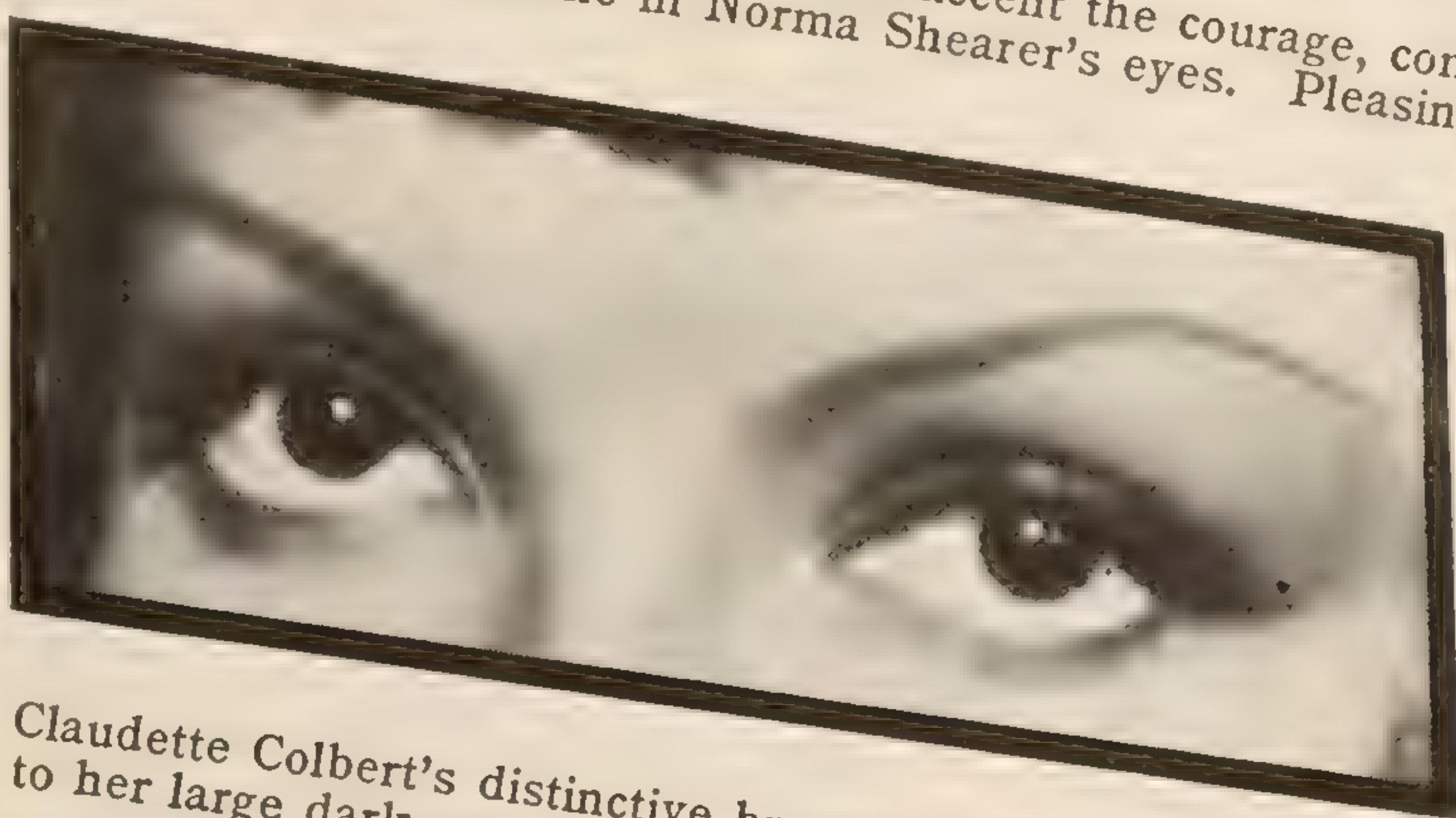
Then, that's more or less true of us, too.

Let's all start a little campaign for bigger and better eyebrows. It's bound to be an interesting experiment, whether or not you decide to stick by the new order. The point is to get a natural line once more.

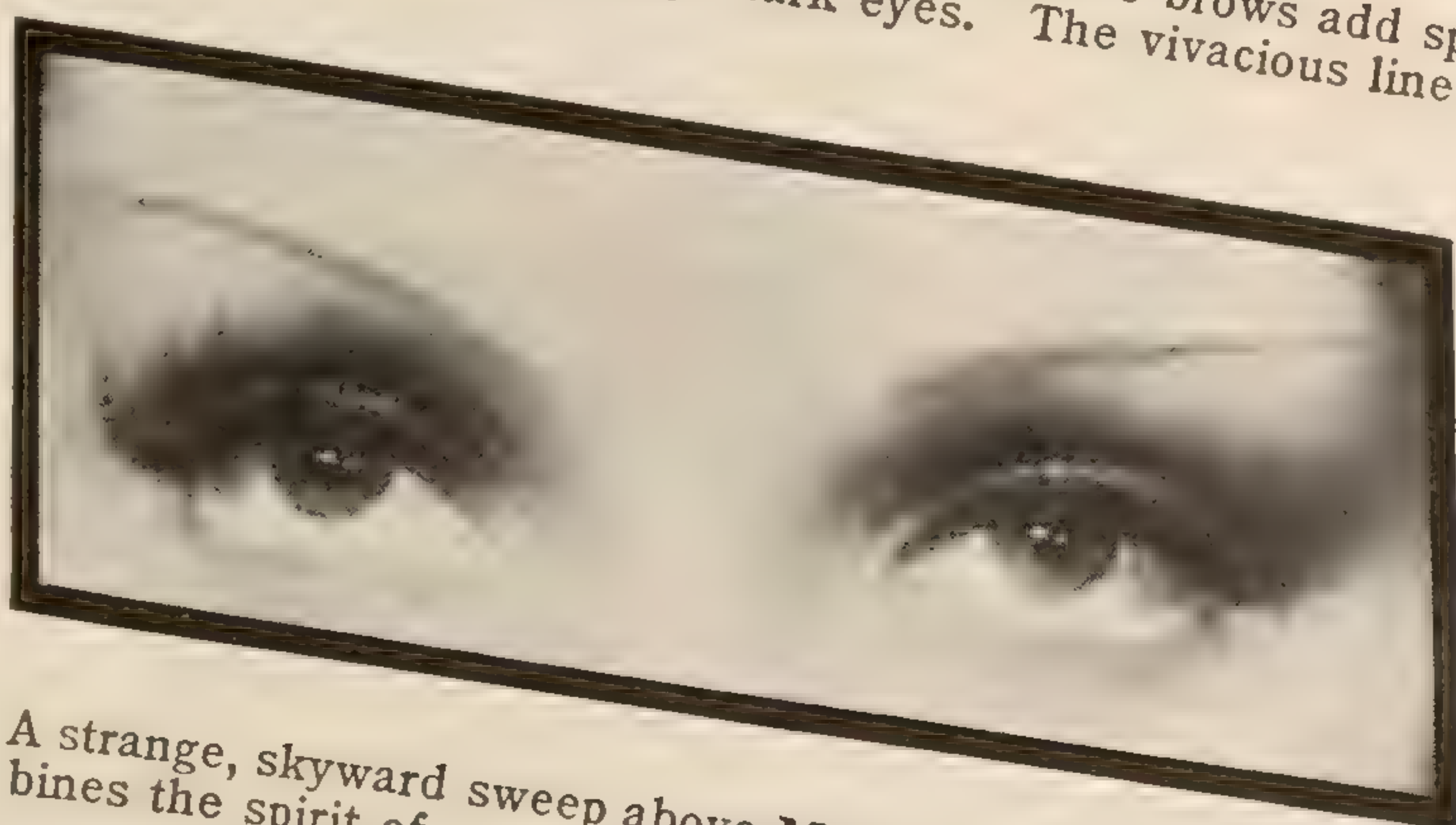
This doesn't mean that you must go around with shaggy, unkempt brows. You'll always need tweezers.



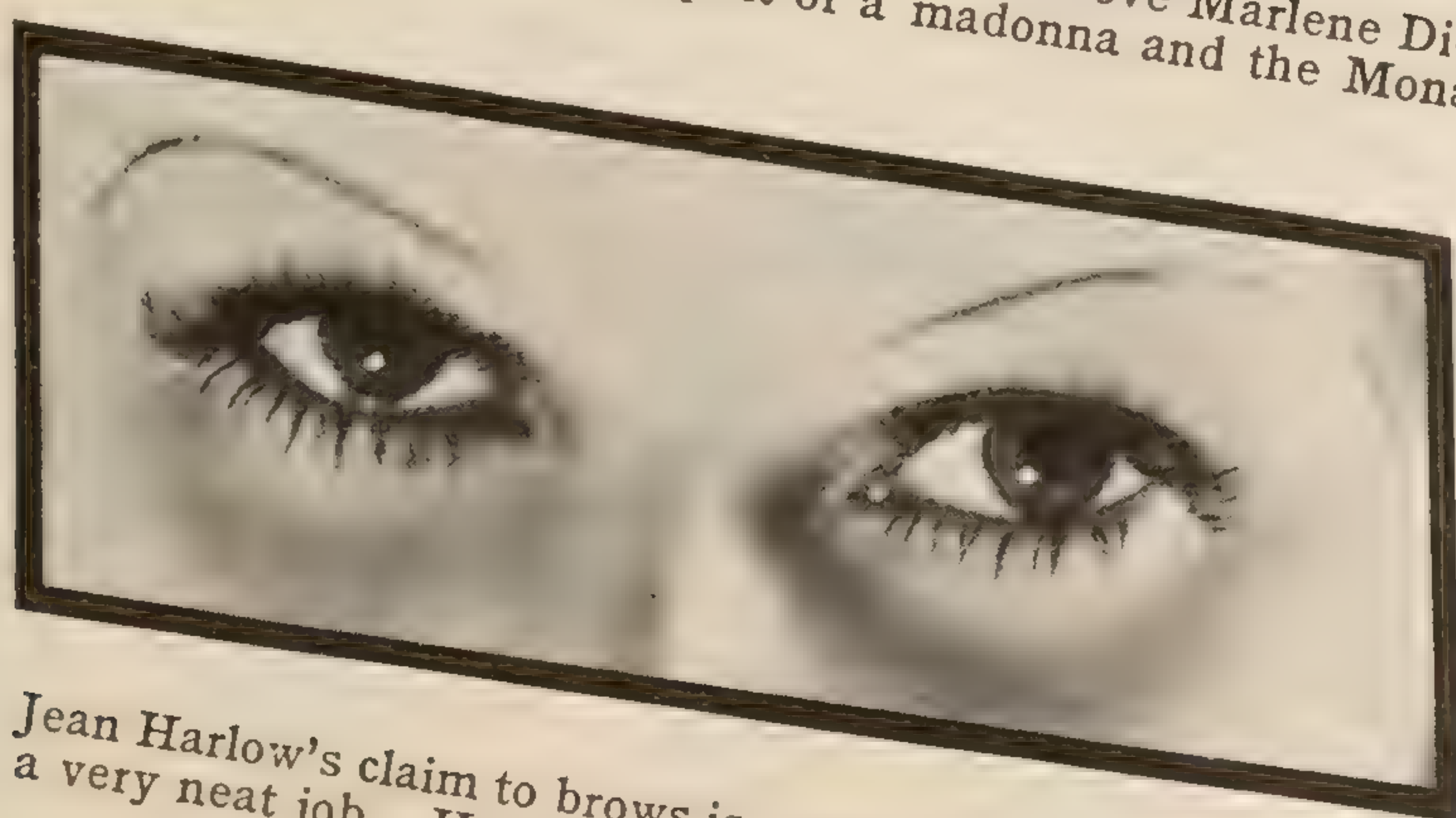
Steady, sure brows accent the courage, confidence and charm that lie in Norma Shearer's eyes. Pleasing and lovely brows



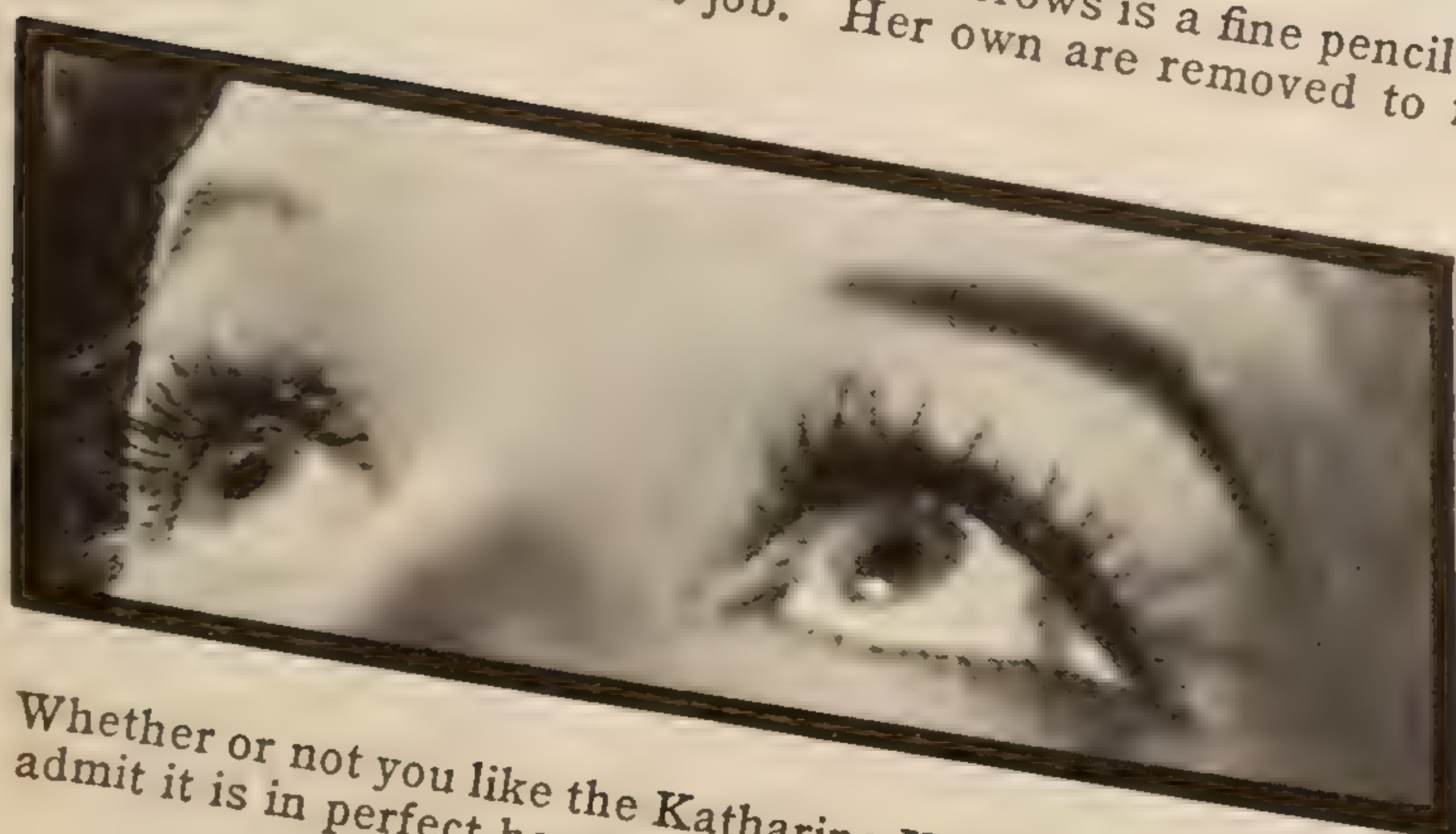
Claudette Colbert's distinctive brows add sparkle and vivacity to her large dark eyes. The vivacious line is always upward



A strange, skyward sweep above Marlene Dietrich's eyes combines the spirit of a madonna and the Mona Lisa in her face



Jean Harlow's claim to brows is a fine pencil mark, which does a very neat job. Her own are removed to facilitate make-up



Whether or not you like the Katharine Hepburn brow, you must admit it is in perfect harmony with her face

Because almost every brow has little stragglers that mar the clear-cut line. This you must preserve. Tweeze out the stray hairs above and below the brow and from between the upper nose space. If your skin is sensitive, first apply cotton wrung out of hot water. This opens the pores and makes the process less painful. When you've finished your job, apply a little cream.

The perfect brow, Hollywood make-up experts tell us, harmonizes with the general shape and expression of the eye. That is the perfect brow, mind you. But nature goes askew once in a while and does very interesting things with brows. Sometimes you will see the most demure eyes framed by saucy, contradictory brows. Elissa Landi, for example, has one perfectly arched brow, while the other breaks in a quizzical point just above the eye pupil. The effect is charming. Notice that she preserves it on the screen too.

Perc Westmore, studio make-up expert, says that the brow should be just as high above the eye as the eye is wide, and that it should be just as long as the eye. Many fail to approach the length standard because their brows taper at the end and the hairs are often light and fine. A subtle touch of your eyebrow pencil here gives you the perfect line. Or you can make those ends grow by the nightly use of a lash grower or white vaseline. This takes time, of course.

In using your pencil at the outer ends, don't droop or lift the brow exaggeratedly. Follow the natural line.

Little Ways to Heighten Your Loveliness



A good nail tip from Martha Sleeper. After applying lacquer, run the tip of an orange-wood stick lightly around cuticle to free it of clinging polish. Lacquer will sometimes settle there

If the hairs of your brows are long and strong, you will get a most natural effect by darkening your brows in this special manner. Instead of drawing a straight line with your pencil, draw a series of short, upward-slanting lines. Then brush into line with an upward movement. This will give you the effect of Greta Garbo's or Joan Crawford's brows.

If you are blonde, black brows are often distinctive and flattering. But we all know that the blonde with



When space between eyes and brows is broad, as with Rochelle Hudson, a touch of brown shadow reduces the apparent width. This tone is softening and flattering to all colored eyes



Just touch your dampened mascara brush to the cake and pass lightly over brows for natural darkening accent, suggests Lona Andre. Brush trains them in neat line, too

black brows is a rarity. So decide whether you want the often charming but artificial touch of the black brow, or whether you'd like to be more in natural harmony with a brown brow. Red-heads, unless of the dark auburn type, can never get away with black brows. They are hardening and false looking. The right touch for them is brown, which carries out a perfect color scheme with the hair. Red-heads may, however, use either black or brown mascara with good effect.

Hollywood contributes one gorgeous eye make-up trick for blondes. Leave your brows fairly natural, but [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

The reasons women give for preferring Camels

WOMEN seem to want three things in a cigarette—that it doesn't make their nerves jumpy, that it is mild without being flat, and that it has a fine flavor they don't tire of. That is why they like Camels.

"I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

"Camels are smooth and rich and certainly prove that a cigarette can be mild without being flat or sweetish," comments Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"The mild taste of Camels is always delicious," says Mrs. James Russell Lowell, "and they never get on my nerves which I consider important."

Of course it is important. No one wants jangled nerves. Smoke Camels and you will appreciate why Camel pays millions more for its tobaccos.



Washington

"I thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel—it relaxes me—and I don't tire of their taste."

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Boston

"I like Camels best because they are rich and mild and don't make me nervous."

MRS. POWELL CABOT



New York

"There must be better tobacco in Camels because I never get tired of their smooth, rich flavor."

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN, II



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"I Want A Baby"

- PHOTOPLAY has not published a fiction serial in five years. Our editors have read and considered hundreds of stories, searching for one that moves with the snap and speed and compelling action of a great screen drama—
- A story that is a fast stepping, engrossing, colorful romance, with a tremendous love theme as its motivating force—universal in its appeal. And now, at last

PHOTOPLAY Has Found It!

- A story pulsating with the spirit of life as we live it today. Mothers and fathers will shed tears over it. Sweethearts will thrill to it. You have never read any story like it. We dare to prophesy that it will be the fiction sensation of the year.

• • •

- A story that reveals the hopes, the longings of the new generation. Riches, poverty, the kaleidoscopic whirl of New York life—and a great love that nothing can touch or destroy—a love that breaks through all barriers.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is proud and happy to announce

The sensational serial by Marilyn Herd

"I Want A Baby"

Beginning in the May issue, on sale at all news stands April 5

"The Jungle Is No Place For a Woman"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

"You see, the hunting party starts out with tame Ceylon elephants as decoys with which to herd the wild elephants," Mrs. Buck explained. "They get these elephants together and wash them thoroughly before the hunt. This removes any scents strange to the wild elephants, which might cause them to shy away.

"FRANK and his native boy servants had prepared the elephants, and they started into the jungle for a long stretch in their search for the wild beasts.

"No radio, no telephones, no letters, not a line of communication of any kind for weeks. It seemed years. For rounding up wild elephants is one of the most dangerous of all the hunts.

"They are such powerful beasts that they could crush out human life with a little push. Strangely enough, native black boys believe a woman to be bad luck to elephant hunters, just as mimers in this country feel skeptical about having a woman around a mine.

"My husband did not expect me to go with him into the jungle this time. But I often wished I had gone along. For the suspense of those weeks was dreadful.

"Finally, they brought in their herd of wild elephants. But Frank had been hurt. A python had sprung at him from a bush, and in a flash had wrapped itself around one arm. He was almost paralyzed after a few seconds of the big snake's powerful constriction. But he had quick judgment enough to draw his revolver with his free hand and shoot the reptile from his arm.

"Gradually, they told me, the snake let up on his grip and fell to the ground.

"Frank's arm was bruised and swollen for a long while. But I had much to be thankful for that he had gotten back at all, alive.

"SOME of the men told me about the elephant hunt. Frank never likes to let me think the jungle is a place of terror. He insists, to me, that animals are not dangerous unless you mistreat them."

The elephant hunt, it would seem, is one of the shrewdest pieces of huntsman's strategy imaginable. The decoy elephants are driven into the jungle and they set up their call. Wild elephants hear them and herd. The tame elephants surround the wild ones and corral them into an area of about ten acres. Then four of the boys drive their own elephants into the corral and surround one of the wild elephants. They shackle the captive's legs to the legs of the tame one on either side. The forward and rear elephants move away—and off marches the wild elephant like a prisoner handcuffed to two giants, one on each side of him.

Speaking of housekeeping in the jungle country, the few times Mrs. Buck has had to set up camp near the edge of the danger zone, she has found keeping house a far simpler task than one might imagine. Even simpler, she says, than summer camping in our own comparatively civilized country.

ALL water must be boiled to make it drinkable, but this process is carried out by the native servants. They can be hired in abundance for the price of one ordinary cook or maid servant in America.

And many servants are required for "Mem" and "Tuan"—which are the respective Hindu terms for Mr. and Mrs.—as each servant does only one task.

The shoe-polisher, for example, will not make beds. And the bed-maker will not clean house. And the house cleaners will not wash "Mem's" laundry.

The houses are built of thatched palm leaves and bamboo, and divided into sections rather than rooms. Charcoal for cooking is obtained by burning bamboo wood.

Native boys gather it, build a mound of earth around it and set it afire, so that it burns into a hard, dry charcoal.

This was the sort of camp Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck set up at Jahore after they left Singapore in February, 1933, to prepare for their journey into the interior.

"There are wild fruits and herbs, and the

strange concoctions which only the natives know how to make," said Mrs. Buck. "It may not be as palatable as lobster *Thermidor*, but then it is awfully good for the figure—you just can't eat much of it."

I THINK one of the most interesting accounts of this very interesting couple is the manner in which they met five years ago.

Muriel Reiley was living in San Francisco at the time. And Frank Buck, as yet unheralded for his daring adventures in the jungle, had come quietly into San Francisco harbor with a cargo of Asiatic animals.

Muriel read about these creatures, and her curiosity was aroused to the extent of going down to the pier warehouse to take a look at them.

It was there she met Frank Buck, who proudly explained about his wild friends. And that day marked the beginning of a friendship which ripened into a more sentimental relationship as weeks passed on.

"We were married in San Francisco," Mrs. Buck told me, "and went on our honeymoon to China, where Frank had his headquarters. We've made that part of the world our real home ever since.

And now, when we get back occasionally to the dear old United States, it feels more like a visit than a home-coming."

Ali, their native servant, who has been with Frank Buck for fifteen years, regards America with the same fear Mrs. Buck displays for the jungle country.

IF ALI could speak English, you'd be sure to hear him say:

"This country with its wild autos and wild people is no place for anybody—much less a native black boy, who has to choke himself with a stiff collar just to come into a hotel lobby."

For Ali screamed like a leopard when a well-meaning haberdashery clerk on Broadway tried to get a stiff collar about his unaccustomed throat. He thought he was being choked in a white man's trap.

The Big Smash of the Air—

Borden's "45 Minutes in Hollywood"

Every Saturday, Cal York, PHOTOPLAY's star reporter, throws open the doors of the studios and gives you the most absorbing, the most exciting, forty-five minutes of entertainment you have ever had. You'll hear the stars talk, laugh—you'll have a share in their thrilling goings-on that are often as dramatic, as colorful, as the pictures they make.

In addition, "45 Minutes in Hollywood" will give you a radio dramatization of one of the big motion pictures about to be released.

Great drama, grand music, amusing and exciting episodes and—THE VOICES OF THE STARS!

For Cal York at his best, presenting the greatest show of the week, tune in every Saturday night on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

8 P. M. Eastern Time
7 P. M. Central Time
6 P. M. Rocky Mountain Time

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING— M-G-M

THE story of a scheming old woman who has devoted her life to the pursuit of gold. May Robson is particularly fitted to this characterization, but her miserly tactics, in view of the tremendous fortune she is hoarding, are exaggerated. An excellent cast includes William Bakewell, as May's son, Jean Parker and Lewis Stone. Costumes and settings are authentic.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia

HAPPENINGS during one day in a big hospital. There's romance—Ralph Bellamy and nurse Fay Wray. And drama—in a delicate brain operation which head surgeon Walter Connolly starts and Bellamy finishes, thereby winning the hospital management. The film is skilfully directed, and you're bound to like it, even though operations are not your specialty. Mary Carlisle and Walter Byron.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners

THE experiences of two "trouble shooters" for the telephone company—Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins. Joan Blondell, switchboard operator, gets in a jam with racketeers, but Pat saves the day by tapping the lines. O'Brien wisecracks his way through an excellent performance. Action is exciting, dialogue racy, and there's just never a dull moment. Glenda Farrell as a phony psychic, Eugene Pallette.

LOVE BIRDS—Universal

SLIM SUMMERVILLE-ZASU PITTS admirers will cheer the exceptionally fine performances of their comedy favorites. A series of misadventures finally land the two, as a pair of suckers, into separate ownership of the same run-down desert rancho. As ZaSu's sweet little nephew, Mickey Rooney creates many amusing incidents. Lots of action.

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox

A LIVELY little story with laughs galore. Wealthy mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin go to New York, George falls in love with Mary Brian, a gold-digger, takes her back home and all sorts of misunderstandings and comical situations arise. Betty Blythe, Roger Imhof, Russell Simpson. Different for its lack of sophistication.

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount

ROWDY fun with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe together again. This time the boys are divers on a salvage ship owned by Sally Blane. The boys' rivalry over Sally, climaxed with a breath-taking battle on a speeding roller coaster and a deep sea rescue, makes for good entertainment. Minna Gombell and Christian Rub keep things rolling along.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio

THE story of a man's devotion to a horse. Walter Huston, a cavalry man, falls heir to *Rodney*. What the man becomes when the horse is temporarily taken away from him, their experiences through the war, his complete sacrifice, even to removing his stripes to remain with *Rodney*, tell the story. Huston superb, Frances Dee good, Minna Gombell, Frank Conroy.

EASY TO LOVE—Warners

PHILANDERING husband Adolphe Menjou falls for wife Genevieve Tobin's best friend, Mary Astor. Whereupon wife fakes an affair with another friend, Edward Everett Horton, who has always silently adored her. Daughter Patricia Ellis effects a reconciliation in a surprising manner. It's a bright, cheery little film, and you'll find it amusing.



Well, Dick Barthelmess can get away with it! He has the figure to play a circus star, who goes into big business, in "A Modern Hero"

DEVIL TIGER—Fox

HARROWING experiences in the Malay jungle, when a party—Harry Woods, Kane Richmond, Marion Burns, and a company of natives—set out to trap the man-eating Devil Tiger. In this exciting account, you see many jungle beasts in fierce combat—sights not intended for timorous souls. A romantic thread winds its way through the thin story.

THE GIRL IN THE CASE— Screen Art Prod.

MAKING his debut as an American producer, Dr. Eugen Frenke, Anna Sten's husband, offers a phantasmagoria about clownish Jimmy Savo conveying nude Dorothy Darling from the lake in his bull fiddle case. The music is lovely, but dialogue, direction and story are poor. In all, it's a pretty bewildering affair.

MANDALAY—First National

TOO bad that the story doesn't come up to the atmosphere. You fairly breathe Rangoon and Mandalay. Kay Francis is sadly miscast as the shady lady whom Ricardo Cortez deserts in a Rangoon dive. He reappears when she is about to make "another start" with that nice Lyle Talbot. So Kay very conveniently poisons him. Cast tries hard, but it's no use.

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.

DONE in Technicolor with an all-native cast on the Island of Bali, this film venture of the Marquis de la Falaise, husband of Constance Bennett, provides entertainment of a rare variety. The simple tale has as a background the odd rituals, dances and cremation ceremonies of the South Sea Islanders. Charming musical score, and effective photography.

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox

JUST a dull yarn, the theme of which gets well tangled, but it's about Wynne Gibson trying to be bad because her pal's baby is hungry. A stag party gets too rough and when Wynne walks out, the mayor's son picks her up. Preston Foster is a former suitor. Don't blame the cast. They couldn't do anything about it.

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia

INSTEAD of being all agog over the outcome of this murder mystery, one feels as if he had taken a sleeping potion. The story as illustrated is being outlined by a police lieutenant to a young sleuth. The star detective in this case of cases is Ralph Bellamy, and June Collyer provides the feminine allure. If mysteries are your dish, this will pass.

THE MORNING AFTER— British International

A COMBINATION of romantic adventure and grand comedy makes this English film delightful entertainment. Ben Lyon is at his best as the young blade for whom the "morning after" holds, instead of a hangover, Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers and firing squads. Humor runs high throughout. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top acting honors.

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram

ACCEPTABLE melodrama in the typical Edgar Wallace manner. A radio-controlled ship, with engines sealed, leaves port and be-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

How Barbara Stanwyck keeps stockings smooth-fitting — cuts down Runs

This Hollywood method will work for YOU

Smooth-fitting stockings that cling to your legs are a delicious bit of flattery any girl can win for herself just as the Hollywood stars do.

Lux care for stockings saves the elasticity they have when new. Then stockings can give under strain, spring right back without breaking. That's why Lux keeps stockings perfect in fit . . . cuts down runs, too!

In fact, Hollywood uses Lux for

all lovely washable things. Barbara Stanwyck says: "My maid uses Lux for all my washable things—sweaters, blouses, dresses, negligees, stockings, too. It's so safe—and it keeps things like new twice as long."

Hollywood's 2-minute way to keep stockings lovely

Lux stockings after every wearing. Don't risk soaps containing harmful alkali or rubbing with cake soap. These things ruin elasticity . . . stockings get baggy, wrinkle easily . . . the least strain may start a run. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Barbara Stanwyck, Warner Bros. star of "Gambling Lady," says: "I couldn't get along without Lux! Colors come out perfectly—like new!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios



"We use Lux in this wardrobe department," says N. W. McKenzie, (right) wardrobe director at Warner Bros.-First National Studios, "because it keeps stockings and costumes new longer. They look swell! Lux cuts down cleaning bills, too. As a means of saving real cash, it would pay us to use Lux even if it cost \$1.00 a box."



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

Is Walt Disney A Menace To Our Children?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

front of her like a trainer trying to prod a roar out of a lion. All I got for my pains was:

"The child who cried in terror at the sight of the smoke ogres in 'Lullaby Land' may have been an unusually sensitive one, or one much too young for that kind of story. The Big, Bad Wolf in 'Three Little Pigs' is really more amusing than terrifying. Much too ladylike, if you ask me."

And so on, down to Professor Shaw, the man who never failed a reporter in search of a good quote. He is ninth in descent from John Alden, Miles Standish's stooge, he reports in *Who's Who*, in which same volume you may read that on September 13, 1916, he walked from Philadelphia to New York in twenty-three hours and forty minutes. And what did I get out of the man who started the whistling moron feud? This is what I got:

"WHEN people criticize fairy tales as being bad for children, they think that they are living in the same world as the child. They aren't. As for the child who cried at the ogres, children are crying all the time. The emotional reaction amounts to very little. When grown-ups take more than a passing interest in fairy tales on the screen, it is a sign of infantilism." I wonder if that last was a wisecrack.

I am not very well up on such things myself, but friends who claim that they are, tell me that the Little Red School House, a private educational institution, is one of the most advanced and progressive schools for children in the country. Here, if anywhere, I figured, I should be able to unearth a good, ringing denunciation of fairy tales in general and the Silly Symphonies in particular, as Public Enemy No. 1.

I must admit that Miss Elizabeth Irwin, principal, did better by me than anyone else. Miss Irwin is not what you would call a movie devotee. But, at the same time, she is not particularly opposed to fairy tales, not even the scarey ones. There was nothing about Sinister Symphonies or Mickey the Menace to be had out of her. But she did consent to damn Mickey and his pals with faint praise (or praise them with faint damns), when she said that these animated cartoons are the most harmless current motion picture fare.

THE next stop was at the offices of the United Parents' Associations of the Greater New York Schools, where I talked with Mrs. Henry S. Pascal, chairman of the board. I asked her:

1. Does her organization hate Walt Disney?
2. Does she, for goodness' sake, know of anyone who does, and will say so?

The answer was a decided "no" in both cases; and, in addition, I found out that the U. P. A. had just been sponsoring a special Disney program. Mrs. Pascal, incidentally, is delighted with the discovery of a form of entertainment that appeals equally to parent and child. So that was that, and I went on to Columbia University, where I blundered into a few wrong offices and finally wound up in the department of elementary education, where most of these fairy tale fights happen.

I had as nice a talk as you could ask with Miss Jean Betzner and Miss Alice Dalglish of the faculty, and Miss Annie Moore, a former

gliesh, for example, thinks that Mickey is a tremendous contribution—which is her privilege, of course, but by this time I was getting pretty sick of the chorus of praise. As a matter of fact, I caught myself muttering, "This guy Disney isn't so much, and if I had any kids, they'd go to see Mickey Mouse only over my dead body."

At this point it occurred to me that it might be a good idea to go to the library and see what I could find. So I nosed around a little, and the first I knew I ran into this Professor Overstreet again—I mean, some more dope on him. You'll remember that I had already

heard rumors that a few years ago he was going around town making cracks about fairy tales. Well, what I found now set me to singing "Happy Days Are Here Again!" This is just a sample—

"And now parents insist on inflicting this primitivism, this pathetic infantilism of the race on their children, forcing them to think uncasualy, magically, miraculously, forcing them to habituate themselves to the technique of dreamy wish-fulfillment."

"Oh, boy," I told myself, "what the man who said that about fairy tales would say about Disney is just nobody's business!"

I CALLED the College of the City of New York. I got Professor Overstreet. And he was very, very nice. He said he would like to see me, but he was about to leave town. He was most sorry.

Somewhere I have read that fairy-tale hating gets you. I mean, after a while you can't let it alone. A confirmed fairy-tale hater will leave wife, home, family, friends, give up all if he sees a chance to hate fairy tales. So I thought I would tantalize the professor. I reminded him of past statements, and said that what I wanted to interview him about was whether that went for "Three Little Pigs," too.

I guess what it boils down to is that Professor Overstreet is not really a confirmed fairy-tale hater, because he didn't break down. I could actually feel him smiling over the telephone. Maybe I got him wrong. I was pretty much unnerved. But I'd swear that he replied, "Well, I may have revised my opinions since then." I've heard that "may have revised" line before. Maybe it didn't mean this time what it usually does, but I figured it would be a waste of time to check up. Was my face red? No. By this time it was blue.

But I was still game. After all, Professor Overstreet is just a philosopher.

I still had the psychiatrists to fall back on, and my experience is that psychiatrists are against [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Dr. Brill Analyzes Walt Disney's Masterpieces

HERE is the verdict of Dr. A. A. Brill, internationally famous psychiatrist, on the effects of Walt Disney's creations on both the child and the adult mind. His is the last word in modern psychology on the subject:

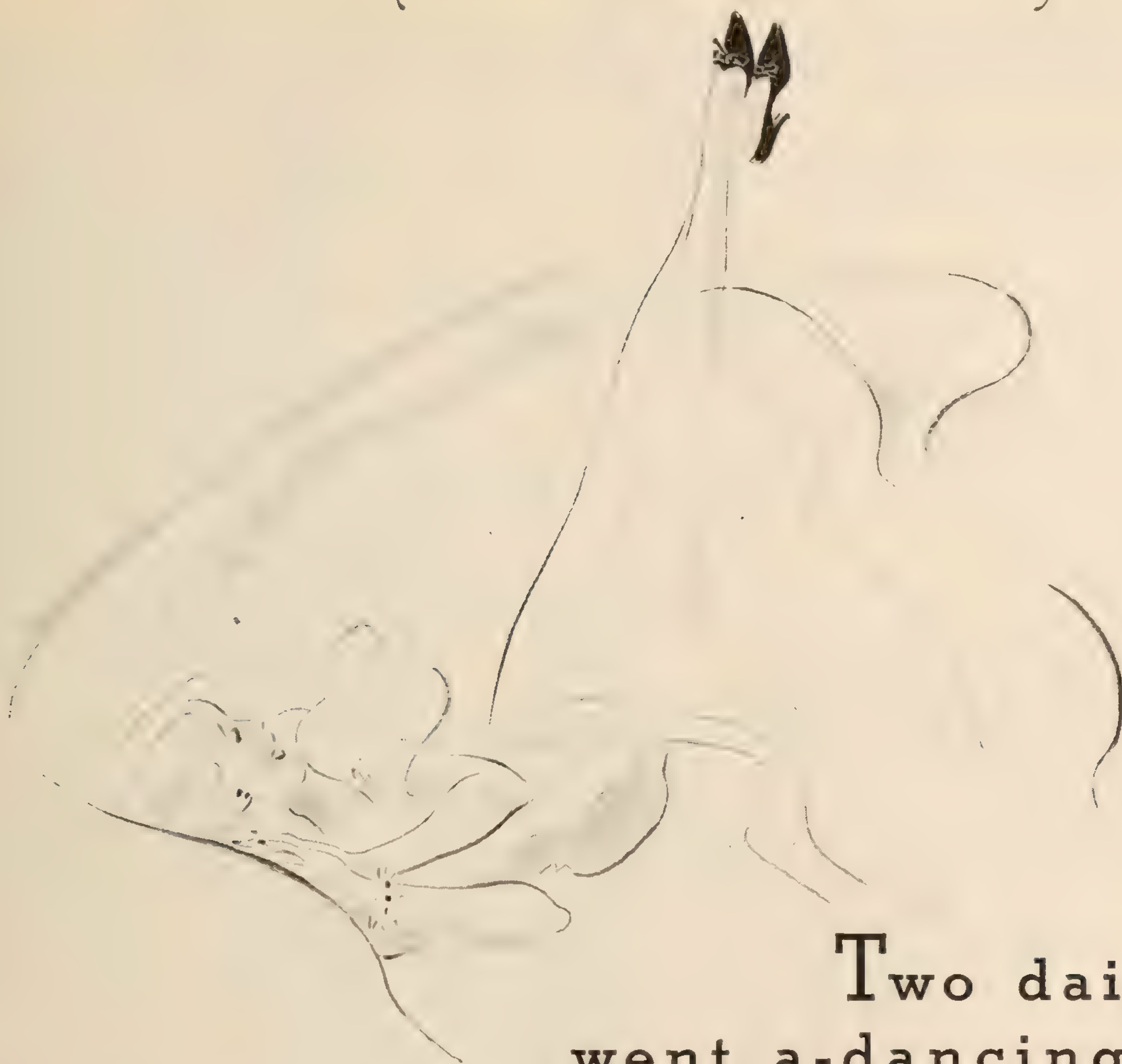
"I find that they [Disney's 'Silly Symphonies'] are enjoyed by grown-ups much more than by children. To children, they are a visual representation of their fantasies. Children look upon animals as other beings—I might say human beings—and to see these animals perform wonderful feats is a distinct gratification to the child. The situation is quite different in the case of the former; adults have long ago given up fantasy and they are forever bound to grim reality of routine life.

"The average person knows that he has to keep his feet on the ground, and that no fairy will put gold into his pockets. Nevertheless, the hilarity and wholesome outbursts of merriment at such performances on the part of grown-ups show that they, too, get an excellent outlet from Mickey Mouse. For the time being, the grown-up is, as it were, 'narcotized' by these performances, because they take him back to childhood. He then forgets all about his drab, routine problems and merges back into a period of life when everything could still be attained through fantasy. Temporarily, at least, he forgets all about inexorable reality and relives his childhood. As soon as the performance is over, he naturally realizes that it was nothing but fantasy.

"I feel that the Three Little Pigs furnish more entertainment than fright. To adults they stand for another Silly Symphony, etc. In children the Three Little Pigs may at first produce some emotional reaction of fear. I have not noticed it, although I have particularly watched children's reactions. On the contrary, they seemed to be amused. I can, however, imagine that some children might be a little bit frightened, but the effect can only be temporary. The average child in the movie is more than five or six years of age, and at that age no impression can be of a permanent nature."

faculty member, who was visiting that day. But they were all pro-fairy tale, pro-Disney, pro-Mickey, pro-Big Bad Wolf. Miss Dal-

(We don't feel a bit like bed. Let's talk about him.)



Two dainty feet went a-dancing . . .

— and, as you might expect, a pair of those trim, smart-looking, new Styl-Eez ties adorned them. • Such dainty, foot-flattering lines, exquisite tailoring and luxurious leathers could not fail to attract admiring eyes — male as well as female. • And Styl-Eez shoes have the added attraction of marvelous comfort — truly a triumph in such graceful lasts. • An ingeniously *curved inner sole* overcomes the tendency toward awkward *inward rotating* of the foot. A light but firm shank supports the "long" arch and a unique metatarsal maintainer of soft sponge rubber prevents cramping of the toes. • Our newest Styl-Eez foot fashions for spring are now being shown by leading shops. The modest prices are an added recommendation.

Model illustrated
is the "Genevieve"

\$6 and \$6.50

Slightly higher west
of Rockies



Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez
Booklet of features and new models



The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio
Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

Sylvia Tells Mae Clarke How To Gain Energy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

So here's my famous "energy maker."

One hour before dinner, flop down on the bed flat on your stomach. Don't put a pillow under your head, but put a big pillow under your ankles and up to your knees, so that your legs are a little higher than your body and your feet don't touch the pillow.

Lie in the middle of the bed and, with your hands, grab hold of the bedposts as tightly as you can. (And I hope you haven't gone modernistic and have a bed without a head-post.) Make the muscles in your hands and arms rigid by holding very, very tight. Hold so tightly that you can feel the muscles all along your back and the nerves in your stomach tightening up, too. Atta girl!

When you are so physically tired that you can't hold tight any longer, relax your arms—but do it slowly—and let them fall at your sides into whatever position is comfortable. Believe me, darling, you'll be nice and relaxed. You'll be physically so tired that the old nerves will have to stop jumping. Then, without moving off your stomach and without taking the pillow from under your legs, lie there until dinner time. Oh, Mae, I'm telling you that when you've been doing this for a week or so, you'll feel fine, as if you could lick the world with one hand tied behind your back.

Now here's your big energy diet—and it won't put any weight on, either.

In the morning drink a glass of water—hot or cold—with a tablespoon of lemon juice in it. Then take a lukewarm shower, and use not only a good mild soap but a stiff body brush, scrubbing your body all over briskly, working particularly on the spine and the upper legs. Finish off by stepping under the cold shower for a second, turned on full blast. If you don't react properly, don't do that last bit.

BREAKFAST

Two sliced oranges (energy food)

One coddled egg (You know how to fix that by now, I hope)

Two or three crisply toasted slices of whole wheat bread with butter and honey (honey is an energy food, too)

Clear coffee

ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Big glass of tomato juice

LUNCHEON

Salad of water cress and parsley, chopped fine, with one half of an avocado and spoonful of cream cheese. (Use pure lemon juice over this, as the avocado has plenty of oil)

Rye crackers with butter

Steamed artichoke with melted butter

Small dish of fruit gelatin with a little whipped cream

Small glass of milk

FOUR O'CLOCK

Basket of fresh strawberries or blackberries or (when berries are out of season) an apple. If the berries are sour, sprinkle a teaspoonful of brown sugar over them, crush them and let stand in the ice-box. They are refreshing and stimulating. If you eat an apple instead, have it cold and well-washed and be sure to eat the skin, since there you find the best food properties.

DINNER

Small bunch of green onions (tell the boy friend not to mind. Make him eat some, too)

Three or four radishes

Three or four ripe olives

And (if you like it) a rye cracker with fresh caviar

Potassium broth (Here's the recipe: Use either turnip tops, beet tops, mustard greens, spinach or Swiss chard. Chop fine and add (also chopped fine) carrots, parsley and lettuce. Cover with a quart of water—cold—and let simmer for thirty minutes. Strain. Press out the juice and drink as soup. If necessary add celery salt.)

Chopped meat. (Use any meat but pork. If beef is used choose the cheapest neck meat, for it has the most valuable properties. Heat pan thoroughly without grease. Sear the meat cake quickly on both sides. Lay a piece of lean Canadian bacon over it and broil. If beef is used, eat it very rare.)

Fresh green asparagus
Small baked potato, skin and all
Baked pear or any fresh fruit
Demi-tasse

Every other afternoon at four o'clock, alternate the berries or apple with a half glass of milk and a half glass of cream mixed.

At bedtime take a small glass of grapefruit juice.

Now, Mae, you can probably guess by this diet that I like you. I wouldn't be giving you caviar if I didn't. Well, I do like you. After all the hard knocks you've had, you deserve a little caviar in your life. Anyhow, I'm a great admirer of yours.

I don't want you to take much exercise while you're storing up your energy. Be sure to avoid any violent exercise. You can swim a *little* (and with your lovely figure you can't resist putting on a bathing suit), play tennis a *little*. Walking is fine for you (and for everybody, for that matter). It is nature's most normal, least exhausting exercise. But don't take any more exercise than that for a while, until your strength is absolutely restored.

And now I want you to get busy taking those lines out of your neck. Every night and every morning wash your neck with a good mild soap and a fine face brush. That takes off the dead skin. Then for a few minutes gently massage your neck with cold cream using a rotary movement from the shoulders and breast-bone up. Remove the cream. At night leave just enough cold cream on to sink into the pores.

And I give you my word that's all you need to do.

Mae, you're a brick. And every other girl who works when she doesn't feel well is a brick. But if you're going to carry on and keep up the good fight, put your energy into the bank—just as you put a part of your salary check in. The money comes in handy on a rainy day. The energy is for the grand, sunshiny days when you want lots of pep and lots of vitality to enjoy life and health!

Lots of love and all the success in the world.

Sincerely,
SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I read about the complexion diet that you gave Jean Harlow but I don't quite understand it. While I'm taking the diet should I eat other food as well?

F. G., Las Vegas, N. M.

I'd like to know your definition of the word, diet. Do you think you can eat chocolate eclairs and ice cream sodas along with the reducing diets—and if so, what good would they do you? I plainly stated, "Once a month, for five days, do this." Then I gave the diet. If I had wanted you to have anything else along with it, I would have said so.

You're supposed to stay on the complexion diet for only five days out of the month. Giving up a little solid food for so short a time won't hurt you. The reason you have bad skin and acne is because you eat your head off—and can't pass up rich pastries. Now stick on that diet and don't be such a foolish girl any more.

My Dear Madame Sylvia:

I wish you would tell me how I can make my

POOOR Aunt Sylvia—how those letters do come! But what a joy when I see how many are finding life brighter and happier through my help! If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

eyes bright and sparkling. I envy girls with brilliant eyes and wish mine were, too.

R. T. E., Dayton, Ohio

Well, first of all stop envying other people. That's a waste of time. And if you want sparkling eyes you can use your time to better advantage. Do you know what makes sparkling eyes? Well, I'll tell you. Good health! There is no other way to get them, and the way to have good health and plenty of pep is to follow my health routine—to go on my diets and do my exercises every day of your life.

My health routine gives you vitality. Vitality shines in your face and makes your eyes bright. Start in today to get health and vigor!

Dear Sylvia:

I have a bump right on the end of my nose and it looks very ugly. Is there any way I can remove it?

B. H., Houston, Texas

Aha! I've caught you. You haven't been reading *all* of my articles, for I told you what I did for Ruth Chatterton's nose. You never can tell when my articles have advice that is meant not only for the stars but just for you, too. Here's the nose routine:

It takes infinite time and patience and you can do it only if you're as careful as if you were modeling something beautiful in marble. Place the forefinger of each hand on either side of the bump, then press very, very gently. You must not press hard for that will make your nose red and bulbous. And do not press for more than a half a minute at one time. But do it over and over each day. Then with the thumb and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

You have a thrill coming!



All America is acclaiming a new radio hit... Borden's "45 Minutes In Hollywood." A whole nation of movie fans is having a thrilling date with its radios every Saturday evening at

8 P. M., E. S. T., over the Columbia network. (7 P. M., C. S. T.; 6 P. M., M. S. T.). They're hearing about the *real* Hollywood . . . exciting, glamorous, adventurous.

TUNE IN TO NEW THRILLS THIS SATURDAY!

The Borden Company cordially invites you to be its guest every Saturday evening from now on. Remember:

Saturday evening at 8 P. M., Eastern Time, 7 P. M., Central Time, 6 P. M., Mountain Time. Don't miss it!



Hear Hollywood at work—go right on the set with your favorite stars.



SCENE FROM 20TH CENTURY'S "MOULIN ROUGE," STARRING CONSTANCE BENNETT

Hear the big scenes from the latest pictures—previews stirringly dramatized.



Hear Hollywood music—the new melodies as only Mark Warnow can play them.



SCENE FROM RKO-RADIO'S "HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY," STARRING WHEELER AND WOOLSEY

Hear Hollywood at play—know the gaiety of movieland.

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

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Borden's, makers of Fine Dairy Products for over 75 years, deliver milk and ice cream in many of the leading cities of America.



Tricks For Eyes Like The Stars



By Carolyn
Van Wyck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

mascara the lashes. This intensifies the eyes and keeps the brows in natural harmony. Notice very much this same effect with Miriam Hopkins, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. Their brows are seldom really black.

I have found that a dampened mascara brush just touched to the cake is a splendid way of using a brown darkener. Then brush the brows outward, touching the hairs lightly. When dry, brush into place. This method gives each hair the slightest coating of darkener, and the result is that it would be hard to know anything had touched those brows. This is a particularly good ruse for the blonde.

Here is another trick that the girl or grandmother can employ to good effect. Apply the tiniest touch of grower or vaseline to a brow brush, then draw your brows into a neat line with it. It gives the hairs a slight sheen and darkens them ever so lightly. This accent is never apparent if you will use the grower or vaseline sparingly. It's good for the brows, too.

If your brows are wide, you can make them appear narrower by taking a tiny dab of grower or vaseline between your thumbs and first fingers and pressing the brows between



Some eyes can stand a bit of under-lining with pencil to accent lower lashes. The line must be very light and subtle, as shown on Muriel Evans' eyes. Never, never make it black and heavy

Muriel Evans knows that eyes need nightly care for health and beauty. She gently taps in with fingertips a good, nourishing cream over and under them, leaves it on

them toward the center. If your brows are too close to your eyes, always brush them up and away. That's the natural line of growth, anyway.

You can really do a lot with your brows if you will pay a little attention to them. The lines of your coiffure, your lip rouge, must be definite and even. This applies to your eyebrows, also.

If at this point you are interested in changing your face, probably for the better, join me for a brow-growing month.

You may make some new and valuable discoveries about your face, and decide with me that Hollywood is wise in saying, let your natural brows grow.

If you'd like to know about some splendid new face creams and lotions, write for our leaflet, "New Skins for Old." Leaflets on other subjects include skin conditions, hair, nails and personal daintiness. All are yours for a separate, self-addressed envelope for each leaflet. We are also happy to answer personal beauty problems. Address Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

SYLVIA SIDNEY
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in Paramount's
"GOOD DAME"
B. P. Schulberg Production
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



The Appeal of LOVELY BEAUTY Invites...

Romance

Learn Hollywood's Secret of Giving Beauty

Romantic Appeal with Color Harmony Make-Up

POWDER

...Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder blends in color harmony with Sylvia Sidney's brownette coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.



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... Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder... Max Factor's Carmine Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks... Smooth, like finest skin texture, it always blends evenly.



LIPSTICK

... Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super - Indelible Carmine Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.



COLOR has an emotional appeal. Psychologists know that certain color tones and color harmonies attract, actually excite desire.

In Hollywood, we have proved this...and to give beauty a secret attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up to emphasize the allure of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up...face powder, rouge, lipstick in harmonized shades...created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, is available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

NOW FREE . . . Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart



Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.

Max Factor
Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick



in Color Harmony



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MAIL COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 1-4-76					
COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR	NAME _____		
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES	ADDRESS _____		
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>			
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES	CITY _____		
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>			
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES	STATE _____		
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>			
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEADS	If Hair is Gray, check type above and also check here <input type="checkbox"/>		
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	(Color)	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>			
SKIN	Light <input type="checkbox"/>				
Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>				
Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE				



The "Three Radio Rogues" who played the goofy electricians in "Going Hollywood." Everyone said their impersonations of Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Vallee and Columbo were the hit of the picture

Ask The Answer Man

WHAT a deluge of letters the Answer Man received this month. The big question was: "Who were the three lads who sang in 'Going Hollywood'?" Everyone who saw them went into raves and some moviegoers wrote in to say that they practically stole the picture. It looks like keen competition for Crosby, Powell, Vallee, et al.

Well, here's the low-down on the boys. Over the air they are known as the "Three Radio Rogues." In private they answer to Eddie Bartell, Jimmy Hollywood (that's his real name) and Henry Taylor. They were all born in Brooklyn, New York.

Eddie Bartell was a salesman in a sports goods store, prior to which he played professional baseball on a Brooklyn team. Jimmy Hollywood was a brokerage clerk in the financial section of New York. After the crash, he decided on another profession and turned to radio work. He and Eddie, who had become known as a radio performer, started appearing together on commercial programs over smaller Brooklyn stations.

And here's where the third member, Taylor, comes in. He was selecting and buying dresses for a large concern in the home town. The company had a program scheduled to go on over the same station on which the other lads were appearing. The people hired for the occasion were injured in an automobile accident on the way to the studio, and so Jimmy and Eddie were asked to substitute. Henry said he would throw in a couple of impersonations of Crosby and Columbo. He said he'd rather croon to the ladies than listen to their complaints about dresses. The program was a

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

success, and from then on the "Three Radio Rogues" impersonated and kidded almost anyone and everyone you could mention. The Kate Smith and Rudy Vallee impersonations in "Going Hollywood" just about stopped the show, some readers claim.

Jimmy Hollywood's favorite actress is still the girl of his dreams, Theda Bara. Henry Taylor swears by Marion Davies, while Eddie Bartell just can't seem to make up his mind on any one actress. He thinks they are all grand. After the "Rogues" finish their personal appearance tour, they are scampering back to Hollywood to make more pictures.

M. G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Yes, Mary, George Burns and Gracie Allen are married to each other. Georgie is a New York City boy and Gracie hails from San Francisco, Calif. When

they first started as a team, Gracie was the "straight" player, with George giving the funny answers. But the audience got more laughs at Gracie asking the questions, so since then she has been on the comedy end of the team. The only serious answer she ever gave George was when she said "yes" to his proposal.

EVELYN ROTH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—The selection which Paul Lukas played and sang for Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women" is called "None But a Lonely Heart." If your local music dealer doesn't carry it, you can get it from the Schirmer Music Company, 3 East 43rd Street, New York City.

A. R., ATHENS, N. Y.—I am so pleased that you like your "star" bracelet. A vast number of young ladies have written to me saying how much their bracelets have been admired.

SHIRLEY DELMONICO, MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Shirley, Garbo doesn't make a practice of personally autographing photographs. None of the scenes in "Little Women" were taken at the Alcott house in Concord, Mass. The producers sent an architect and a couple of carpenters to Concord to take measurements and draw up plans for the house which was duplicated in Hollywood, and which you saw in the picture. It was one of the truest pieces of reproduction work ever seen on the screen.

ALLENE JONES, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Allene, here's the way the Mae West situations stands: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

• Debutantes are walking these "Doggys" this Spring



There's a bite in this one. Collie, Spaniel, Greyhound and Setter are not really dogs at all. They're the names of Phoenix "Doggy" Hosiery colors, new for Spring! *Spaniel* is a rich beige, with a lot of personality. *Setter* is lighter, but with a little more warmth. *Collie* is a lovable light beige. And *Greyhound* is a dependable, faithful neutral, that likes everybody. All these Phoenix "Doggys" are very friendly with all Spring costume colors—the reds, the greens, the ever smart blues and black. Ask to see them—85c to \$1.95. "Everyday" sheers for walking, No. 705, \$1.

• Ring-around-the-hose-y no longer smart



That game's out, since Phoenix perfected its new Shadowless Hosiery! Here, at last, is the clear, even-textured stocking that women have been waiting for. Not a ring in sight! You

can imagine what this perfection does for your legs. As some great character has said—beautiful legs deserve Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery to make them even more beautiful; other legs need them for the same reason!

In addition to being ringless, Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery has all the smart Phoenix features. Custom-Fit Top—that stretches *both* ways to give you extra comfort and a neater thigh. "Long mileage" foot with Tipt-toe, that means exactly what it says—longer wear. Tailored ankles, and shadow-point fashion marks that are practically invisible. All silk seams. You can buy Phoenix Shadowless Hosiery for \$1.25 to \$1.95 the pair. Ask to see "Fluff," No. 779, \$1.25.

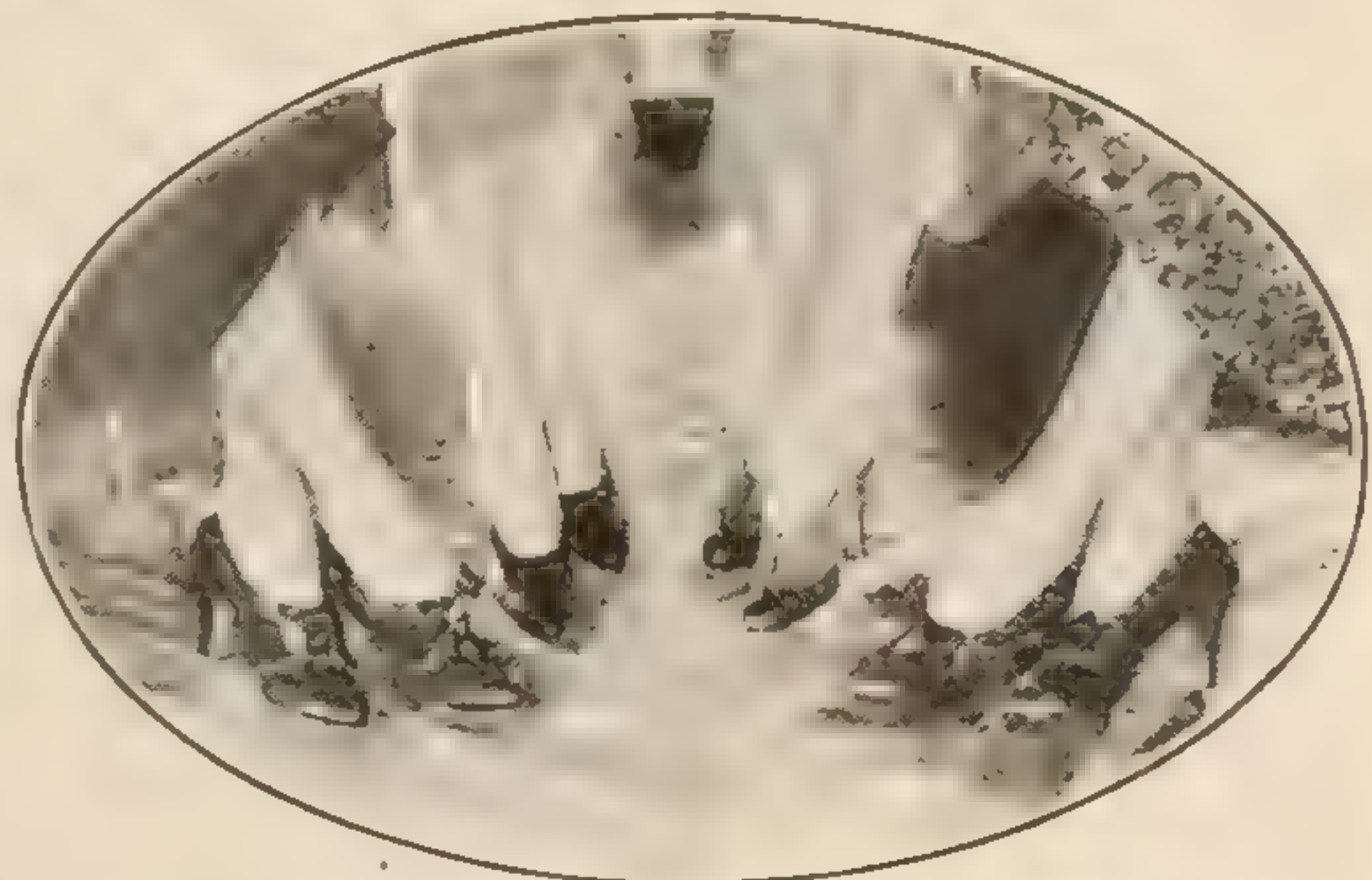
• Advice to Pedallers



Bicycling, roller skating and walking are still favored by the Fun-Loving Leisure Class for exercise. Members of the Fun-Loving Leisure Class are usually pretty smart about a lot of things—including their hosiery. They like Phoenix for almost any kind of sport because it's reinforced where wear is hardest. Yet it manages to look feminine!

"Tipt-toe" and "Duo-heel" are the names of these little wear-for-ever devices that make Phoenix Hosiery so sturdy. (And so popular with gentler sportswomen who don't feel like ladies unless they're wearing silk.) They're part of the famous Phoenix "long mileage" foot. They don't show—but how they do work! Proving that you can always look well-groomed—no matter how rough your games are. Phoenix Certified Silk takes part of the credit for the wonderful service that's so surprising with all this beauty. Try Phoenix "Standby," one of the service sheers, No. 772, \$1.25 the pair.

• Tailored to the toes!



Pumps and oxfords are still the best sellers in the best circles—worn with the sheerest of Phoenix stockings, made of Certified Silk. Phoenix conspires to make your legs even more alluring by tailoring the ankles divinely, using fine silken seams and shadow-point fashion marks. Ask for "Street," afternoon Shadowless chifbons, No. 766, \$1.25.

• Satin forecast—sleek and shiny!



Very pretty—but hazardous if you're not careful about your stocking tops. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top fits like the skin, whether you're tall, short, plump, slim, or just average. Its two-way stretch fabric moves east and west, or north and south, or both, according to your need. You'll enjoy perfect comfort, enviable grooming, when you wear Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix. For evening, "Mist" super-sheer Shadowless suede, No. 796, \$1.95 the pair.

Her **IGNORANCE WAS ANYTHING
BUT BLISS . . .**
**for she proclaimed a condition
ABHORRENT to all her Friends***



ENTRUST YOUR CHARM TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO-RO-NO

WHAT a shock to any nice girl to discover that her presence, because of underarm perspiration, is repulsive to every man and woman she meets.

And what a tragedy that those who most often offend can rarely detect their own offense. Shame . . . humiliation . . . and social defeat.

For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes.

But Odorono, a doctor's prescription,

protects you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending. And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains.

ODO-RO-NO IS SURE

For quickest, most convenient use, choose Instant Odorono. Used daily or every other day, it gives complete, continuous protection. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it twice a week. Both have the original sanitary applicator. 35c and 60c sizes.



★ Underarm odor, so offensive to others, is almost always imperceptible to the person guilty. For the sake of friends and your peace of mind, trust only Odo-ro-no's sure protection.

ODO-RO-NO

Never Fails You!

RUTH MILLER, THE ODO-RO-NO Co., Inc.
Dept. 4-Q1, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator.
(Check the type you wish to try) . . .

☐ Instant Odorono ☐ Odorono Regular

Name _____

Address _____

**Ask the Answer
Man**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

5 feet, 2 inches in stockings and 5 feet, 5 inches in shoes. Mae weighs 120 pounds. She tells me that she has been celebrating birthdays every August 17th since 1900.

MRS. L. BLOCK, LONDON, ENG.—The latest Ruth Chatterton picture is "Journal of a Crime." Ruth is not scheduled to appear in another picture. After a much needed vacation she plans to go into the production end of the business.

WARD QUARNSTROM, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada, on September 15, 1907. She is married to John Monk Saunders. Lew Ayres, Muriel Evans, Dorothy Wilson and Virginia Bruce also claim your home town as theirs.

ROSE MORGAN, NEW YORK CITY.—Paul Kelly's next release will be "Fur Coats," in which he appears with Aline MacMahon and Ann Dvorak. July is quite a popular birthday month. John Gilbert starts the celebrating on July 10th; Sally Blane follows on the 11th; Richard Dix, the 18th; Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard on the 21st, and Clara Bow and William Powell finish up on the 29th.

JANE DEVITT, SPOKANE, WASH.—Fred Astaire was born in Omaha, Neb. At the age of eight years, he was touring on the Orpheum Circuit with his sister, Adele. The team broke up when Adele married Lord Cavendish. Among the plays Fred has appeared in are: "Lady Be Good," "Funny Face," "Smiles," and "The Band Wagon." His latest hit, prior to his movie debut, was "The Gay Divorce." After appearing in two pictures, he went over to London with "The Gay Divorce" company to fill an engagement there. When that's over, back to pictures for Fred. Nelson Eddy was the blond lad who sang in "Dancing Lady."

BETTY STONE, DURHAM, N. C.—Kay Johnson was the girl who played the part of *Hanna* in "Eight Girls in a Boat." Prior to that she appeared in "American Madness" and "Thirteen Women." Her next is "Transient Love." Kay is married to Director John Cromwell.

DOROTHY KINNEY, BROWNSVILLE, TENN.—Dorothy, does Mrs. Cantor know how hard you fell for Eddie? Eddie is a New York City boy, born there January 31, 1892. He is 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighs 140 and has black hair and brown eyes. He has five daughters, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet. His latest picture is "Roman Scandals." Don't miss it.

MARJORIE ALLEN, VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Raul Roulien has appeared in a number of English speaking pictures, and has spent a great deal of his time making Spanish versions. He was born in Rio de Janeiro, October 12, 1905. Is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 160 and has black hair and brown eyes. He made his first stage appearance at the age of five years. He has written and staged more than twenty plays. He is the composer of the song "Adios Mis Farras," the sale of which ran up to 1,700,000 on records and 386,000 printed sheets in seventy days. His latest picture is "Flying Down to Rio."

ROSE CLARK, SPOKANE, WASH.—Spencer Tracy has been in pictures since 1930. He has appeared in too many for me to list here, so I'll give you a few of his outstanding ones. "Young America," "Quick Millions," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "The Power and the Glory," "The Mad Game," and "Man's Castle." His latest is "Looking for Trouble."

Answers by Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

forefinger of the right hand work down the nose from the bridge very lightly, and very, very gently massage the bump of fat you want removed. In other words, model your nose as if it were a piece of clay.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

What can I do for a fat face? It's the worry of my life. Please help me.

J. K. L., New York City

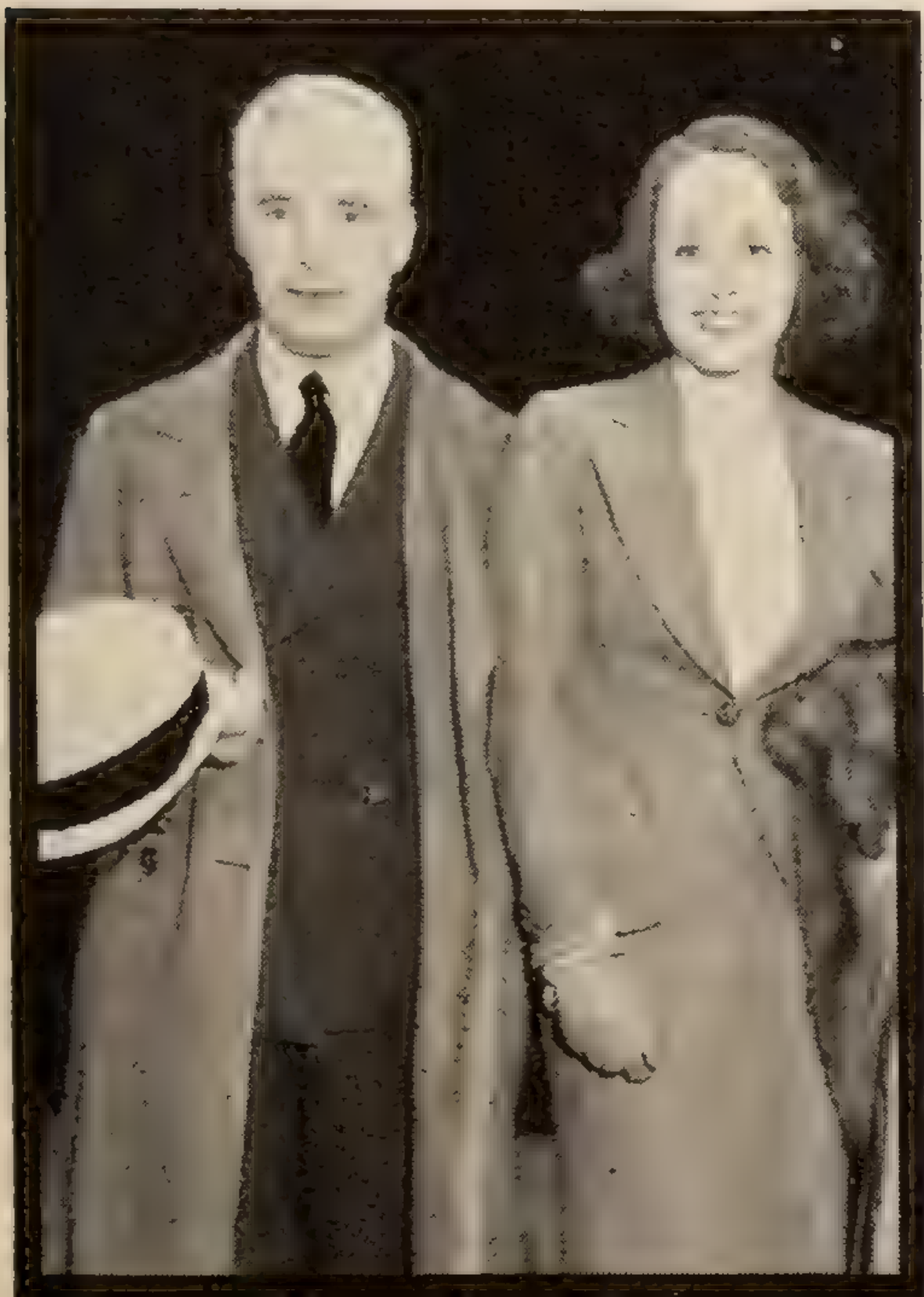
It seems to me that if you worry enough you ought to worry some fat off. No, I'm just kidding. But it's a pretty safe bet that if your face is too fat so is the rest of your body, and I recommend my reducing diets and exercises. If the face still persists in being fat, then do this: With the thumb and forefinger of both hands, lift up the muscles away from the jaw-bone. Don't stretch the skin, just gently lift up the fat as if you were going to pinch your own face. The muscle is lifted away from the jaw and there is a ridge of skin on top. Now slowly work in a progressive movement with the thumb and forefinger of both hands—working from the chin to the ear, gently pinching the muscles. Don't touch the bone and leave the ridge of skin alone, but just pinch—gently—into those muscles. Do this for ten or fifteen minutes every day. You've got to go slow at first because your face will be sore.

Dear Sylvia:

My face is very thin and I want you to tell me how to fill it out.

V. D., Kansas City, Mo.

Nobody is ever satisfied! Two letters arrive together. One girl wants a thin face and another wants a fat one. The only way to fill out your face is to build yourself up all over by going on my building-up diet. I'll wager if your face is excessively thin, you're thin all over. But if this isn't true and you're plenty plump enough, except that your face is still thin, don't worry. It's very smart to have a slender face. Look at Garbo. Look at Katharine Hepburn. Those girls have gotten along great with their faces. How's that for you?



Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard together, as usual, at the opening of "Autumn Crocus" with Francis Lederer on the Hollywood stage

Best news in years for lovely fingertips . . . GLAZO now only 25c!



The new Glazo is getting hearty cheers from girls who formerly paid lots more than a quarter for nail polish. But they're much less excited about the money they save than about Glazo's superior virtues.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre . . . so fingertips are lovelier, more gloriously beautiful, than ever before. What's more, actual tests show Glazo wears 50% longer.

And colors? Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by leading beauty and fashion authorities . . . and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows just how

they'll look on your nails—solves the whole problem of selecting the exact shades you want.

Glazo's new metal shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, assures perfect application on every nail. And the brush just can't come loose.

Ever run out of Polish Remover at the most exasperating moment? Glazo Remover now comes in an extra-size bottle . . . enough to last as long as your polish.

If you've been paying two or three times as much, you'll just appreciate the new Glazo all the more.



GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

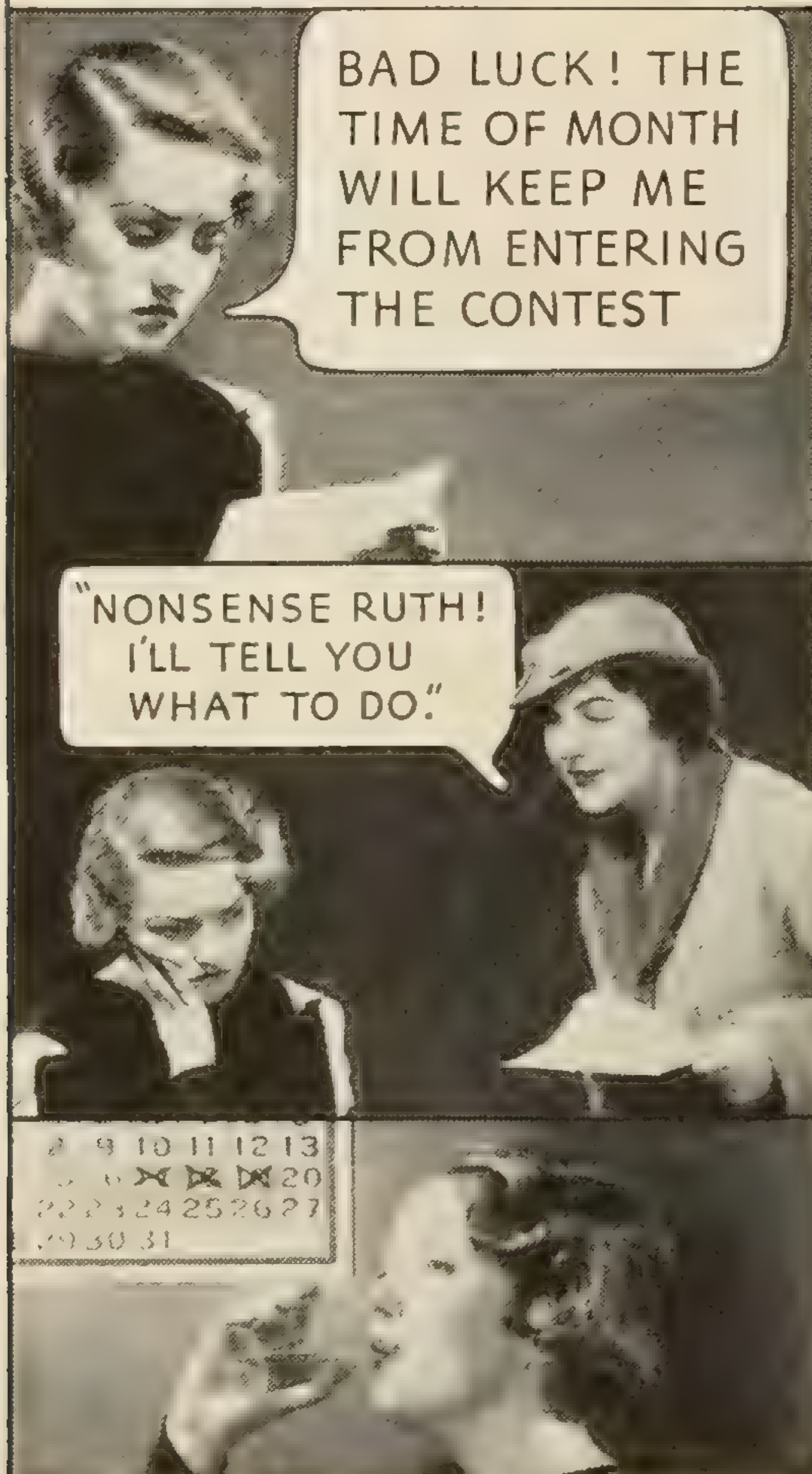
THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-44
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

A LESSON IN COMFORT

HOW SMART WOMEN
ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN



Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.

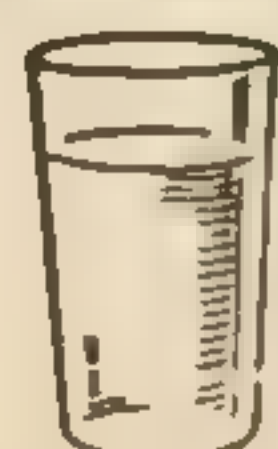


Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.



MIDOL

Takes Pain
Off the Calendar



Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

PHOTOPLAY gave space to some popular writers who belittled the movies (April, 1919), and challenged them to show their superiority with some ideas fit for screening. Gertrude Atherton said: "The movies get worse every day." How 'bout that now, Gertie?

Already ancient history was the extravagant era before the industry was bothered with efficiency—the so-called "Golden Age of picture-making," when costly "permanent" settings were left standing, to crumble in neglect. We pictured some of these wasteful ruins, on the old Triangle-Ince ranch.

Editorially we commented on imminent war between producers and exhibitors, for control of the industry. We also urged the screen to "discover" the middle class, figuring so largely in novels, news, and on the stage. There was too much piffle about millionaires and abjectly poor Cinderellas.



William S. Hart

An article recognized the enlarged importance of the cameraman in making motion pictures. There was a story about how pictures found Charlie Chaplin and, after finding him, didn't know quite what to do with him, until he asserted himself.

William S. Hart was up for some keen competition—Texas Guinan having put across her idea that there was a place in movies for a "lady Bill Hart."

We concluded the life story of Geraldine Farrar, and told interesting facts about Ann Pennington, Wanda Hawley, Johnny Hines, ZaSu Pitts, Ruth Roland, and Marjorie Rambeau, among others.

D. W. Griffith's "A Romance of Happy Valley" and Cecil B. DeMille's "Don't Change Your Husband" were not such hits as "Mickey," with Mabel Normand, and "Here Comes the Bride," a farce with John Barrymore.

On the cover—Marjorie Rambeau.

10 Years Ago

"THE radio is going to put theaters out of business again," PHOTOPLAY commented with a grin (April, 1924). Seems somebody had another new invention for broadcasting motion pictures from studio to home. Ho, hum.

Such a phrase as "The greatest picture ever made" was stale publicity technique by this time, and PHOTOPLAY was sorry the Rockett boys couldn't think up something better for "Abraham Lincoln," a worth while production. "Such a meaningless bromide," we advised, "will crowd the theater about as fast as an inscription from old Tut's tomb."

Voluptuous Nita Naldi related "What Men Have Told Me About Other Women," and the blonde serial queen, Pearl White, a Parisienne by now, said "I'll never work in another picture."

"The Autobiography of Pola Negri" was concluded. Listing ten men most adored by



Pearl White

women, in the order of adoration, Adela Rogers St. Johns found Wallace Reid's name first, even after his death. Then came Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, William S. Hart, Ramon Novarro, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Douglas Fairbanks, Reginald Denny.

Cal York's choicest gossip tidbit was about Charlie Chaplin flooring a boisterous oil operator in a Los Angeles cafe.

The six best pictures of the month were: "Secrets" (Norma Talmadge, Eugene O'Brien), Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle" (Adolphe Menjou), "The Humming Bird" (Gloria Swanson), "Thy Name is Woman" (Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro), "Three Weeks" (Aileen Pringle, Conrad Nagle), "The Stranger" (Richard Dix, Betty Compson).

Cover honors went to the lovely Sylvia Breamer.

5 Years Ago

THE aviator had replaced the cowboy as the hero most beloved of juvenile screen audiences. A turn of things which grew out of Lindbergh's epochal flight to Paris, PHOTOPLAY observed editorially (April, 1929). As the magazine went to press, last minute news included the death of William Russell.

"How Talkies Are Made" was a timely article; people stood in awe of the mechanical marvels of the chattering cinema.

Remember them?—"great discoveries" whose greatness never developed in Hollywood—Dimples Lido, Eva von Berne, Mona Martenson, Ruth Taylor, Natalie Barr, Andre Mattoni, Lya de Putti, Dita Parlo. We told of their heartbreaks, and of the grand comeback of Warner Baxter in the film, "In Old Arizona."

Cal York whispered that Charlie Chaplin was "that way" about Georgia Hale, his leading woman in "The Gold Rush." The Lupe



Lillian Gish

Velez-Gary Cooper thing was Hollywood's hot tamale. Jobyna Ralston said "One Star is Enough" in one family, and retired to keep husband Dick Arlen "sane and level-headed."

Lillian Gish was "fighting alone for her artistic honor," with Max Reinhardt—her choice for a co-worker in Hollywood, and Hollywood not friendly to her ideas.

We carried an interesting account of Gary Cooper's family history.

The six best pictures of the month were: "The Broadway Melody" (Bessie Love, Anita Page, Charles King, James Gleason), "The Pagan" (Ramon Novarro), "Why Be Good?" (Colleen Moore), "Strong Boy" (Victor McLaglen), "The Dummy" (Ruth Chatterton), and "Weary River" (Richard Barthelmess).

And Clara Bow was a flaming girl on the cover.

Walt Disney

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

almost everything. Representing this class, I had on my list Dr. Walter Beran Wolfe; and I want you to notice, from here on, the self-control I show in not making puns.

Dr. Wolfe wrote "How to Be Happy Though Human" (a good trick if you can do it), but he comes into this little drama of adventure as a disciple and translator of Dr. Adler of Vienna, who, as I have said, gave the inferiority complex to the world. And Dr. Adler, my researches told me, was apparently ready to take anything Professor Overstreet had said about fairy tales and double it. So I was still hopeful. In a world gone mad, I figured that Dr. Wolfe, as a pal of Dr. Adler, would be an ace in the hole. So—

"What, doctor," I asked, "do you think of Mickey Mouse? You don't by any chance think he is ruining American childhood, do you?"

"I think Mickey Mouse is a civilizing influence."

"What!"

"I think Mickey Mouse is a civilizing influence."

I was groggy, but I could still take it.

"Oh," I said, "you mean you think Mickey Mouse is a civilizing influence. But listen, doctor, don't you think that Mickey and the pigs and the wolf and all that sort of thing give children a false idea of the world, make them nervous, give them bad dreams, the idea that things happen magically, and maybe athlete's foot?"

I gather that he doesn't. In my daze, I seemed to hear some remarks about the whole thing being done so fantastically that even a child knows enough not to take it seriously.

I bowed out, more in sorrow than in anger. And now ay tank ay go home and get some rest.

I don't think I like to do these very active pieces. Next, I want to write something restful, like "The True Love Story of Harpo Marx."



Oh, Peter, what big eyes you have! It's Sam Jaffe, from the Broadway stage, as the mad Grand Duke in "Scarlet Empress"



Dear Lonely Heart:

Why have you lost your sweetheart? Your letter gives me a clue. Has anyone told you about the 7 stains — the stains that mar the beauty of teeth that might be lustrous and sparkling? It's sad, that so few women realize

POOOR broken-hearted little girl! Men are like that—they *do* detest stained, discolored teeth. But you can do something about it very quickly.

You can get rid of the stains on your lovely teeth—the stains that lost your sweetheart—in just a few days, if you will use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

What's that you say? . . . You've brushed your teeth faithfully? . . . Ah yes, but here is what's wrong. Your toothpaste had only *one* cleansing action. And no one action can remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on your teeth . . . stains

that form so gradually you're hardly aware of them.

It takes *two* cleansing actions to remove all stains. And you get them both in Colgate's. One, an *emulsive* action, washes away many of the stains. The other, a *polishing* action, polishes away all the stains that remain.

Why, before you know it, Colgate's will restore to your teeth their whiteness and lustre. Make your breath sweet, too. Bring back your entrancing smile . . . maybe . . . your sweetheart.

It's really worth trying, isn't it? And Colgate's at 20¢ is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the *TWO* cleansing actions, sells at the same low price.

**All 7 Stains vanish
when you use Colgate's**

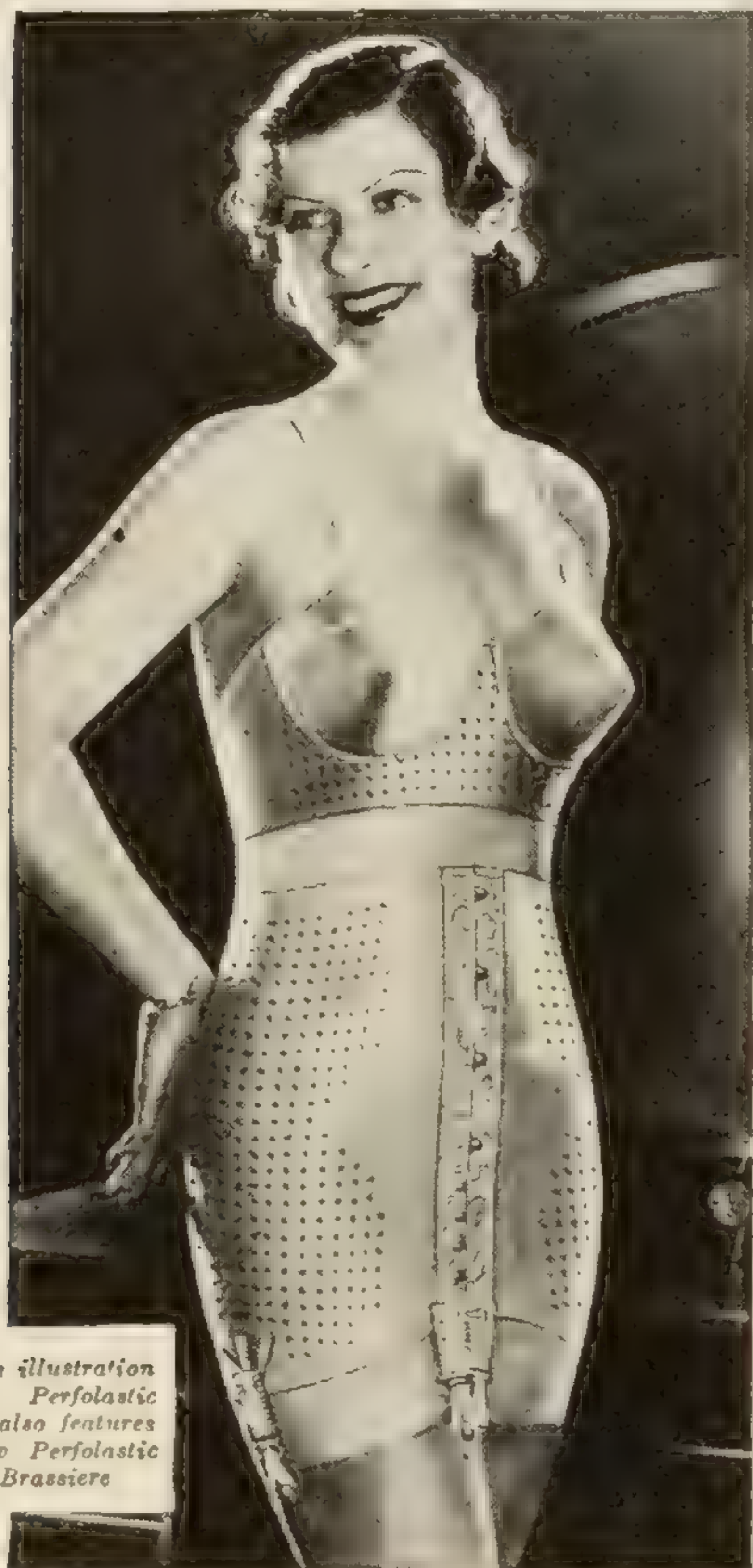


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WAIST AND HIPS

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

comes the scene of a battle of wits between the powers for possession of the secret. There are two murders. It is indeed unfortunate that Noah Beery, the only member of the cast who can act, has nothing much to do.

**WOMAN UNAFRAID—
Goldsmith Prod.**

DEFYING the perils of gangdom, female detective Lucille Gleason rounds up a group of racketeers. "Skeets" Gallagher and Lucille's charge, Lona Andre, furnish the love interest. Though action is slow in spots, there's sufficient suspense to hold interest. The cast, including Barbara Weeks, Jason Robards, and Warren Hymer is satisfactory.

THE GHOUL—Gaumont British

BORIS KARLOFF, as the eccentric *Professor Morlant*, is not given half the chance he has had in former productions of this type. The direction is poor, and patrons who anticipate chills and suspense will probably snicker at times when the plot is intended to be weird and terrifying. The British cast does not help toward making this film convincing.

**SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—
Monogram**

STRIVING to bring in a load of sponges for the annual auction, so he may marry pretty Sally O'Neil, Creighton Chaney (son of the late Lon Chaney) is constantly hampered by the villainy and trickery of George Rigas who practically runs the little fishing village, and who also wants the girl. The sea shots are excellent; the film just so-so.

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram

IF Westerns have a place on your program, you'll probably enjoy this. Besides the usual hard riding and rough stuff, there is murder, intrigue, romance. With handsome hero John Wayne falling for rancher George Hayes' granddaughter, Barbara Sheldon. The courtroom scene, with Hayes dressed as "Charlie's Aunt," provides many a laugh.

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia

ESPECIALLY for auto racing enthusiasts, is this lively film in which brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell are ace drivers in the big money races. From Altoona to Providence, to Elgin, and on to Indianapolis they go, always beating the smart boys of the track at their own games of intrigue. Sue Carol, in love with Tim, turns in a good performance.

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British

THE real thing in spy stories. During the World War, while nursing in a German hospital, Belgian Madeleine Carroll becomes a spy for the Allies. She works with Doctor Herbert Marshall, a confederate, without arousing the suspicions of German officer Conrad Veidt, who is infatuated with her, until much of their secret work is done. The three principals, as well as the supporting players, are well cast.

**MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—
Chesterfield**

A COLLEGE setting provides the background for a trio of murders, the first of which occurs atop the campanile. Spurred on by his love for one of the suspects (Shirley Grey), police reporter Charles Starrett uncovers the real culprit. No great suspense, and you'll find the plot one that's well worn. Ruth Hall and J. Farrell MacDonald.

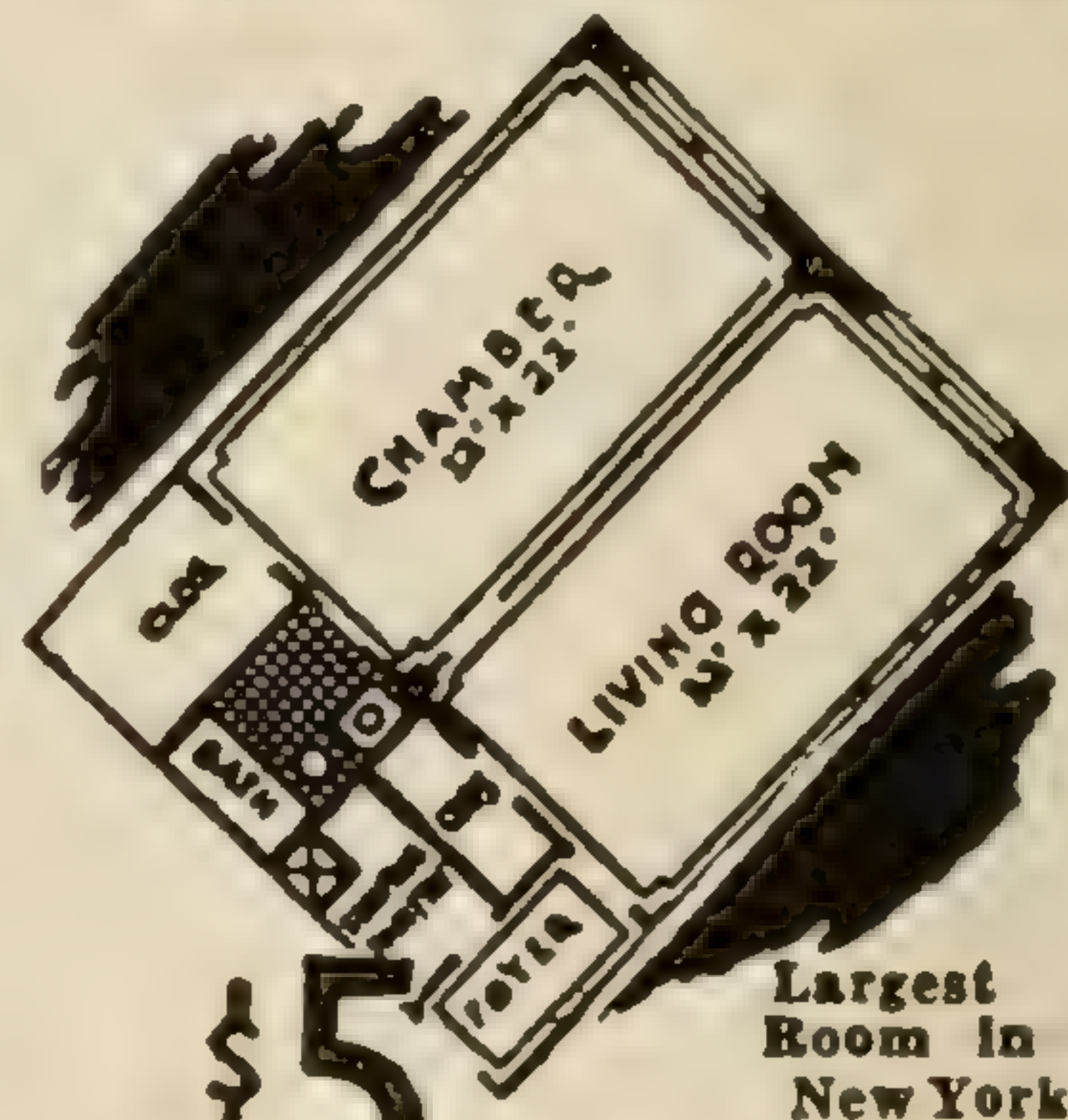


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ONE OR TWO**
\$125.00 per month



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Largest Single Room in New York \$3.50

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The Fan Club Corner

OFFICERS of the fan club belonging to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs report that the memberships of their clubs are growing larger every month.

Is there a fan club in your town? Does the fan club sponsoring your favorite star have a chapter in your city? If not, and you want information about starting a club or about joining the chapter of some already established club, simply write to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Members of the Movie Club Guild, an organization formed by seven Chicago movie fan clubs, write of many thrilling activities during recent weeks. One of the outstanding events was the Penny Social held at the Sherman Hotel.

Members of the Tom Brown Club surprised Tom by sending him an attractive, especially-made greeting card for his birthday recently.

Ruth Fiffer, 905 N. Waller Ave., Chicago, writes that the Clark Gable Club, of which she was president, has been changed to the Agnes Ayres Fan Club. Fans interested in joining the new Ayres Club will receive a copy of the club's journal, "Stardust," by writing Miss Fiffer.

The Bing Crosby Club, now in its third year, is conducting a new membership drive, the prizes to be given by Bing. Bing's fans may find out about membership in the club by writing to Fay E. Zinn, 109 Orchard Road, Maplewood, N. J.

The Barbara Stanwyck Buddies are now issuing a club journal. Another interesting announcement from this club is that an Eastern Chapter of the Buddies has been formed. All eastern fans who are interested in joining the club sponsoring Miss Stanwyck are invited to write Dorothy Ulrich, 1310 N. 15th St., Harrisburg, Penna. The club president is Bonnie Bergstrom, 6805 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago.

Hans Faxdahl, president of the Norma Shearer Club, 1947 Broadway, New York, writes that his club is giving a nice photograph with each issue of the club paper.

Carl Lefler, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, 819 West Center St., Decatur, Ill., wants all of Miss Jordan's fans to write to him.

The Bodil Rosing Fan Club is growing, reports Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Those interested in Miss Rosing's club are invited to write Miss Wist.

Florence Seafidi, 92 Borden Ave., Norwich, N. Y., is secretary of the Buddy Rogers Club, and wants Buddy's fans to communicate with her.

The Official Joan Crawford Fan Club, 976 Fox St., Bronx, New York, received a letter from Miss Crawford stating she would donate prizes to the winners of the contests held in "The Crawford Chatter." Miss Crawford has made it a point to contribute prizes to winners of these contests.

Star News from London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Having pinned the "U.S.A." label on Lynn Fontanne (the London-born actress now playing to capacity business here in "Reunion in Vienna"), the newspapers have pulled another boner in the case of Ethel Barrymore—referring to her being "back in her native England"! Such a ridiculous *faux pas* makes

TRY THESE Hollywood Hair Styles

But don't let wispy DRY hair or stringy OILY hair spoil the effect



One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



IT'S WASHING DISHES with harsh soaps containing harmful alkali that roughens and ages hands! Lux has no harmful alkali. Its gorgeous bubbly suds leave hands youthfully soft and smooth, get dishes clean in no time. Costs less than 1¢ a day!

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LOS ANGELES



The TOWN HOUSE

INVITES INQUIRIES FROM
THOSE PLANNING A TRIP
TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WERNER HARTMAN, MANAGER

THE SMART HOTEL OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

one wonder why publishers trouble to bring out a Who's Who in the Theater!

At any rate, the head of the greatest of American acting hierarchies is here—to play in a music hall! And this, be it known, amazes our best people. Many of our own genteel actors and actresses would “never dream, my dear,” of walking where slapstick comics so recently have trod.

MISS BARRYMORE is giving the Palladium patrons Barrie's “The Twelve Pound Look,” which served her as a starring vehicle in New York in 1911.

You may be amused to know that when a gossip writer asked her if she would consider appearing in a British film the Barrymore reply, voiced icily, was this:

“Hollywood—and ‘Rasputin’—cured me of all desire to have anything whatever to do with motion pictures.”

So, Elstree, take that!

Dolores Extols Passive Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

“In my country, love does not come so quickly. It is inspired by starlight and flowers and gentle music. When the young man comes to call on a *senorita* in Mexico,” Dolores explained, “he brings his guitar. He stands in the patio at first, playing tender melodies until he knows she is willing to respond.

“He waits for her to come to the grilled window and look down at him. Then he kisses a white rose and throws it to her. After that, he might dare to hope for a further interest, if she kisses the flower and tosses it back to him.”

Old Mexico, with its star-strewn skies and brooding mountains, its age-touched haciendas and orchid-grown jungles, is a perfect setting for such languorous romance as Dolores was describing. There is something about its fragile orchids, clinging in great masses to the sturdy trunks of tropical palms, remindful of the spirit of its dark-eyed Latin maidens who wait so patiently for the strong, protective lover.

DOLORES DEL RIO is like this. She is restful, passive, gentle in every look and gesture. Yet behind her glowing black eyes there is the restless spirit of her grandfather, *Senor Francisco Asunsolo*.

He is remembered in Mexico as a fearless *conquistador*: a gallant spirit who gave up the luxury and cultured living of northern Spain to set out in a ship for parts unknown.

Senor Asunsolo found Mexico a place of rare beauty. And with his little group of adventurers, set up a crude hacienda high on the plateau near Mexico City.

They became *rancheros*. And from that bountiful soil they extracted enough fruit and oil and gold to live in a luxurious manner.

It was into this atmosphere of quiet refinement Dolores Asunsolo was born. Later, she became *Senora Del Rio*, when she married.

The tragic ending of this first encounter with life, after Dolores had set out on her grand adventure to find fame and fortune in Hollywood, is well known. *Senor Del Rio* died suddenly in Berlin, after rumors of a marital rift had been gossiped about for months.

“You are bound to undergo dreadful unhappiness when you encounter life outside those sheltered walls,” Dolores said, a little sadly.

“It can't be avoided. Girls out in the world live so much before they find the fine emotional balance which tradition and the conventions have already developed in sheltered women.”

Anyone who saw Dolores Del Rio in “Flying Down to Rio” will recall the patio scene

where she sat with a number of American society girls and flirted so dexterously with Gene Raymond. Remember that scene?

The American girls were very frank in their gestures of admiration for the handsome orchestra leader, but Del Rio was fascinating. She coquetted with lowered eyes, then she peeped at him through the lattice of her fingers.

No wonder Gene Raymond left his band flat and dared the wrath of Dolores' chaperon for a word with the charming *senorita*.

"Flirting is a fine art with Mexican girls," Dolores said. "They are never alone with men, so they must find secret little ways of letting a man know they are interested in him."

"It is like this," the dark-eyed beauty went on. "Latin women know that for centuries men have wanted to do the courting. They desire to protect women; it is their high privilege."

"THE American girl has her freedom, true. But I think she cheats herself of so much of the chivalry which men in my country display. And that is too bad, no?"

Cedric Gibbons, who is Dolores' husband, seems to be her ideal combination of the gentle solicitude of the Latin and the go-getter practicability of the *Americano*.

For Gibbons is a society man as well as an art director at the studio. And he has been trained since boyhood to the niceties of a chivalrous attitude toward women. That, says Dolores, is the reason she fell in love with him.

"Cedric is perfect," she asserted, and her eyes lighted up like burning candles.

"First, he is American, with that dash most American men seem to possess. And he is understanding and sympathetic. He has never been to Mexico and does not know my people—but he is an artist, and in his artist's appreciation he has been endowed with the sensitivity of the Latin. A perfect husband, no?"

A perfect husband, yes.

And why not? Considering the perfection of Del Rio herself.

Hollywood Snubs Paris

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

with a leading modiste shop, where he had opportunity to outfit many prominent actresses of the stage. This awakened his interest in theatrical costuming, and he worked with Florenz Ziegfeld on the gorgeous "Follies" for a while.

Nine years ago, Walter Wanger asked Banton to go to Hollywood and put his ideas into a picture called "The Dressmaker from Paris." Banton intended to stay on the Coast six weeks. He has been there ever since, except for his trips in search of inspiration. Eight of these took him to Paris—but Paris, last year, he says, was too "shabby" for him to want to go back soon.

BANTON was born in Waco, Texas—Tex Guinan's old home town—thirty-eight years ago. When he was five, his family brought him to New York. His academic schooling ended when he "flunked out" of Columbia University.

Then he entered the Art Students' League, and eventually turned to dress design.

He isn't the traditional type of designer—no monocle, French mustachios, elaborate gestures and cream-puff language. He looks like a good many men who attend Chamber of Commerce meetings.

But Banton is, today, one of the few men who exert any large influence on women's styles of the world.

The FOOT SIZE has a Number The LEG SIZE has a NAME...

*Don't buy stockings just to fit your foot.
It's even more important to fit your leg!*



AFTER all, you're more interested in flattering your leg than you are in flattering your foot. *belle-sharmeer* stockings do both to perfection! Whether you're small, tall, medium or plump... there is a personal proportion "made-to-measure" for you... in width and length as well as foot size. No more slipping heels, wrinkled ankles, strained-up or doubled-over tops. Buy *belle-sharmeer* stockings at one fine store in each community.

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All three wear size 9½. Three women, small, medium and tall, often take the same foot size stocking. But they should have different leg sizes, both in width and length. Do not misunderstand. *belle-sharmeer* does not offer one stocking that stretches to fit all legs. *belle-sharmeer* stockings come in all leg sizes, as well as foot sizes from 8 to 11.

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES



When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! *Good Housekeeping Bureau* approves *Murine*, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

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Matthews' 1934 Spring Frocks, Lingerie and Longerlife Hosiery—preferred by thousands everywhere—offer a real opportunity for many Women Representatives. Our new representative's plan requires no canvassing—no capital—no experience. We provide complete style equipment Free with easy instructions. Full or part time workers who act promptly get special bonus plan for free dresses, lingerie or hose. Act now. Address 521 Jackson Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind. MATTHEWS MFG. CO.



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ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

His Third Time On Top

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

in a daze, wondering just what put the skids under them. For reasons which they can't figure out, a new foothold is denied them. And I speak of men who are not victims of their own misconduct."

Ruggles says his own first toboggan ride was brought about largely by the death of Wallace Reid, whom he was signed to direct in "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" for Famous Players-Lasky. Reid died in January, 1923.

"Finally, it was decided to give the leading rôle to Walter Hiers, and it was rewritten in just three days. Can you imagine what happened to a part intended for the handsome Reid, then hurriedly altered for the chubby Hiers—good comedian though he was?

"After I went through with 'Mr. Billings,' the studio heads told me they had no more stories for me to direct. I knew they had. They preferred to settle. I wanted to make 'Big Brother,' and told them if they'd let me direct that one picture, then they could tear up my contract if they so desired. But they wouldn't, so I just sat pretty and drew my pay.

"My attitude helped to put me in bad generally, I suppose. For the next year, there was so little demand for my services I thought I had no future. Yet I had been considered a good money director before that 'Mr. Billings' experience."

Both times Ruggles has been "down," assignments to direct a series of short comedies have figured in his resurrection. He began his film career as a Keystone cop, learned the A-B-C's of laugh-making under Mack Sennett, and directed Charlie Chaplin for the Essanay Company, so he knows what comedy is all about.

Comedy, in fact, runs in the Ruggles blood. There are few more droll fellows than Brother Charles.

Several days before Christmas, 1924, F.B.O. played Santa Claus and signed Ruggles to direct "The Pacemakers," a series of two-reelers written by H. C. Witwer.

"Then B. P. Schulberg had the rights to a novel he wanted to produce, but the Hays office disagreed on its treatment. I told Schulberg I could put the story on the screen for him, and he said it was a go. The story was 'The Plastic Age,' and it made Clara Bow a star."

But Ruggles was to enjoy this comeback only a few months.

"First National wired me to come to New York and direct 'The Wilderness Woman,' with Aileen Pringle. Two weeks after I started that job, I was dismissed and told my comedy was no good—after the many comedies I had directed! As a result of that setback I couldn't even get an interview with a major producer.

"But Sam Zeiler had George Walsh signed to act in five quickies. He advanced me twenty-five thousand dollars to make them. Anything I saved out of this staggering sum was mine. If I spent more, the loss was on my head.

"I rented an old studio over in Fort Lee, New Jersey, wrote 'The Kick-Off' and produced it. I actually came out ahead on that one, and, incidentally, discovered Leila Hyams. The second attempt, however, was disastrous. Rain held up the out-of-door shots. I lost more than I made on the first one and got out of the deal."

Things were black, indeed, for Ruggles, when along came more comedies.

Universal entrusted him with the direction of "The Collegians," also two-reelers, and liked his work on these well enough to hand him Laura La Plante to direct in feature length comedies. He turned out "Silk Stockings," and from that day to this his services have been at a premium.

Some of his other pictures were "Condemned," with Ronald Colman; "Street Girl," with Betty Compson, the first talkie produced by RKO-Radio and a money maker; "Honey," with Nancy Carroll, and "I'm No Angel," with Mae West.



Arline Judge pleaded on the left of him, Sharon Lynne on the right—for what, we know not. But Ernst Lubitsch just smoked that big, black cigar, at Emanuel Cohen's party for Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper

"I Had to Leave John Gilbert"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

strange ways has romance! They were married in 1929, started divorce proceedings in 1931. Ina was very gracious about it all, with professions of lasting friendship.

On August 6, 1932, an hour after the final decree of divorce from Miss Claire was issued, Gilbert filed notice of intention to wed Virginia Bruce. But Hollywood had learned about Virginia's engagement several months earlier, the day she started to work with John in "Downstairs," at M-G-M. This was a story Jack, himself, wrote.

MISS BRUCE entered the Gilbert nuptial history with an added handicap. Up to that time, he had not fared well in talkies. The critical spanking he began to receive with the appearance of his first talkie, "His Glorious Night," was stinging, incessantly irritating.

Gilbert was more sensitive than he had ever been before. And he had been sensitive aplenty, as Mae Murray can tell you.

Miss Murray, who was the widow in "The Merry Widow," believes she is one woman who sees Gilbert in his true light.

Mae, unlike Jack's four wives, has never been in love with him. She simply became convinced of his ability as an artist.

"Jack is an odd form of artistic integrity," Mae Murray said, after hearing about his latest trouble with Virginia Bruce.

"He's always been baffled and thwarted by inhibitions which he senses but cannot combat."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"Meaning that Jack is terribly sensitive. He is easily hurt. But instead of lashing back like most of us do when we are hurt, he goes in for bravado—some gesture which is merely an emotional outlet. That's why his troubles are always headlined, I think. It's the reason he seems to be in difficulties constantly."

"Really, he isn't—not any more so than most of us. But Jack has a habit of running out—wanting to get away from inharmonious situations and surroundings."

"Once, during the filming of 'The Merry Widow,' I recall that Director Von Stroheim yelled at Jack. It wasn't just an ordinary call down, either—a little unnecessary, I think."

"Jack suddenly disappeared from the set. Very quietly. And for hours we searched for him. And where do you suppose he was discovered? Upstairs in his dressing-room—in the clothes closet, sitting in a melancholy huddle on the floor."

"And another time, when everything seemed to go wrong, when after many petty arguments over the famous waltz routine we did in the picture, John Gilbert disappeared again. I didn't blame him."

"One of the stage carpenters yelled that Gilbert had ducked out a side door and was running down Washington Boulevard."

"I was in my costume. But I rushed out of the place, ran breathlessly down the street yelling for Jack to come back. He had thrown his bath-robe over his Prince's costume and was on his way—to China—when he was caught and talked into coming back."

EVEN now, after his newest temperamental smash-up, Gilbert has gone quietly into seclusion. He has nothing to say. He'd rather say nothing, and let the world think what it will, than to get into the strain of a controversy.

But if John Gilbert became wrought up over his part in "The Merry Widow," which was his first golden opportunity to reach the heights of stardom, his nerves went all to pieces while filming "Queen Christina."

That, after all, was the bigger moment: He

FASHION SAYS: accent the eyes and mouth



do I dare?

● Do you dare follow the new fashion in faces? To rouge cheeks so sparingly, yet frankly redden your lips? To have invisible powder, yet accent your eyes by a subtle shadow?

Of course! It's so smart. It makes your face so expressive by accenting your *interesting features*.

But oh! how well you must do it. And the best way, the sure way... as Dorothy Gray has proved in her Salons... is to be guided by your *skin-tone*. Not your hair, or your eyes, or your clothes. Let your make-up be your *own natural coloring* intensified.

And it's so simple. For Dorothy Gray has grouped her make-up preparations according to skin-tones. Now you can *give yourself* this simplified "1-2-3 Salon Make-up." Here are the things you need:

1. Dorothy Gray Make-up Foundation Cream, to make cosmetics go on smoothly. *White, Natural, Rachel*, \$1.
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3. Dorothy Gray Salon Face Powder, in exact skin-tone shades. *Cream, Natural, Rachel, Aureate, Tawny Rachel, Suntone, Evening*, \$3, \$1.

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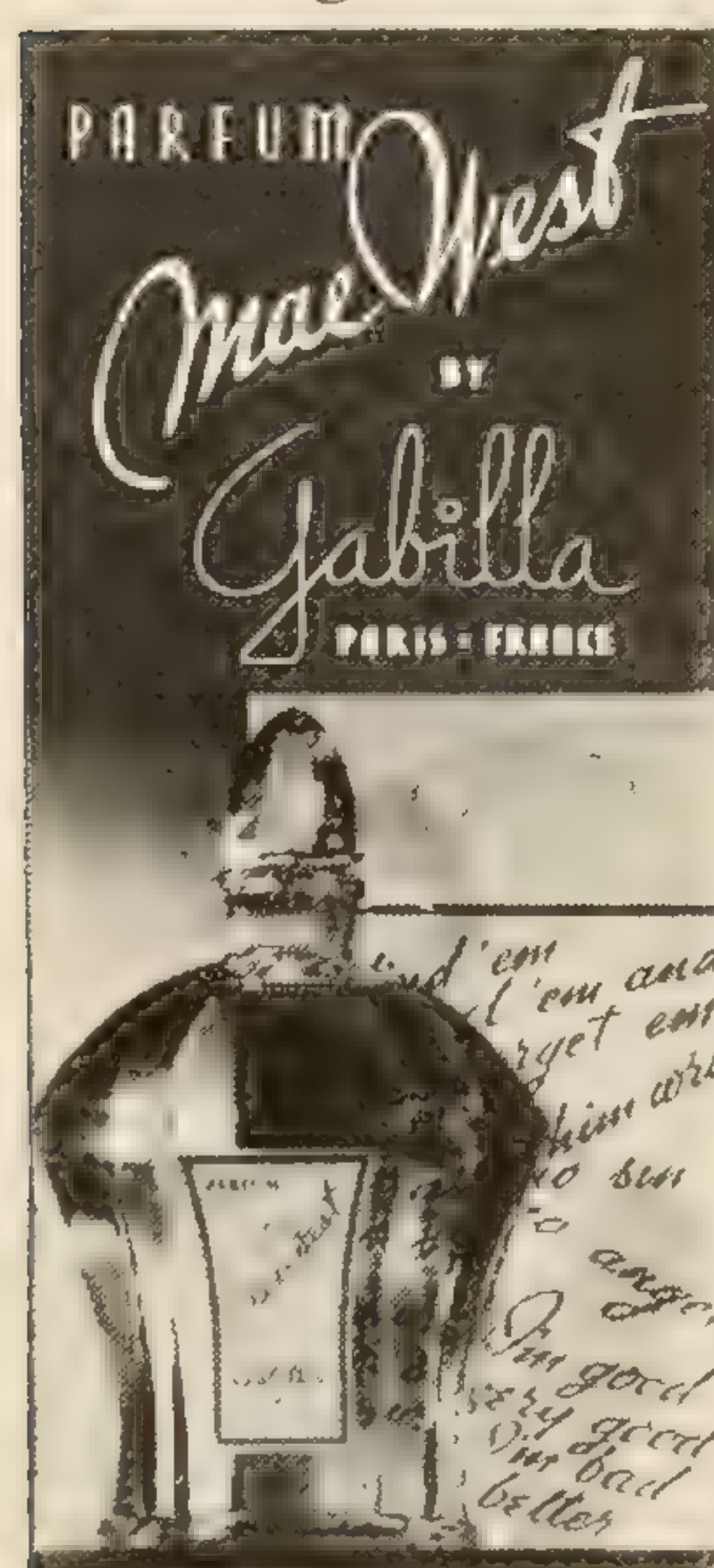
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would either come back or drop forever into oblivion.
It is said among his friends that the filming of this picture precipitated the marriage rift. He thought he might fall down on the studio job. He worried over it. He brought these studio worries home to his young wife, who tried to understand the seriousness with which he regarded this new chance.
Surely, that was nothing to bring joy into

the life of a young wife who wanted parties and fun! But does this pathetic experience mean that John Gilbert will be "fed up" on women—that if the beautiful girl-wife divorces him, as she says she will—that she will be the last woman to figure largely in his life?
One doubts it.
Women have always loved Gilbert.
There's something about him women adore. Probably they always will!

Spring! 'Tis Forgiving Time in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

"Anyway, I found out afterward it wasn't the Holland Tunnel at all. It was just a billboard picture of Joe E. Brown with his mouth open. But I'm not really mad at Joe anymore. If he'll just hang a red lantern in the opening after this, I'll never make that mistake again. So please tell Joe E. he's forgiven."
You're forgiven, Joe E. Happy?

BILL POWELL forgives Adolphe Menjou for choosing himself the best-dressed man in Hollywood. "I forgive him," big-hearted Bill smiles, "and not only that, I nominate him the best gum chewer, bar none, in Hollywood. 'It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing,' and Dolphie has that swing. (You should have seen the downcast look on Will Rogers' face when he heard that.) Now, Adolphe chews well with everything," Powell concedes. "He's marvelous with a lounging suit. But you should really see Adolphe's technique with a tuxedo. There's rhythm for you."
Curly, stooge number two, forgives Ted Healy for that awful accident. Ted, fond of playing with Tillie, the M-G-M lion, prevailed upon Curly to accompany him into Tillie's cage. And then, in his hurry to get back to the set, he forgot Curly. And locked him in with Tillie. Just from Tuesday morning till Wednesday evening.

"I was just raising my tea-cup, with my little finger well out, of course," said Ted, "when I happened to think of Tillie. And, thinking of Tillie, I naturally thought of Curly. Strangely enough, Curly, at that very moment was thinking of me."
But, mind you, it wasn't until the pretty dandelions peeped their innocent little faces through the grass around Tillie's cage that Curly could bring himself to forgive. Ah, spring. What wonders are performed in thy sweet name.
Why, Jean Harlow actually forgives Joan Crawford for refusing to work on that set with Harlow's picture on the wall. It was a night club scene, when the face on the barroom wall startled Joan out of that Franchot calm. But now it's over. And Jean has forgiven. Like Brutus forgave Caesar.
Even li'l Lee Tracy—bless his heart—steps up in the budding business of springtime and forgives. Everybody. Mexico, that balcony, and a fellow named Romeo who got away with more monkey business on a balcony than Lee ever dreamed of.
Why, our own Garbo, ours and Sweden's, forgives those Arizona custom officers who insist upon prying into people's cars for boll-weevils and such. When she was scurrying gaily from one state to another, they insisted



No, he isn't watching for the enemy. He's looking for his horse. It's Walter Huston, as the hero soldier, in "Keep 'em Rolling," an army story about a friendship between a private and his mount

upon prying into Greta's car. They found no boll-weevil. It was only Mamoulia. And there's no law against Mamoulia. "So I forgive," Garbo says.

Gary Cooper, too, joins our little band of "forgive and forgetters." Big, outdoor Gary with the indoor complex. Does he know the meaning of spring, with the little calves frisking and the little cows mooing? I mean, Gary loves the springtime, and wants the world to know he forgives his mama and his papa and her mama and her papa for joining them on that honeymoon. "It was probably all for the best," he smiles. "You know what the prophets say: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss!' 'Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.' 'Easy come, easy go.'"

All of which shows that Hollywood, once touched (touched, nothing. It's been pawed half to death) by the virgin kiss of spring (where's De Mille these days?), can be as big-hearted and all-forgiving as the next one.

Yes, Hollywood forgives.

But can you forgive Hollywood?

The City of Forgotten Nobles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

shocked, blond Hans came to California after the war to try to regain his health. With little money, he tried to find work in pictures. Charlie Chaplin gave him one bit in a comedy. After years of discouragement, Hans returned to Germany.

How he got the money for the ocean passage, I don't know. But in Germany today, I understand, he is a high official in Hitler's government.

What goes on in their souls, what agonies and wistful longings for the old days, these brave people keep to themselves! It is part of their noblemen's code to suffer in grim silence.

I have known only one man to talk. What he said, I think, will best hint to you what goes on in the minds of all of them. He was Dobrinn, formerly the doorman at the Russian Eagle. (Theodor Lodijenski, the manager there, was a general in the Imperial Russian Army. The chef, George Stronin, slaving over his stove in white cap and apron, is believed to be a royal personage who, like Natalie Bucknall, will not tell his Russian title.) Dobrinn—the doorman—was a colonel of the Imperial Cossacks.

His eyes sombre, brooding, and far away, Dobrinn said:

"I AM through with life. All I ask is peace and enough to eat. My education fitted me to be either a gentleman or a servant—nothing in between. Once I was a gentleman. Now I am a servant. No oppression of the czar did this to us. This is one of the things planned by the Universe for a million years. When the Universe is through with people it gets rid of them. It has gotten rid of us. I am a dead man—but I will go on living for a while. All I ask is for the world to forget me and pass me by. I am thankful enough that I have a job."

To have the world in which you belong die and leave you dead, too! Dead while still alive! Like ghosts these fine men and beautiful women of the old regime drift across the world. They stay in Hollywood for a while, and then, like ghosts, are gone—to go on wandering in a world that has no more use for them.

Just to show you—when I walked down Vine Street again, a few days later, Dobrinn was no longer standing at the door of the restaurant in his high boots and lambs' wool shako. He was gone.

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Jean Battles a Sea of Rumors

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

I send out from eight to ten thousand photographs and letters a month. This requires the services of two secretaries. I have to have a personal maid and hairdresser. Because my hair has been so much publicized, it takes constant care. When I am traveling, and while I am in the East, it is shampooed every other day. And I do not travel without my father and mother. Wherever I go, they go with me. All this is expensive.

"Also, essentials, such as insurance, have much higher rates for picture people.

"So far as downright luxuries are concerned, I am not extravagant. I am driving a three-year-old car. If my home can be considered a luxury, then it is my only one.

"But I had a lovely home before I came into pictures," Jean smiled. And you knew if she were not in pictures, she would still have a lovely home.

It is a delightful place, this big Colonial home on the top of a hill. A home that fits Jean—a suitable background for an exquisite and fastidious girl.

It must be very difficult to be a man and interview Jean Harlow. And keep your mind on your work. Because any man worthy of his sex must be urgently aware in all senses of that luscious beauty.

VERY definitely Jean ranks with the great beauties of all time. This was my first interview with her, and the physical perfection of the girl struck me almost with a staggering impact.

She is so infinitely more beautiful than she photographs. The quality of her skin is something to amaze complexion experts.

The first sight of Jean gives a woman a firm new set of resolutions to start that diet right away and run around the block every morning. You become acutely conscious of all three chins and the four spare tires around the middle. How must the mere men feel?

Then she begins talking—and you forget her physical allure, if you are a woman. Because the girl has a distinct flair for conversation.

There are a lot of famous beauties around Hollywood that get over big with the men. Most of the girls are discreetly silent when these charmers' names are mentioned. Some less discreet speak right out in meeting and say what they think.

But it's a funny thing about Jean. I've never heard another girl say a mean thing about her. You see, they like her, in spite of her overwhelming loveliness. I don't know of any higher compliment one girl can pay another. Especially in Hollywood.

WHEN Jean says, "I am doing what I think is *right* in going back to work at the studio," I believe her.

"It is regrettable," she continues, "that these stories of a 'fight' were circulated. There was a straightforward business discussion about money. Any business man or woman will appreciate the situation.

"Then, after considerable thought on the subject, I was convinced that it would be establishing a wrong precedent. If all the actors in Hollywood thought they could simply walk out of the studio and demand more money before they would return, it would upset a lot of apple-carts. After all, there *is* such a thing as a contract!"

Aside from Jean's "walk-out" and all the stories about it, many other rumors have been circulated.

So many concerning her supposed separation from Harold Rosson, even an impending "blessed event," that Jean thinks it is high time to give some first-hand information on these subjects.

She tells me she has appeared in a certain nationally known chatterer's column some twelve or fifteen times recently—and she insists that not on one occasion were the statements correct!

But she doesn't hold it against the columnist. Not for a minute. She says, very generously, "How could he call me up long-distance and verify it every time?"

She says she simply puts it down as another



May Robson is proud to show visitors her wall of fame in her California home. They're all pictures of friends. Recognize Chaplin? On the right, Harold Bell Wright, author. You guess the rest

of the penalties, along with the advantages, of being "news." If there is none available about her, someone will always manufacture it.

She indignantly denies the divorce rumors. The more they persist, the more emphatic are her denials.

And imagine her surprise not long ago, when the city editor of a Boston newspaper telephoned her to verify the rumor that she was on her way East to have her baby! He had heard that she was going to be attended by the same obstetrician who took care of Libby Holman Reynolds!

Jean laughingly comments that, aside from the fact that she isn't going to have a baby, and wasn't on her way to Boston, the story was okay.

SHE told me quite sincerely that she wants to have one or two children. But not now. She believes a baby is a full-time job, and so is a screen career.

"I could not accomplish both without neglecting one. And it wouldn't be the baby."

After all, Jean is only twenty-three years old. There is necessarily a time limit to a screen career. She has plenty of time ahead to have a family.

There is no show of resentment in Jean, in spite of the sometimes vicious rumors that have been circulated about her. She says reporters are her best friends and that she is tremendously fond of them.

When she was off the screen for a year (due to litigation with Howard Hughes, producer) after her first picture, "Hell's Angels," the reporters did not permit the public to forget her.

She was constantly in print—and it was important to her at that time—as it is at any time, to an actress. It meant that she did not have to begin her career all over again at the end of that year.

They kept her "alive" and made her vital and interesting news.

But that isn't the only reason Jean has a soft spot for scribblers. She is one herself.

Nothing small-time about it, either. No little febrile poems, no timorous short stories, testing her stride. No, she bursts out with a bombshell, just as Jean Harlow should. She has written a novel!

My admiration increased by leaps and bounds when she told me how she went about it. A direct and business-like method, and a method she understands. No feeling around in the dark. No delays, procrastinations, excuses.

She simply wrote it first in the form of a motion-picture script.

Jean has read hundreds of scripts. They did not look so formidable as a novel. They were stripped of all the unnecessary detail by which a woman is so easily side-tracked from her main objective. So Jean blocked out her story in the shape of a script.

THEN, with everything before her, clear and concise, she enlarged it into a novel. Not about Hollywood, either. The locale is New York.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? All right. Let's see you try it.

And Jean's novel found a publisher.

I hope her marriage to Rosson will be a success. But it's a tougher job than it looks from the outside—to make a marriage work, with dark rumors circling around, ready to close in at the slightest sign of encouragement.

Jean has learned more in her short twenty-three years than most women have a chance to learn in a lifetime.

She evinces a gentle tolerance that only comes to the majority of persons after many more years of living and experience. I think it would take more than a rumor to upset her good balance.

She was big enough to think it over, return to the studio, and say, "I'm sorry," when many a lesser luminary has held out to the bitter end.

And it's a lucky break for all of us—because there'll be another Harlow picture soon!



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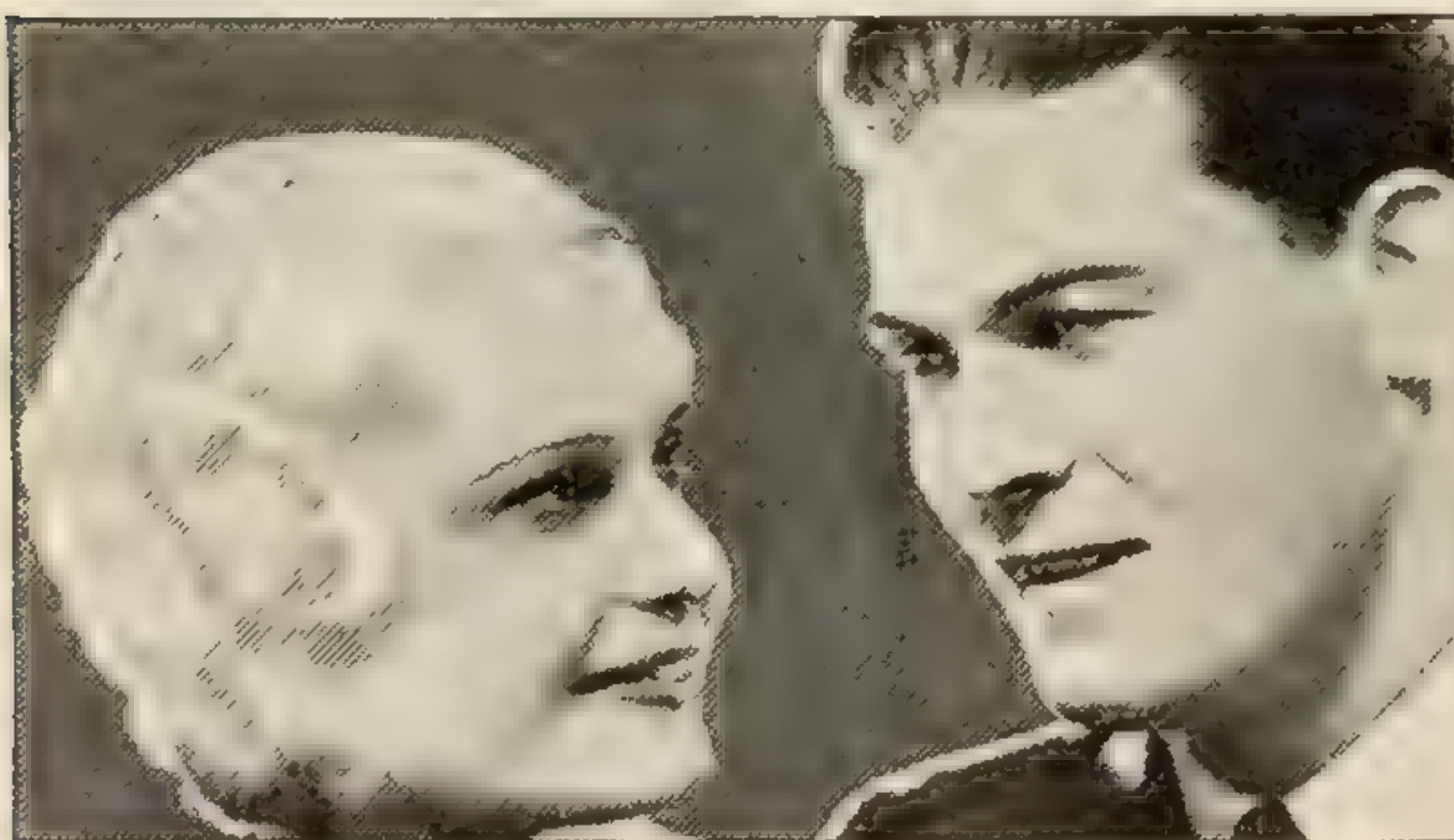
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Ladies as Mr. Menjou Likes Them

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

a man. Certainly, if I smoked his cigarettes, I wouldn't complain about the brand. And I'd shun long cigarette holders.

When I went out with a man, he would drive the car, no matter if it were my own. I'd consider it his job. If he had sent flowers, I would mention them and thank him. In fact, I would be polite enough to thank him for the theater, the dinner, the dance, or whatever he provided for entertainment, instead of taking it all for granted.

Somehow, I would manage never to keep a man waiting unduly, because, after several years, I'm sure I should learn that men don't like it.

I think I'd find time to investigate my own powers of interesting conversation. If they proved weak, I'd refrain from keeping up a running stream of empty-headed small talk. Especially would I avoid dwelling upon myself, my diet, or my hospital experiences. Some people faint easily. And when I did talk, I'd manage to speak in a voice designed for immediate audition—not across the room. And laughter likewise.

I'd avoid *cliches* of conversation and most contemporary slang. One trip to London wouldn't make an English accent stick; I'd employ the natural, domestic one. I would never swear in the masculine manner—certainly not in public.

When an evening demanded highballs or cocktails, I'd watch them closely enough to keep from letting my tongue run away with my thoughts. I'd consider it dangerous.

I would never have a host of friends whom the man I knew "must know." I wouldn't foist people on him unless he suggested it, because I'd realize that he might possibly be bored at meeting strange people in whom he had no interest. Nor would I ever insist that he play bridge (pointing out his errors), or do anything in which he had expressed himself as taking no interest.

If I ever caught myself talking baby talk or anything even approaching it, I would march straight to the bathroom and wash my own mouth out with soap—it works very well with most children. That includes such expressions as "bye-bye" over the telephone, an instrument which I certainly would use with discretion. If I had reason to call up a man, I wouldn't hesitate to do so, but I'd never keep after a man, or take the initiative in making social engagements. I'd let him be what he wants to be—the aggressor.

I'd let him say where to go, or at least ask for suggestions before I settled on it. And when we got there, if he wanted to flirt with every other woman in the place, I would never let him know it bothered me in the slightest.

If I were a woman, I would play some athletic game well, but I wouldn't let it monopolize my life, my thoughts, and my conversation.

If I had a fondness for horses, I wouldn't insist upon talking horses always, or go around daily clad in jodhpurs or boots, smelling of the stables.

If a tan became me, I'd acquire one, but if I were fair, I wouldn't brook the impossible and peel to a raw redness all summer.

I'd try to learn at least enough French to get by in a restaurant, but I wouldn't parade my knowledge. There is nothing more dreadful than anyone attempting French without complete mastery of the accent. I'd acquire at least a speaking acquaintance with the arts, but I wouldn't go into an impressive theatrical act at the slightest cultural opportunity.

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Have I been talking? I'm afraid I've been thinking out loud, indiscreetly expressing thoughts I've held for a long time but managed to keep locked in my bosom. They look just a little intimidating, set down on paper.

Ah, well, it's too late now. And as long as

I'm in for it, I might as well add one more very important thing—

I would see all motion pictures in which Adolphe Menjou played—for, of course, if I were a woman, I'm quite certain my favorite actor would be Adolphe Menjou.

Anna Sten—The Million Dollar Gamble

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

While she was making "Nana," Gary Cooper came to visit her on the set. Miss Sten, wearing a feathered negligée, had just seethed through a scene with one of her lovers. At the end of the sequence, she walked over to meet Gary, and an ambitious publicity man thought it would be clever to photograph them together.

Miss Sten, however, refused to be photographed with Mr. Cooper *en negligée*. Her reasoning gave the Hollywood publicity man heart failure! It seemed, Gary was still Mr. Cooper to the Russian star.

"It would be different," she said, "if Meester Coopaire were playing in the picture with me. Then we would both be in character when we were photographed, no matter what costume we had on. But he is a gentleman visitor to the set. It would be very undignified of me to allow myself to be photographed with him so—half-undressed!"

That's Anna Sten—the woman.

THE hard-boiled censor is so intrigued by her, he forgets his job. The Hollywood-wise press-agent gasps in amazement at a star so modest, she refuses to pose in a negligée with a male star. The press is bewildered by an actress who is anxious to make an interview interesting and truthful.

The story has been told often, how Goldwyn gambled a million dollars over a two-year period on the faith that this daughter of Soviet Russia would be a colossal sensation in America. Only, the press-agents got the sum up over a million.

But after the New York première of "Nana," those high praises chanted for Miss Sten were not the hallelujahs of press-agents. They were the ravings of the motion picture critics of New York's great daily newspapers—a clan that makes no general practice of gushing, and that includes two or three who are rather hard-boiled in their attitude toward the screen.

Several of this clan were lukewarm or unflattering toward the adaptation of the story—admitted by the producer to have just a loose relation to the "Nana" of Emile Zola, a Nineteenth Century novel. Zola wrote about a Parisian *demi-mondaine*, whose unregenerate career ended in a horrible death by smallpox. Miss Sten's *Nana* is nobler, and dies gracefully as a generous sacrifice—a suicide.

But as for Miss Sten herself, all of the critics clapped hands and some shouted approval.

Which was not surprising, since most critics who saw the picture on the West Coast discovered the same thing beforehand—that Anna Sten is distinctly a screen personage to be reckoned with.

She came over here in April, 1932. For a year and a half Goldwyn paid her a salary said to have been \$1,500 a week, but took her before the camera only for tests. He hired teachers to tutor her in English and school her in American ways. Then, when he thought she was ready, he began production on "Nana." A quarter of the way through it, Goldwyn was dissatisfied. Production ceased. The film was shelved. He had already invested nearly half a million dollars in the Russian star. And he still thought she was worth half a million more.

Production on the picture began anew, with the insistence that every production detail must be exactly correct.

When the picture was finally finished, Goldwyn spent thousands of dollars more advertising Anna Sten as a personality.

Goldwyn believes Sten is different from any star that has ever come to Hollywood.

Zola, in his novel, describes his heroine thus: "Nana has something else, by heaven! and that something is better than all the rest. She has it strongly . . . Wait until you see her. She has only to show herself and she'll make their mouths water."

And Goldwyn believed the same description fits the girl on whom he gambled a million.

Polly With a Future

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

The rehearsing company gave up the stage for the try-outs and moved out front to watch. Polly told Sam Harris she just could not get up on that stage and read a line, she was so paralyzed with awe of Marilyn Miller's presence.

Harris humored her; persuaded her to try a private audition in his office. She did this and Harris liked her. He was seriously considering her for the rôle, when along came Tom Weatherly offering her a part in the farce, "She Loves Me Not," which he and Dwight Deere Wiman were producing.

Weatherly had heard that odd voice of hers slinging slang at some time or other, so Polly popped into his mind when he needed a girl to play the hoydenish *Curley Flagg* in the Howard Lindsay dramatization of Edward Hope's novel.

Polly looked over the script and decided it was just the part for her, regardless of what Harris might decide.

Weatherly and Wiman didn't overexert themselves ballyhooing the fact that Polly Walters was their lead before the opening night of "She Loves Me Not." Because, we may suppose, they realized her name didn't mean anything much in the legitimate theater.

But at that late November première, hardened critics rolled in the aisles, guffawing at the genuine comedy that Polly got out of a wildly imagined character and far-fetched situations.

A few words might give you an idea of what "She Loves Me Not" is all about.

Curley Flagg (Miss Walters) is a hooper in a Philadelphia night spot. A gangster drops in and casually slays another mob gorilla. *Curley* throws a coat about her daringly scant dance attire and grabs the first out-of-town bus. She's afraid the cops will pen her up for months as a material witness.

The bus takes her as far as Princeton, New Jersey. Wandering the streets, hungry and tired, she finally slips into the dormitory room

of a Princeton senior, burning midnight oil for his graduation exams. This impressionable youth and three others in the dorm agree to conceal *Curley* from police and the faculty, until the smoke of the gangster's gat blows over. They begin by giving her a boy's haircut and outfitting her with their too-large clothes.

Before the third act curtain, faculty members, gangsters, communists, newspaper reporters and photographers, indignant families, a motion picture company, and the United States Senate are all involved in just about the most uproarious farce of recent seasons.

PARAMOUNT is going to put this boisterous comedy on the screen, perhaps with Polly Walters in her form-fitting part of *Curley Flagg*. Anyway, she has other opportunities to go back to the Hollywood that not so long ago discarded her, at a wage that will make her old pay checks out there seem miserly. Of course, she won't go until the prosperous box-office business of the stage play is ended. "She Loves Me Not" has been a consistent leader of the Broadway recovery and gives no indication of going dead.

Unquestionably Polly has a future. But how far it will stretch—in pictures—may depend upon the degree of her versatility. Usually, people don't go on and on, getting rôles made to order for them like *Curley* fits Polly.

Can she do anything else, and can she talk in any other way? Polly will have to show Hollywood. That baby-drawl certainly followed her into her dressing-room, where I talked to her. It has elements of her native Middle-West, of New York, of the vaudeville stage, of naïveté and nasality. The way she handles it on the stage is "cute"—there is no other more fitting descriptive, even when she's bandying the non-parlor lingo of her rôle. But, she said:

"I'm studying diction every day."

Her face is not patterned after the usual standards of beauty, but when she goes on the boards she packs a wholesale lot of sex-appeal in her hundred-and-three pounds of five-foot, three. She is not married and is not very committal about love.

Polly was born in Columbus, Ohio, and began to study dancing there when she was six.

THE Walters family moved to Zanesville, but by the time Polly was fifteen she was in New York and ready for a barnstorming career that took her to county fairs—where she got splinters in her feet and other places from dancing on rough board platforms—and over small-time vaudeville routes.

She hooked up with an adagio team called "The Three Demons," and during a Pittsburgh engagement, one partner threw her across the stage and the other one missed. Polly says she thinks he had gone out to get a sandwich. Anyway, she was nursing fractured ribs for several months thereafter.

Over such a path of hard knocks she worked back to Broadway, and did several things of no great consequence in musical comedy. She was in a vaudeville act with Eddie Cantor at the Palace when a Warner Brothers scout saw her, signed her, and sent her to Hollywood without a letter of identification.

On her next trip to the coast she'll have her mother with her. There must be somebody to look after Polly all the time; she's that childish, she admits. A maid, Ray Lindsay, is her constant companion at the theater. One of Ray's jobs is to attach the false curls for every performance, which come off in the hair-cutting scene (Polly's own hair is cropped short).

One night Ray's subway train stalled, she was a couple of hours late getting to the theater, and Polly nearly had hysterics, getting the complicated curls on right.

It's easy to believe her when Polly says she's a "little afraid," going back to Hollywood, even with the advantage of being Somebody.

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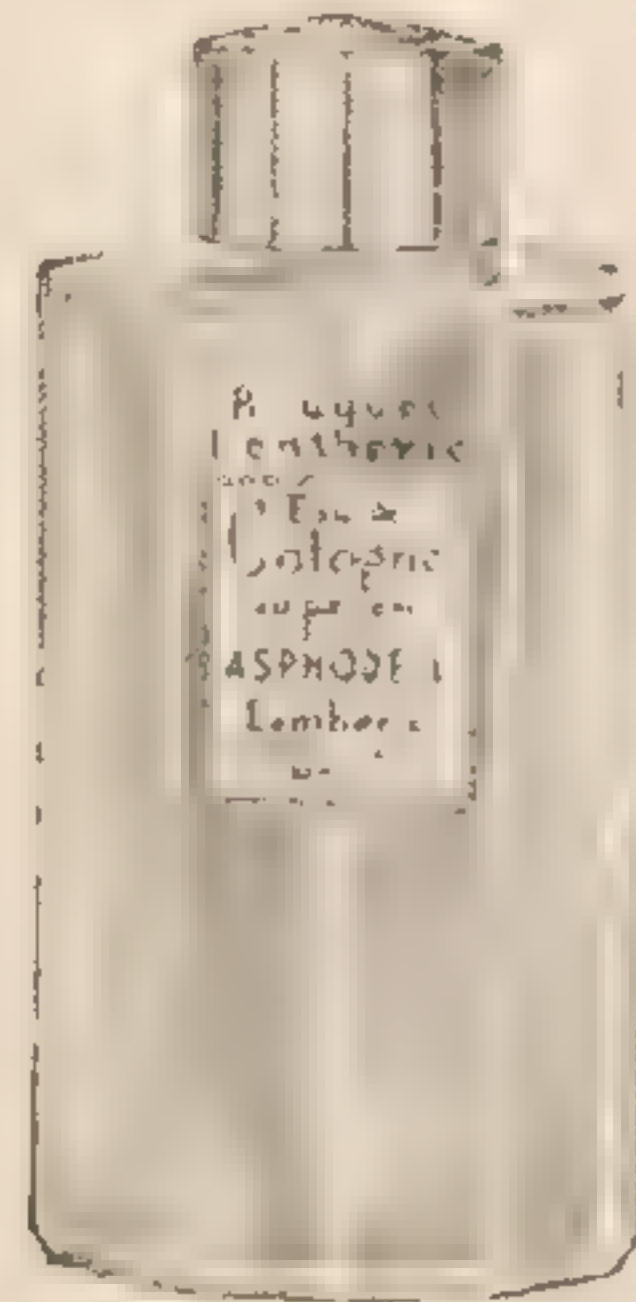
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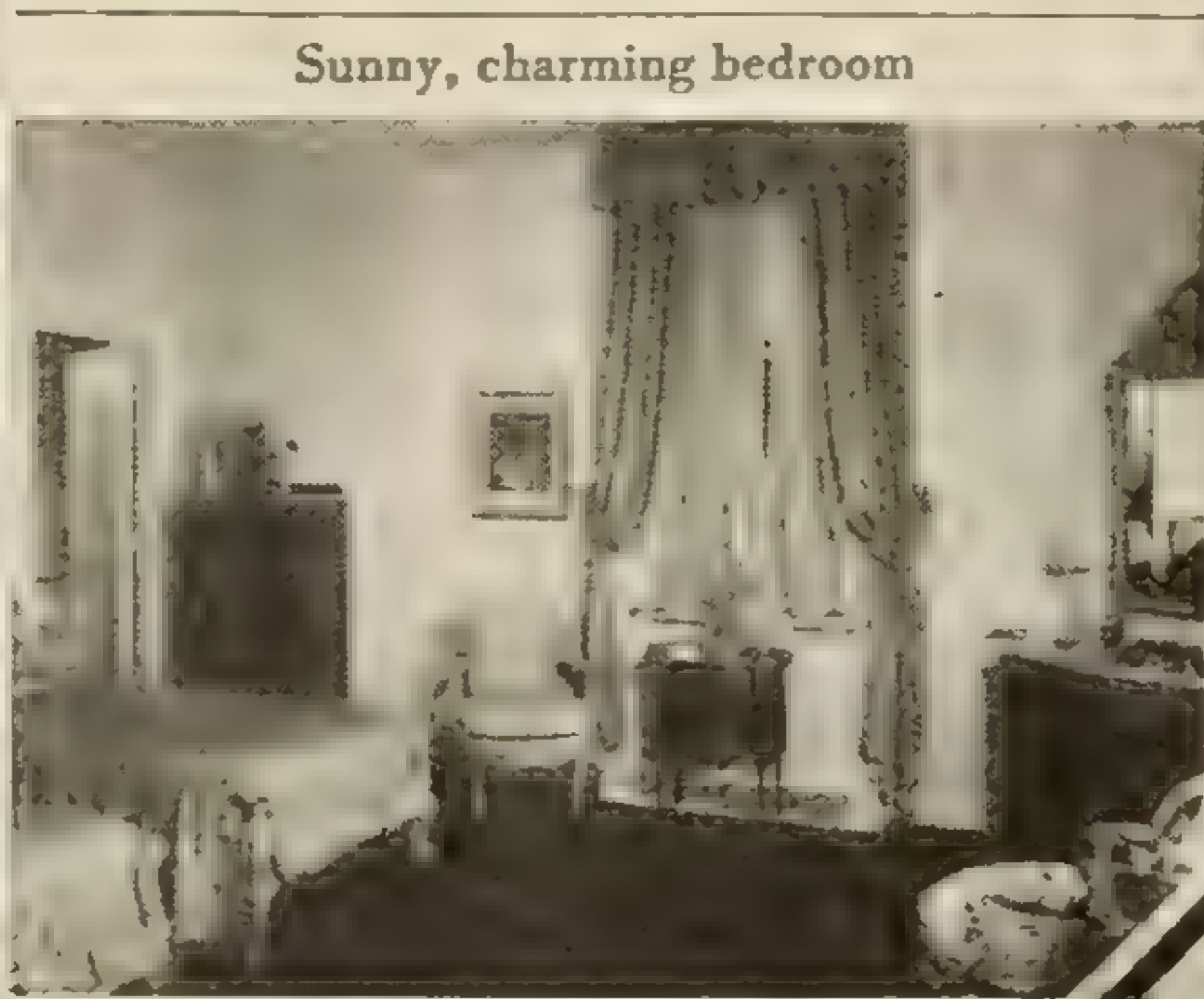
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (Oct.)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothorn) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (Oct.)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as Jo is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as Jo's sisters, give splendid performances. (Jan.)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (Jan.)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (Nov.)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (Jan.)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (Dec.)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (Oct.)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (Dec.)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (Oct.)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (Dec.)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (Nov.)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (Oct.)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr. and Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (Jan.)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (Jan.)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (Dec.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (Nov.)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (Nov.)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (Jan.)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (Nov.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (Nov.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (Oct.)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (Jan.)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (Nov.)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (Nov.)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (Dec.)

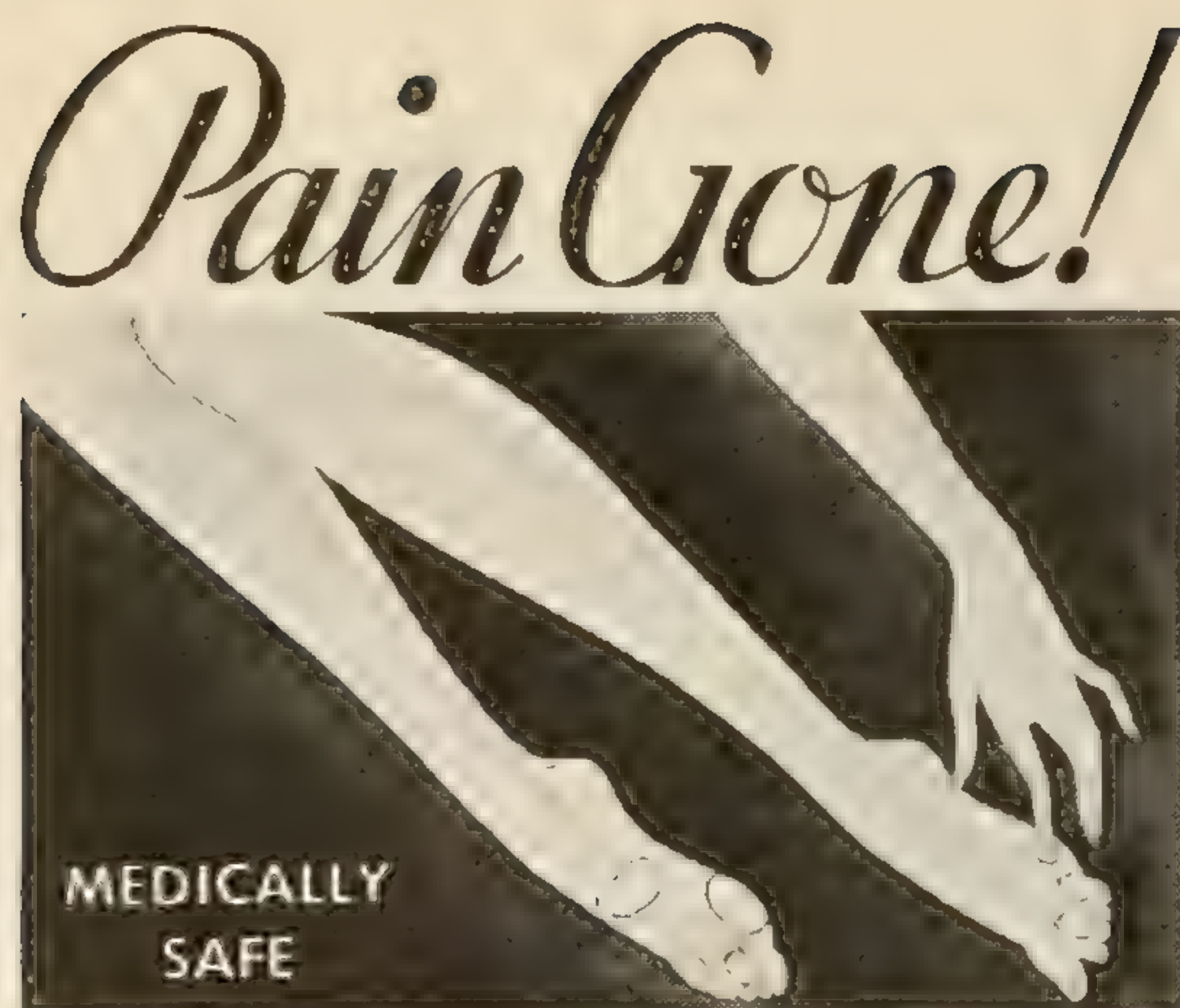
POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (Nov.)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (Jan.)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

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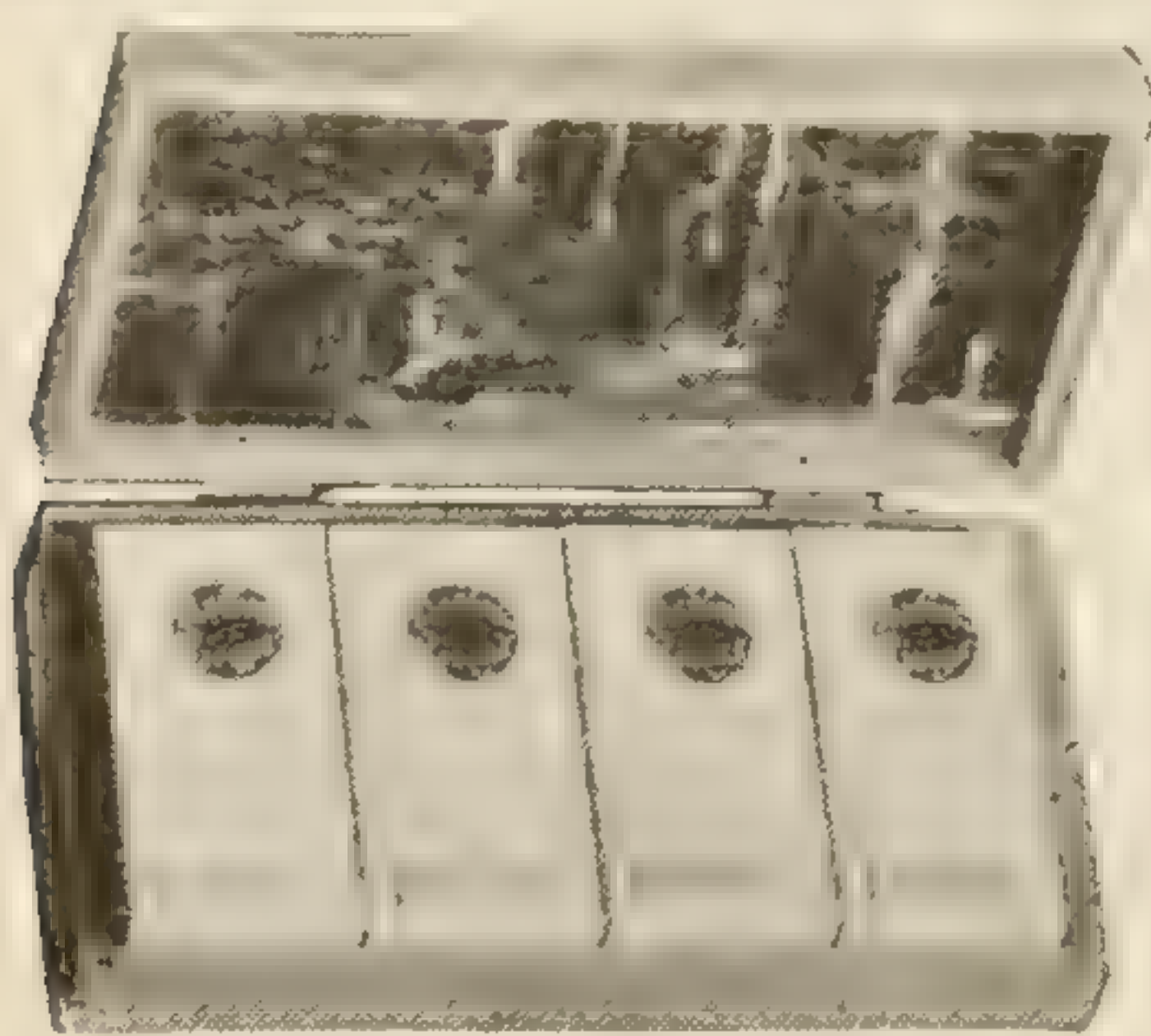
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POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles. (March)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (Dec.)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (Jan.)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE**—RKO-Radio.—Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (Oct.)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (Dec.)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod.—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (Oct.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (Nov.)

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (Jan.)

SING SINNER SING—Majestic Pictures.—Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (Oct.)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

SKYWAY—Monogram.—A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (Oct.)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (Oct.)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (Nov.)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (Jan.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (Dec.)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Universal.—Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (Jan.)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (Dec.)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (Oct.)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (Dec.)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (Dec.)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (Nov.)

TAKE A CHANCE—Paramount.—Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (Jan.)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (Nov.)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (Oct.)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (Oct.)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (Oct.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (Dec.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (Dec.)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY**—Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (Nov.)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (Nov.)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (Oct.)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tugboat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (Nov.)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (Nov.)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (Dec.)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (Dec.)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (Dec.)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (Jan.)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (Dec.)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (Dec.)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (Dec.)

WRECKER, THE—Columbia.—So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (Oct.)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)



Shhh! *Forty Fathom* (Victor McLaglen) thinks he hears a woman in "No More Women"—a story of adventures in deep sea diving



Natural Lips win where paint repelled

SHE came so near to missing out on happiness! For when she sought to make herself attractive by using a lipstick that painted her mouth, she only made herself misunderstood.

Men are attracted by beautiful lips, but only by lips that have the *natural* color of radiant health. No man wants to marry a woman who looks as if she uses paint.

There is a way to give your lips the youthful glow that men admire... without risking that painted look. Use Tangee Lipstick... it isn't paint! Instead, it contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

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UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

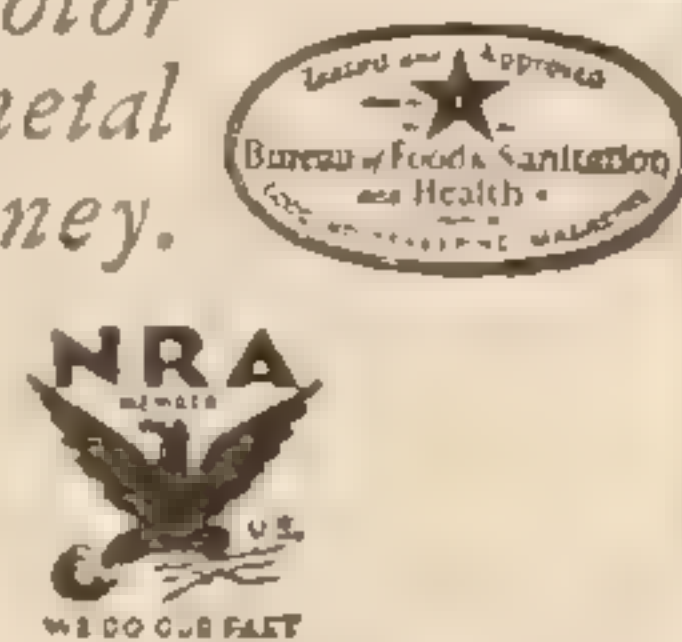
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Cheeks must not look painted either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.



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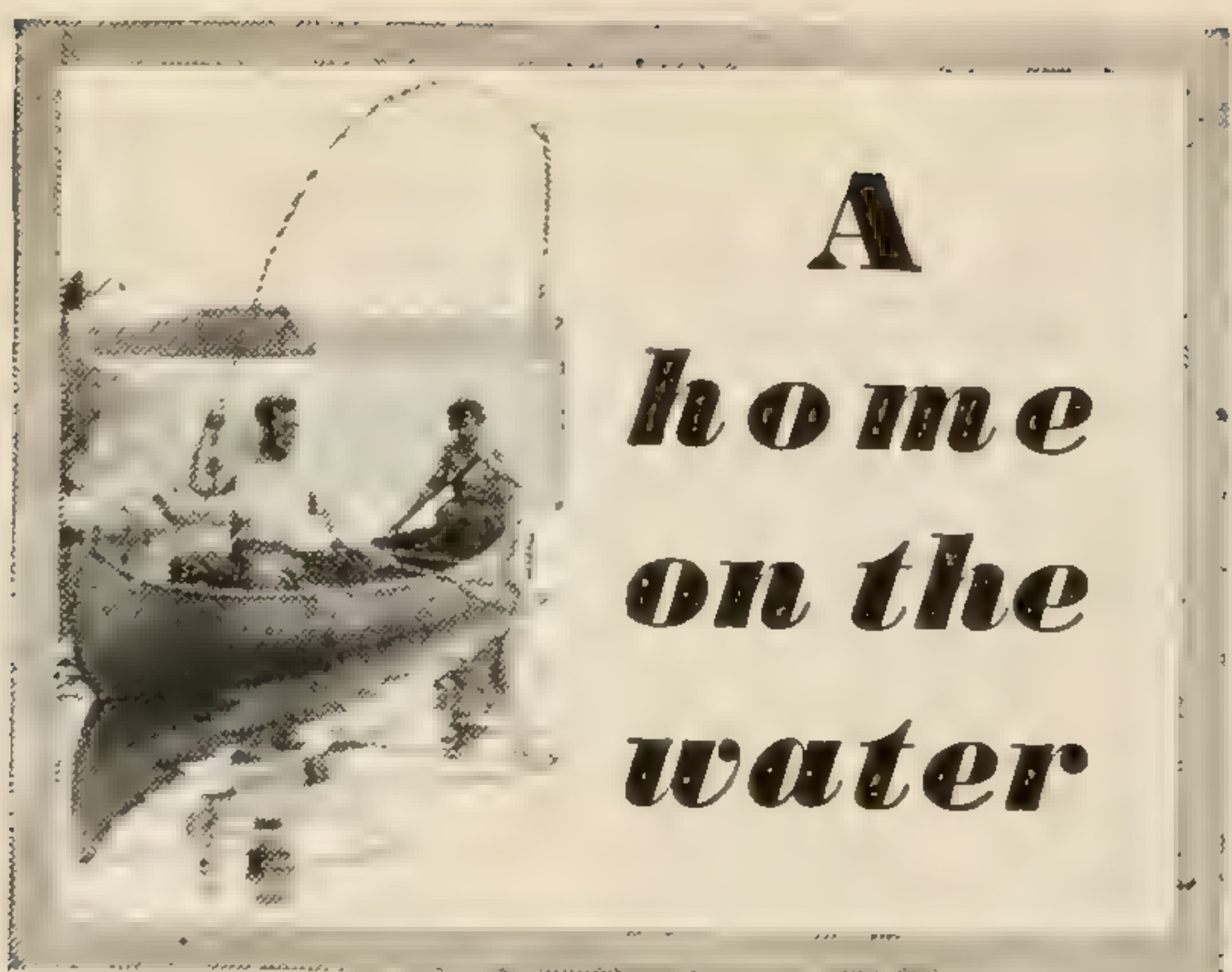
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1934 Old Towns cost as little as \$68. Send for a free catalog, showing models and prices. Also sailing, sponson, square-stern canoes and outboard boats. Including big, fast seaworthy models for family use. Rowboats. Dinghies. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 524 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

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Clark Gable Cuts the Apron Strings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

Originally it was bought for Garbo. When Harlow was cast for it, it was re-shaped for her. Then Gable was put in for Harlow to sharpen her teeth on, so to speak.

In the past he has been cast so that the women in the pictures could fight over him, supplying an attractive background to set off the feminine lead.

Clark never kidded himself. No one knew these facts better than he; but his contract was long and his salary continued, week after week—freeing him from old worries and old fears. If his parts were not to his liking, the checks were, and he was willing to play second fiddle for the security he felt.

Some said Clark wasn't fair to himself, or to his public, in not demanding a chance to do the things of which he felt capable—while others marked him as smart for not bumping his head against a stone wall.

PERHAPS the hard knocks of the past had been bad for Gable's confidence in himself—but, at any rate, he did string along, taking what was given him with that boyish smile that won so many friends—and fighting for nothing at all.

All that, however, is a memory now.

Clark Gable has been shaken out of the arms of the glamorous stars and put on his own feet. He has cut the apron strings that for years had bound him to minor parts, and has pushed out into the sea of performance where he will have to swim or sink. And, so far, he has done a grand job of swimming.

Whether Clark would have dived in on his own initiative is problematical. Many times he has said that he prefers to play second to stars, letting them bear the responsibility of the picture's success, and often he has confessed that the thought of carrying a picture alone scares him. He always claimed he didn't want to be a star; that he just wanted to play good parts.

But Clark is likely to find it is too late to turn back now—that his screen admirers won't let him, since they've had a sample of what he can do.

And his studio's response to this demand is "Men In White," with Gable starring, supported by Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt and Elizabeth Allan—and the bringing in of Frank Capra to direct Gable in "Soviet."

For Capra is largely responsible for the new Gable—the Gable that will have as many men, as he has women, followers.

IT all happened this way:

Columbia decided they would like to make a picture with Robert Montgomery, and had a story written for him—a story made to order for his particular type of humor.

Then it came about that Columbia had its choice of using Montgomery or Gable.

"Well," they debated, "Gable has done nothing of late to rave about—but there's no denying he has a way of drawing the women into the theaters. Maybe it would be a good idea to do a picture with him. Only if we do, we'll have to write something with a good part for a heavy lover in it—because he could never handle the humor in the picture we've just had written for Bob Montgomery."

Frank Capra had never heard Clark's plaintive little "Gee, I wish they'd let me do a comedy," but, as he told me, he had often been struck by the strong human character of Gable.

"You could see it sticking out all over him," Capra said, "and I'd been playing with the notion that I'd like to give him a chance to be his real self, and to forget the heavy parts that had been wished on him. So I said: 'Don't change a line of that story and Gable will surprise you.'"

That is the inside story of how Gable was cast to the lead with Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." How fully he justified Capra's confidence in him, all of you who have seen the picture know.

His performance in that is rated as "top." His handling of the comedy hitch-hiking scene is classed as a "natural."

ONLY the other day, Clark said to me, "I hope my work in 'It Happened One Night,' makes the picture-goers feel I ought to be taken off the heavy lover rôles and given some good parts. I'm not asking to be starred. I don't want that. I just want to get some good parts, and not always have to play heavy opposite a woman star."

So, men readers, playing hot love scenes with Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, *et al.*, apparently isn't all plum pudding, after all. At least one man in America would rather do something else.

Being "typed" in Hollywood is a serious business—and it has handcuffed more than one competent actor to subordinate parts.

"I knew I was 'typed' as the heavy lover," explains Clark, "but everybody seemed to think I was so lucky being cast opposite stars like Garbo and Shearer and Davies and Crawford, I didn't have the nerve to complain. I would have been crazy to expect the studio to write down the parts of such stars in order to give me a chance to do something — so I just went along."

And how Clark just "went along" is evident in his part as stage manager in "Dancing Lady," a part which even the studio itself admitted had been milked white by Warner Baxter in "42nd Street." After Baxter was done with it there wasn't enough nourishment left there to support a healthy extra.

But a stage manager was needed to build up Joan Crawford's part, and Clark's "type" was desirable for her to work on. So Gable it was.

If the feminine star needed a lover in the form of a gambler, as did Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"; or in the garb of a minister, as did Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus"; or in the stripes of a jailbird, as did Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man," it was up to the heavy sheik to fit in. And Clark Gable was getting to be the "fittest in" actor in all Hollywood.

In casting him, no one ever said, "Now, let's see, what sort of a part should we get for Clark Gable?" Far from it. What he played depended upon what type of character was needed to round off the star's background.

But now, with other studios realizing this natural "threat" (so far as the women are concerned) has real acting ability, you can expect to see parts fitted to Gable, instead of seeing Gable whittled down to fit the parts.

And how does Clark feel about this sudden about face of Hollywood's attitude regarding him?

WE told you he was as natural and unassuming and boyish as anybody you could ever hope to meet. To use an expression of one of his friends: "There's not a swelled bone in Clark's head." So you probably won't be surprised to learn that when a day or two after seeing the preview of "It Happened One Night," Clark took the first opportunity to thank Frank Capra. They chanced to meet on one of Hollywood's main thoroughfares. Both were in their cars—and the traffic was moving.

Leaning far over the edge of his own car, Gable called his appreciation to the director—and he didn't care if all Hollywood knew how much gratitude he felt for the opportunity that had been given him.

Clark has always believed that Hollywood has been more than kind to him—and right

now he's like a kid with a new toy. Just plain tickled, and eager for another chance to show his stuff.

That night at the preview, when "It Happened One Night" ran fourteen reels till midnight—with the audience so thoroughly enjoying the new Gable and so heartily sharing his adventures, that they never realized the picture was some four reels over length—a new confidence and a new ambition were born in Clark. Not that he sees himself as a great star now—far be that from one of Gable's modesty—but he does feel pictures have more to offer him than ever before.

Rudy Still Has His "Vagabond Dreams"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

though I keep trying to tell myself that this should not be so. I don't want to mistrust everybody; it's a rotten way to go through life. Yet, if you only knew the friends I thought were real who have turned out to be traitors, both in business and in my private life, you could understand perhaps why I've developed this slant on people.

"You see," he went on, and his eyes had the hurt expression of a child who first discovers there is no Santa Claus, "I'd always hoped to find a girl who might be like my mother; a girl who might have some domestic instincts—to cook, to keep house, to sew a little. She wouldn't *have* to do these things, understand. But I'd like to know she could, and would, if luck ever turned.

"I still say there are many fine girls in the world, girls who would make splendid wives. Except that I would be awfully careful, perhaps very suspicious, and certainly I would have to be very, very sure of the girl I would fall in love with again."

"What quality, Rudy, would you place as topmost on your 'ideal' requirements, now?" I asked him.

He looked a little abashed, got up and walked around the room a few moments, then sat down again. Perhaps he wasn't going to answer that one.

"Fidelity? Loyalty?" I prompted.

"**T**HAT, a man takes for granted. I mean, when a girl shows you she cares by her gestures of affection; when a man is convinced a girl has singled him out as the important person in her life, you'd naturally take it for granted that she'd stand by in the face of temptation."

"What then? What are the specifications for this ideal girl now?"

"Physical attractiveness, first," Rudy answered. "I suppose that shouldn't be. But it's the way I feel about it."

Well, that's no change from his 1929 list, so far.

"Men have a way of idealizing the women they love, I suppose. To others, she may be very plain—nothing at all to rave about. But to one man, she is the acme of perfection. A perfect blending of beauty and personality."

Amplifying his requirements in 1929, Rudy says:

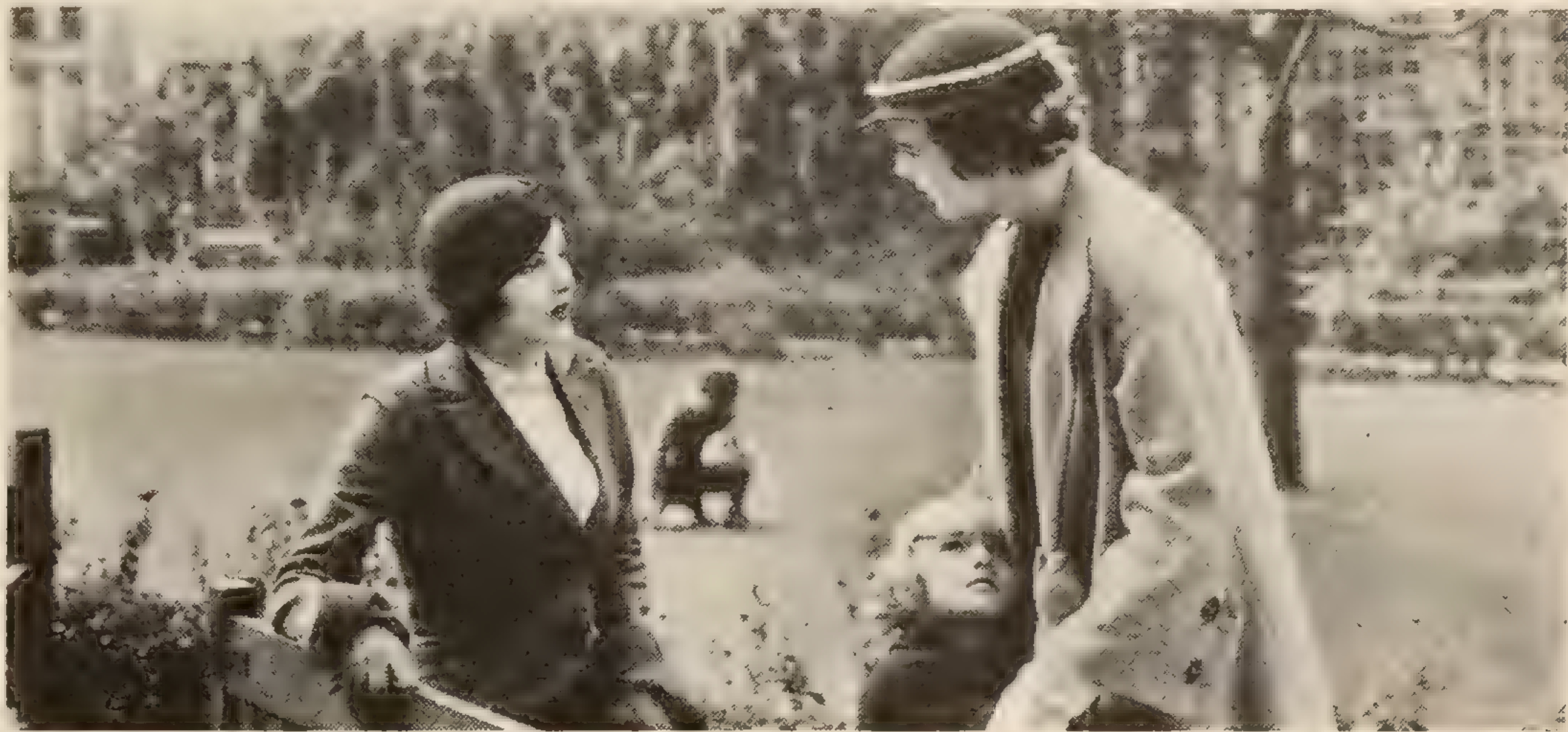
"I'd like for the girl to be companionable and sympathetically understanding in the face of obstacles and difficulties."

Gossips have speculated that Alice Faye might be Rudy's new dream girl. These rumors he denies emphatically.

There is something ironic about Vallee and his search for his ideal girl. If he had stayed in the little New England town where he was born, he might have found her there. But, today, he is a national figure. He can stand before a microphone and broadcast to the world a description of the girl he wants. His requirements have been printed, read, discussed. But he can't find her.



"Ethel dear . . . you've been hanging to mother's skirts all day. I can't imagine why she's so listless, Mrs. Ross."



"Often constipation makes children like that, Mrs. Green. Remember that droopy spell Jackie had? I gave him a laxative—Fletcher's Castoria—it was all he needed!"



"Doesn't Ethel look bright and happy today, Mrs. Ross? I followed your advice and gave her some Fletcher's Castoria last night."

"Fine! Fletcher's Castoria is a wonderful laxative for children. It's made especially for them. It's gentle, doesn't have any harsh drugs in it. These strong drugs are what make most laxatives so harmful for children. And Castoria has such a pleasant taste! And when you buy it, always look for the signature, Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton!"

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AS THE EARTH TURNS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Jen*, Jean Muir; *Stan*, Donald Woods; *Margaret*, Emily Lowry; *Ollie*, William Janney; *Mark Shaw*, David Landau; *Mil Shaw*, Dorothy Peterson; *Doris*, Dorothy Appleby; *Mrs. Janowski*, Sarah Padden; *Cora Shaw*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Janowski*, Egon Brecher; *Ed*, Russell Hardie; *John Shaw*, Wally Albright; *Junior Shaw*, George Billings; *Esther*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Louise*, Gloria Fisher; *Maria*, Cora Sue Collins; *Betty*, Javir Gibbons; *Sister*, Joyce Kay; *George Shaw*, Arthur Hohl; *Manuel*, David Durand.

"BEFORE MIDNIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Robert Quigley. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Trent*, Ralph Bellamy; *Janet*, June Collyer; *Fry*, Claude Gillingwater; *Stubby*, George Cooper; *Mavis*, Betty Blythe; *Doctor*, Arthur Pierson; *Smith*, Bradley Page; *Kono*, Otto Yamaoka; *Capt. Flynn*, Joseph Crehan; *Arnold*, William Jeffrey.

"BOLERO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Carey Wilson and Kubec Glasmon. Screen play by Horace Jackson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Raoul De Baere*, George Raft; *Helen*, Carole Lombard; *Annette*, Sally Rand; *Leona*, Frances Drake; *Mike De Baere*, William Frawley; *Lord Coray*, Raymond Milland; *Lucy*, Gloria Shea; *Lady*, Gertrude Michael; *Theater Manager*, Dell Henderson; *Hotel Manager*, Frank Dunn; *Belgian Landlady*, Martha Baumattre; *Bailiff*, Paul Panzer; *Beer Garden Manager*, Adolph Milar; *Young Matron*, Ann Shaw; *Leona's Angel*, Phillips Smalley; *Porter*, John Irwin.

"CAROLINA"—FOX.—From the story "The House of Connelly" by Paul Green. Screen play by Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Joanna*, Janet Gaynor; *Bob Connelly*, Lionel Barrymore; *Will Connelly*, Robert Young; *Mrs. Connelly*, Henrietta Crosman; *Allen*, Richard Cromwell; *Virginia*, Mona Barrie; *Scipio*, Stepin Fetchit; *Richards*, Russell Simpson; *Harry*, Ronnie Cosbey; *Jackie*, Jackie Cosbey; *Geraldine*, Almeda Fowler; *Jack Hampton*, Alden Chase; *Jefferson Davis*, Roy Watson; *Gen. Robert E. Lee*, John Elliott; *Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson*, John Webb Dillion; *Gen. Leonidas Polk*, J. C. Fowler; *Gen. Beauregard*, Andre Cheron.

"CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. Screen play by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Victor*, Ramon Novarro; *Shirley*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Daudet*, Frank Morgan; *Charles*, Charles Butterworth; *Professor*, Jean Hersholt; *Odette*, Vivienne Segal; *Theater Owner*, Frank Conroy; *Taxi Driver*, Henry Armetta; *Concierge*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Rudy*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT"—LONDON FILM-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Lajos Biro, Arthur Wimperis and Melchior Lengyel. Directed by Paul Czinner. The cast: *Grand Duke Peter*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Catherine*, Elizabeth Bergner; *Empress Elizabeth*, Flora Robson; *Lecocq*, Gerald du Maurier; *Princess Anhalt-Zerbst*, Irene Vanbrugh; *Katushienka*, Joan Gardner; *Countess Olga*, Dorothy Hale; *Countess Vorontzova*, Diane Napier; *Grigory Orlov*, Clifford Jones; *Bestujhev*, Gibb MacLaughlin; *Ogarev*, Clifford Heatherley.

"COMING OUT PARTY"—FOX.—From the story by Becky Gardiner and Gladys Unger. Screen play by Gladys Unger and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Joy Stanhope*, Frances Dee; *Chris Hansen*, Gene Raymond; *Miss Vanderdee*, Alison Skipworth; *Troon*, Nigel Bruce; *Harry Gold*, Harry Green; *Mr. Stanhope*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Stanhope*, Marjorie Gateson; *Jimmy Wolverton*, Clifford Jones; *Nora*, Jessie Ralph; *Louise*, Germaine de Neel.

"DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Death Takes a Holiday" by Alberto Casella. Screen play by Maxwell Anderson and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: *Prince Sirki*, Fredric March; *Grazia*, Evelyn Venable; *Duke Lambert*, Sir Guy Standing; *Alda*, Katherine Alexander; *Rhoda*, Gail Patrick; *Stephanie*, Helen Westley; *Princess Maria*, Kathleen Howard; *Corrado*, Kent Taylor; *Baron Cesarea*, Henry Travers; *Eric*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Fede*, Otto Hoffman; *Doctor Valle*, Edward Van Sloan; *Pietro*, Hector Sarno; *Vendor*, Frank Yaconelli; *Maid*, Anna De Linsky.

"DEVIL TIGER"—FOX.—From the story by James O. Spearing. Directed by Clyde E. Elliott. The cast: *Mary Brewster*, Marion Burns; *Robert Eller*, Kane Richmond; *Ramsaye Doyle*, Harry Woods; *Ah Lee*, Ah Lee; *Remow Satan*, The Devil Tiger.

"EASY TO LOVE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Thompson Buchanan. Screen play by Carl Erickson, David Boehm and Manuel Seff. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Carol*, Genevieve Tobin; *John*, Adolphe Menjou; *Charlotte*, Mary Astor; *Justice of the Peace*, Guy Kibbee; *Eric*, Edward

Everett Horton; *Janet*, Patricia Ellis; *Detective*, Hugh Herbert; *Andrews*, Robert Greig; *Paul*, Paul Kaye; *Clerk*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Elevator Boy*, Harold Waldridge.

"EVER SINCE EVE"—FOX.—From the play "The Heir to the Hoorah" by Paul Armstrong. Screen play by Henry Johnson and Stuart Anthony. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Neil Rogers*, George O'Brien; *Elizabeth Vandegrift*, Mary Brian; *Horace Saunders*, Herbert Mundin; *Mrs. Vandegrift*, Betty Blythe; *Dave Martin*, Roger Imhof; *Jim Wood*, Russell Simpson; *Phillip Baxter*, George Meeker.

"GHOUL, THE"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by Dr. Frank King and Leonard Hines. Screen play by Roland Pertwee and John Hastings Turner. Directed by T. Hayes Hunter. The cast: *Prof. Morlant*, Boris Karloff; *Broughton*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Laing*, Ernest Thesiger; *Betty Harlow*, Dorothy Hyson; *Ralph Morlant*, Anthony Bushell; *Kaney*, Kathleen Harrison; *Aga Ben Dragore*, Harold Ruth; *Mahoud*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Nigel Hartley*, Ralph Richardson.

"GIRL IN THE CASE, THE"—SCREEN ART PROD.—From the story by Dr. Eugene Franke. Directed by Dr. Eugene Franke. The cast: *Jimmy Savo*, Dorothy Darling; *Eddie Lambert*, Si Jenks; *Arthur Loff*.

"GOOD DAME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William R. Lipman. Screen play by William R. Lipman, Vincent Lawrence, Frank Partos and Sam Hellman. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Lillie Taylor*, Sylvia Sydney; *Mace Townsley*, Fredric March; *Bluch Brown*, Jack LaRue; *Puff Warner*, Noel Francis; *"Spals"*, Edwards, Russell Hopton; *Regan*, Bradley Page; *Fallon*, Guy Usher; *Zandra*, Kathleen Burke; *Scanlon*, Joseph J. Franz; *Cora*, Miami Alvarez; *Elmer Spicer*, Walter Brennon; *Judge Goddard*, John Marston; *Mr. Hill*, James Crane; *Judge Flynn*, William Farnum; *Emily*, Patricia Farley; *Stella*, Florence Dudley; *Rose*, Jill Dennett; *Mae*, Erin La Brissoniere; *Pete*, Ernest S. Adams; *Nick*, Dewey Robinson; *Chaufeur*, Gary Owen; *Mrs. Crosby*, Helene Chadwick; *Mrs. Hill*, Cecil Weston; *Barker*, Jack Baxley; *Man in Hotel Room*, Edward Gargan; *Assistant Supl.*, Kenneth McDonald; *Cop*, Wade Boteler.

"HI, NELLIE!"—WARNERS.—From the story by Roy Chanslor. Screen play by Abem Finkel and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Brad*, Paul Muni; *Gerry*, Glenda Farrell; *Harvey Dawes*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Brownell*, Robert Barrat; *Shammy*, Ned Sparks; *Fullerton*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Sue*, Pat Wing; *O'Connell*, Edward Ellis; *Sheldon*, George Meeker; *Graham*, Berton Churchill; *Louie*, Sidney Miller; *Evans*, James Donlan; *Danny*, George Chandler; *Dwyer*, Milton Kibbee; *Mrs. Canfield*, Marjorie Gateson; *Durkin*, Donald Meek; *Grace*, Kathryn Sergava; *Nathan*, Frank Reicher; *Rosa*, Dorothy Libaire; *Leo*, Harold Huber; *Hellwig*, Paul Kaye; *Nick*, Allen Vincent; *Marinello*, George Humbert.

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Peter Warne*, Clark Gable; *Ellie Andrews*, Claudette Colbert; *Alexander Andrews*, Walter Connolly; *Shapeley*, Roscoe Karns; *King Wesley*, Jameson Thomas; *Danker*, Alan Hale; *Bus Driver*, Ward Bond; *Bus Driver*, Eddie Chandler.

"I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Warren Duff and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Terry*, Pat O'Brien; *Marie*, Joan Blondell; *John*, Allen Jenkins; *Flood*, Eugene Pallette; *Dooley*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Schuyler*, Henry O'Neill; *Nicky*, Gordon Westcott; *Bonnie*, Glenda Farrell; *Chrystal*, Louise Beavers; *Lorella*, Renee Whitney; *Joe*, Selmer Jackson; *Turk*, Robert Ellis; *Kirkland*, Henry Kolker; *Madison*, Wallis Clark; *Turner*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Ed*, Tom Costello; *Welch*, Charles Wilson.

"I WAS A SPY"—FOX-GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story by Martha McKenna. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Martha Cnockhaert*, Madeleine Carroll; *Stephan*, Herbert Marshall; *The Commandant*, Conrad Veidt; *The Doctor*, Gerald Du Maurier; *The Burgomaster*, Edmund Gwenn; *Cnockhaert*, Donald Calthrop; *Canteen Ma*, Eva Moore; *Scollie*, Nigel Bruce; *Madame Cnockhaert*, May Agate; *Aunt Lucille*, Martita Hunt; *Captain Reichmann*, George Merritt; *Otto*, Anthony Bushell.

"KEEP 'EM ROLLING"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Rodney" by Leonard Mason. Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by George Archambaud. The cast: *Benny Walsh*, Walter Huston; *Marjorie*, Frances Dee; *Julie*, Minna Gombell; *Deane*, Frank Conroy; *Randall*, George Pat Collins; *Major Parker*, Robert Shayne; *Corbett*, Ralph Remley.

"LEGONG"—BENNETT PICTURE CORP.—From the story by Henry de la Falaise. Directed by Henry de la Falaise. Photographed by William Howard Green. The cast: *The Girl*, Poutou; *Her Father*,

Bagus; *Her Half-Sister*, Saplak; *Nyong-Nyong*, Nyong-Nyong.

"LOOKING FOR TROUBLE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by J. R. Bren. Screen play by Leonard Praskins and Elmer Harris. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Joe Graham*, Spencer Tracy; *Ethel*, Constance Cummings; *Casey*, Jack Oakie; *Dan*, Morgan Conway; *Mazie*, Arline Judge; *Pearl*, Judith Wood; *Regan*, Paul Harvey; *Max*, Joseph Sauters; *Martin*, Franklyn Ardell.

"LOST PATROL, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story "Patrol" by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Sergeant*, Victor McLaglen; *Sanders*, Boris Karloff; *Morelli*, Wallace Ford; *Brown*, Reginald Denny; *Quincannon*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Hale*, Billy Bevan; *Cook*, Alan Hale; *Bell*, Brandon Hurst; *Pearson*, Douglas Walton; *Abelson*, Sammy Stein; *Aviator*, Howard Wilson; *Mackay*, Paul Hanson.

"LOVE BIRDS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Clarence Marks and Dale Van Every. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Henry Whipple*, Slim Summerville; *Araminta Tottle*, ZaSu Pitts; *Gladwyn Tottle*, Mickey Rooney; *Barbwire*, Frederick Burton; *Forbes*, Emmet Vogan; *Kitten*, Merna Kennedy; *Madam Bertha*, Maude Eburne; *Bus Driver*, Hugh Enfield; *Janitor*, Arthur Stone; *Teacher*, Ethel Mandell; *Burlesque Girl*, Gertrude Short; *Blewitt*, Clarence H. Wilson.

"LUCKY TEXAN, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by R. N. Bradbury. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *Jerry Mason*, John Wayne; *Betty*, Barbara Sheldon; *Jack Benson*, George Hayes; *Harris*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Cole*, Yakima Canutt; *Sheriff*, Gordon DeMain; *Sheriff's Son*, Edward Parker; *Banker*, Earl Dwire.

"MANDALAY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Paul Hervey Fox. Screen play by Austin Parker and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Tanya*, Kay Francis; *Tony Evans*, Ricardo Cortez; *Nick*, Warner Oland; *Dr. Gregory Burton*, Lyle Talbot; *Mrs. Peters*, Ruth Donnelly; *Police Captain*, Reginald Owen; *Purser*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Captain*, David Torrence; *The Countess*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Col. Dawson Ames*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Mr. Abernathie*, Etienne Girardot; *Mr. Peters*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Kleinschmidt*, Bodil Rosing; *Mr. Kleinschmidt*, Herman Bing; *Mr. Warren*, Harry C. Bradley; *Ram Singh*, James B. Leong; *Betty Shaw*, Shirley Temple; *Louisa Mae Harrington*, Lillian Harmer; *Van Brinker*, Torben Meyer.

"MEN IN WHITE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Sidney Kingsley. Screen play by Waldemar Young. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Dr. George Ferguson*, Clark Gable; *Laura*, Myrna Loy; *Dr. Hochberg*, Jean Hersholt; *Barbara*, Elizabeth Allan; *Dr. Levine*, Otto Kruger; *Dr. Cunningham*, C. Henry Gordon; *Dr. Michaelson*, Russell Hardie; *Shorty*, Wallace Ford; *Dr. McCabe*, Henry B. Walthall; *Pete*, Russell Hopton; *Dr. Gordon*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Dr. Vitale*, Frank Puglia; *Dr. Wren*, Leo Chazel; *Mac*, Donald Douglas.

"MORNING AFTER, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Fred Thompson. Screen play by Arthur Woods. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Wally*, Ben Lyon; *Olga*, Sally Eilers; *Taxi Driver*, Harry Tate; *Herr Doktor*, H. F. Maltby; *Agent N. B. G.*, Harold Warrender; *Agent M. N. T.*, Dennis Hoey; *Agent K. P. O.*, Henry Victor; *Commanding Officer*, Andrews Englemann.

"MURDER ON THE CAMPUS"—CHESTER-FIELD.—From the novel "The Campanile Murders" by Whitman Chambers. Screen play by Andrew Moses. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Lillian Voyne*, Shirley Grey; *Bill Bartlett*, Charles Starrett; *Capt. Ed Kyne*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Ann Michaels*, Ruth Hall; *Prof. C. Edson Hawley*, Edward Van Sloan; *Blackie Atwater*, Maurice Black; *Charlie Lorimer*, Dewey Robinson; *Hilda Lund*, Jane Keckley.

"MYSTERY LINER"—MONOGRAM.—From the story "The Ghost of John Holling" by Edgar Wallace. Adapted by Wellyn Totman. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Capt. Holling*, Noah Beery; *Lila*, Astrid Allwyn; *Cliff*, Cornelius Keefe; *Von Kessling*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Major Pope*, Edwin Maxwell; *Grimson*, Ralph Lewis; *Downey*, Boothe Howard; *Watson*, John Maurice Sullivan; *Bryson*, Gordon DeMain; *Granny*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Dr. Howard*, Howard Hickman; *Edgar*, Jerry Stewart; *Walchman*, George Hayes; *Simms*, George Cleveland; *Grimson's Asst.*, Olaf Hytten; *His Excellency*, Ray Brown; *Waiter*, George Nash.

"NO MORE WOMEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Delmer Daves and Grant Leenhouts. Screen play by Delmer Daves and Lou Breslow. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Three Time*, Edmund Lowe; *Forty Fathom*, Victor McLaglen; *Helen Young*, Sally Blane; *Annie Fay*, Minna Gombell; *Big Pants*, Christian Rub; *Captain Brent*, Alphonse Ethier; *Greasy*, Tom Dugan; *Iceberg*, Harold Huber; *Oscar*, William Franey; *The Hawk*, J. P. McGowan; *Brownie*, Frank Moran.

"ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by A. J. Cronin. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: Barclay, Ralph Bellamy; Mary Fanshawe, Fay Wray; Dr. Selby, Walter Connolly; Doris Andros, Mary Carlisle; Preston, Walter Byron; Flannigan, J. Farrell MacDonald; Number Five, Billie Seward; Jeff, Georgia Caine; Mrs. Flannigan, Katherine Claire Ward; Miss Baxter, Mary Foy; Joe, Ben Alexander; Gail Drake, Rebecca Wassam; Sally, Leila Bennett; Mrs. Wood, Jane Darwell; Baxter's Sister, Nora Cecil; Priest, Edward Le Saint.

"SIX OF A KIND"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Harry Ruskin. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: J. Pinkham Whinney, Charles Ruggles; Flora Whinney, Mary Boland; Sheriff John Hoxley, W. C. Fields; George Edward, George Burns; Gracie Devore, Gracie Allen; Mrs. K. Rumford, Alison Skipworth; Ferguson, Bradley Page; Trixie, Grace Bradley; Gillette, William J. Kelly; Sparks, James Burke; Steele, Dick Rush; Butch, Walter Long; Mike, Leo Willis; Joe, Lew Kelly; Tom, Alf P. James; Dr. Busby, Tammany Young; Clerk in Newspaper Office, Phil Tead; Tourist, George Pearce; Girl Clerk, Verna Hillie; Tourist's Wife, Florence Enright; Cop, William Augustin; Woman, Kathleen Burke.

"SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Eustace L. Adams. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: Rosie, Sally O'Neil; Joe, Creighton Chaney; Savanis, George Rigas; Nick, Maurice Black; Mike, Jack Kennedy; Old Athos, Lloyd Ingraham; Young Athos, George Nash; Cimos, Robert Kortman; Sculpin, Si Jenks; Kargas, Constantine Romanoff; Martin, Richard Alexander; Crockett, Russell Simpson; Aleck, Philip Kieffer; Gordon, Jean Gehring; Chinchin, Raul Figarola.

"SLEEPERS EAST"—FOX.—From the story by Frederick Nebel. Screen play by Lester Cole. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: Lena Karelson, Wynne Gibson; Everett Jason, Preston Foster; Ada Robillard, Mona Barrie; Martin Knox, Harvey Stephens; MacGowan, Roger Imhof; Carl Izzard, J. Carol Naish; Jack Wentworth, Howard Lally; Dixie, Suzanne Kaaren; Trautwein, Jed Prouty.

"SPITFIRE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Trigger" by Lula Vollmer. Screen play by Jane Murnin and Lula Vollmer. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Trigger, Katharine Hepburn; J. Stafford, Robert Young; G. Fleetwood, Ralph Bellamy; Eleanor Stafford, Martha Sleeper; Mr. Sawyer, Sidney Toler; Bill Grayson, Louis Mason; Etta Dawson, Sarah Haden; Granny Raines, Virginia Howell; West Fry, High Ghare; Mrs. Sawyer, Therese Wittler.

"STRAIGHTAWAY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: "Tim" Dawson, Tim McCoy; Ann Reeves, Sue Carol; Billy Dawson, William Bakewell; "Hobo," Ward Bond; Rogan, Francis McDonald.

"THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN"—M-G-M.—From the novel "It Happened One Day" by Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis. Adapted by Zelda Sears and Eve Green. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Martin Turner, Lionel Barrymore; Francene Turner, Fay Bainter; Jane Turner, Mae Clarke; Selh Turner, Tom Brown; Birdie, Una Merkel; Peggy Turner, Mary Carlisle; Walter, Onslow Stevens; Hal, Henry Wadsworth; Vance, Eddie Nugent; William Barnes, C. Henry Gordon; Freddie, Dickie Moore.

"VIVA VILLAI"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stade. Screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Pancho Villa, Wallace Beery; Sierra, Leo Carrillo; Teresa, Fay Wray; Don Felipe, Donald Cook; Johnny, Stuart Erwin; Emilio Chavito, George E. Stone; General Pascal, Joseph Schildkraut; Rosita, Katherine De Mille; Pancho Villa (boy), Phillip Cooper; Villa's Father, Frank Puglia; Madero, Henry B. Walthall; Bugler Boy, David Durand; Calloway, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; Mendoza Printers, Adrian Rosley, Henry Armetta.

"WOMAN UNAFRAID"—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Mary E. McCarthy. Directed by William J. Cowen. The cast: Officer Winthrop, Lucille Gleason; Anthony, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Peggy, Lona Andre; John, Warren Hymer; Mary, Barbara Weeks; Mrs. Worthington, Laura Treadwell; Mack, Eddie Phillips; Big Bill Lewis, Jason Robards; Tate, Ruth Clifford; Brady, Richard Elliott; Gladys, Erin La Brissoniere; Norma, Julie Kingdon; Evelyn, Joyce Coad; Theodore, Baby Waring.

"WONDER BAR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Karl Farkas and Geza Hercveg. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Al Wonder, Al Jolson; Tommy, Dick Powell; Harry, Ricardo Cortez; Liane Renaud, Kay Francis; Ynez, Dolores Del Rio; Pratt, Hugh Herbert; Simpson, Guy Kibbee; Mrs. Simpson, Ruth Donnelly; Milzi, Fifi Dorsay; Dancer, Hal LeRoy.

"YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Adapted by Zelda Sears and Eve Green. Directed by Charles Reisner. The cast: Hannah, May Robson; Elizabeth, Jean Parker; Burton, Lewis Stone; Kate, Mary Forbes; Dr. Lorimer, Reginald Mason; Donny, William Bakewell; Donny (boy), Tad Alexander; Flagg, Walter Walker; Sparks, Reginald Barlow; Banker, Claude Gillingwater.

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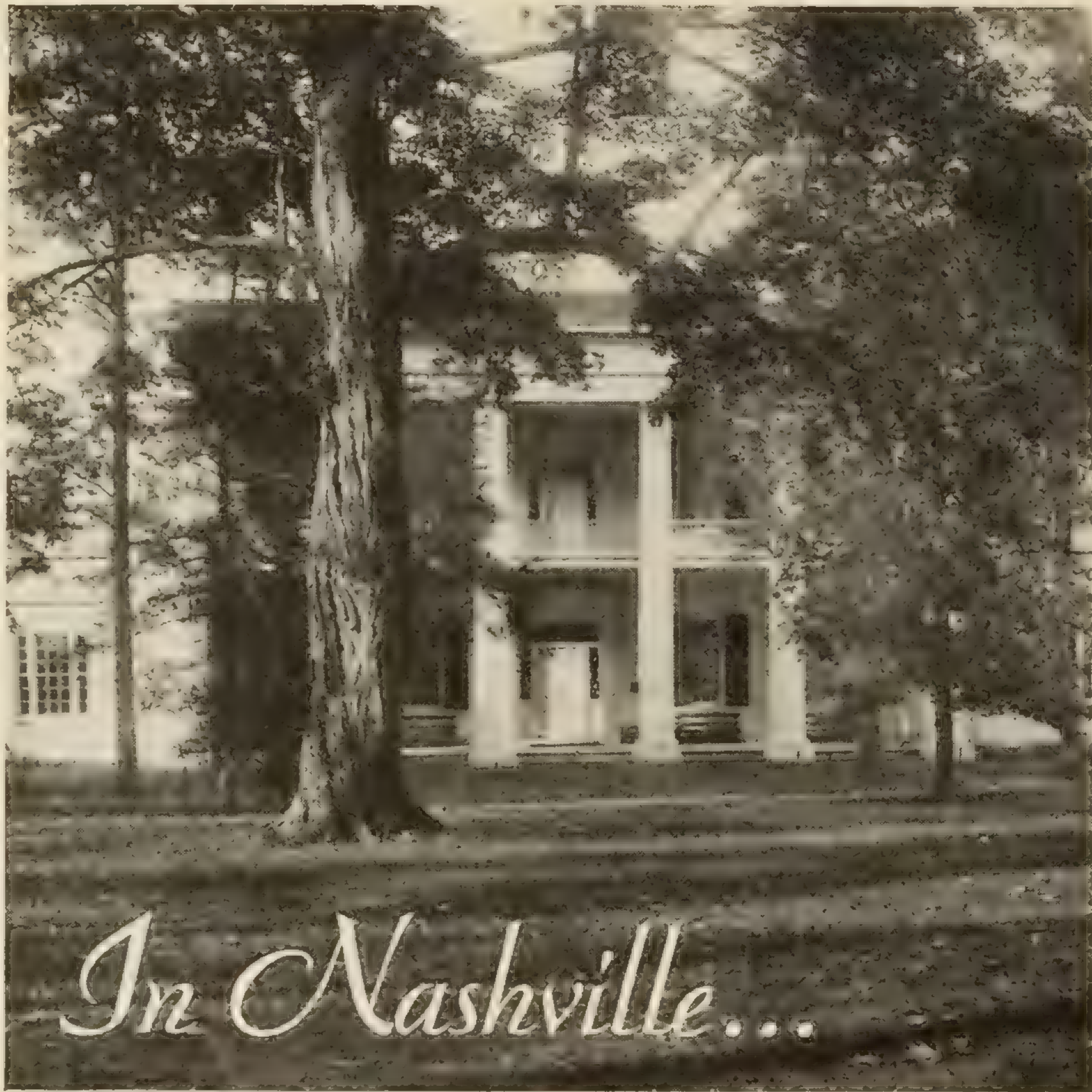
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Preston Foster
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Diana Wynyard
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Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Jan Kiepura
Evalyn Knapp
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden

Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
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Claire Dodd
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TOO!

Stylish in
Hollywood




Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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Basement, shed, vacant spaces. No experience required. Year-round business. Quick profits. We buy your mushrooms.
Pioneer Mushroom Exchange, X-68, W. Au. tin, Chicago, Ill.



Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



The three Davies sisters—Marion of the movies, Reine, who writes a society column for a Los Angeles paper, and Rose—attended the Mayfair dinner dance at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles

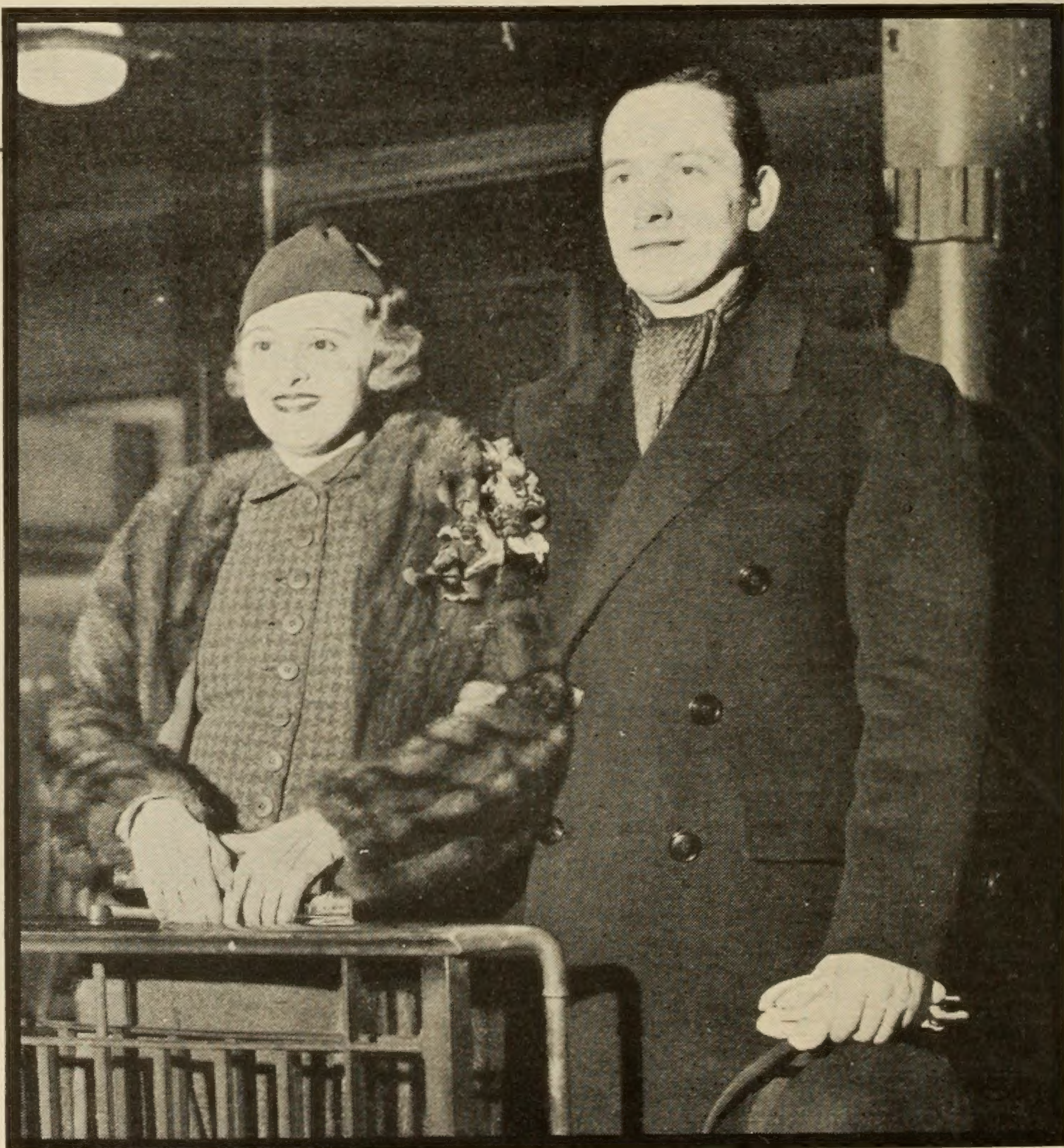
SOME call it love: Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, former husband of Adrienne Ames; Renee Torres (Raquel's sister) and Paul Ames (Stephen's brother); Richard Dix and Lois Wilson (an old romance reviving?); Miriam Hopkins and Bennett Cerf; Marian Nixon and Phillip Reed; Elizabeth Young and Dick Blumenthal; Lillian Miles and Walter Kane; Evelyn Venable and Cameraman Hal Mohr; Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna; Sally Rand and Charles (Chizzy) Mayon, dance director; Kaneth Harlan and a Baltimore debutante; Mona Maris and Larry Hart; Pat Paterson and Reginald Berkeley; Judith Allen and Joey Ray; Muriel Kirkland and Gordon Oliver; Leah Ray and Marty Lewis; Bobbe Arnst and George Nugent, Washington attorney; Claire Trevor and Vic Orsatti; Phil Plant, the millionaire playboy who was one of Connie Bennett's mates, and Mrs. Edna Dunham, New York divorcee; Mary Kornman and Cameraman Lee Tovar; Billie Burke and David Burton; W. S. Van Dyke and Florine McKinney (although they do say this one is cooling); Madge Evans and Russell Hardie (Madge always said Tom Gallery was just a family friend, anyway); Jack Warner and Mrs. Don Alvarado.

JIMMY CAGNEY asked the man who rang his doorbell the other afternoon if he were looking for work. . . . "Not 'specially," said the man. "But I sure do need a job."

THERE has been some confusion as to the financial holdings of Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford in United Artists. Doug and Mary are not out of United Artists, as some have supposed. Doug, Jr., thus states the situation.

"There is no truth in the statement that 20th Century has bought my father's or Miss Pickford's interest in the parent company. 20th Century is a subsidiary producing company releasing through United Artists and it exists under the same condition as the London arm of the corporation, London Films-United Artists, with which my father and I are associated. My father remains, as does Mary, one of the owners and controllers of the parent company."

GOING places together: Harry Wilcoxon, Cecil B. De Mille's British *Mark Antony* in "Cleopatra," and DeMille's daughter, Katherine; W. C. Fields and Wanda Perry; Frances Drake and Erwin Gelsey, also Frances and Mel Shauer; Wynne Gibson and Randy Scott (how about that, Vivian Gaye?); Ronald Colman and Virginia Peine; Lyle Talbot and Thelma Rambeau, also Lyle and Luana Walters; Douglas Montgomery and Barbara Barondess; Margaret Sullivan and Jed Harris; Kenneth MacKenna and a prominent society woman (in New York); Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor; Patsy Ruth Miller and John Huston; Lanny Ross and Olive White; Anita Page and Joe Bolton, radio announcer (in New York); Carole Lombard and George Raft, also Carole and Russ Columbo; Ernst Lubitsch and Mrs. Greta Koerner of Vienna, also Ernst and Neva Lynn (is the Ona Munson thing over for good?); Kay Francis and William Powell.



Farewell to the East! After a short vacation in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March boarded a train for sunshine and Hollywood, where Fredric went to work for 20th Century in "The Firebrand"



WHAT A *truly*
Amazing **DIFFERENCE MAYBELLINE does MAKE..**

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and

the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for *safety's* sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes . . . Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.

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THE NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF, PERFECTLY SAFE MASCARA

“I can help you win hearts . . .
says BARBARA STANWYCK”



*Lovely
 Warner Bros. star*

“There’s something about the charm of really exquisite skin men just can’t resist!” says this beautiful star. “I have the sensitive skin that goes with red hair—yet for years my simple beauty care . . . Lux Toilet Soap . . . has kept it always soft and smooth. With a tempting, smooth skin you can win hearts and *bold* them. Try my beauty soap—you’ll see!”

Actually 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don’t *you* win new loveliness the Hollywood way? Start *today*!

Scientists Explain:

“Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin.”



For EVERY Type of Skin...dry...oily...“in-between”

